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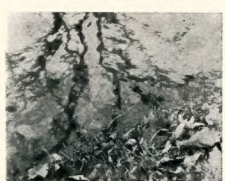
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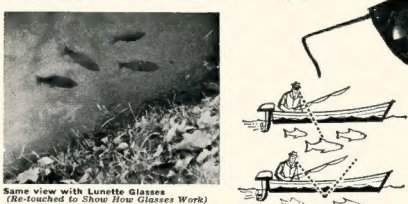


NAVY HERO OF TASK FORCE 58
**THE DAY PILOT DELANEY
SANK THE WORLD'S
BIGGEST BATTLESHIP**

NEW LUNETTE GLASSES LET YOU



View without Lunette Glasses



Same view with Lunette Glasses
(Ke-touched to Show How Glasses Work)

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SURFACE
OF WATER

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stag

JULY 1964

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3 IN THE HOSPITAL, I HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO THINK



4 I'D PASSED OVER DOZENS OF I.C.S. ADS IN POPULAR MECHANICS. BUT I SAW THIS ONE IN A NEW LIGHT

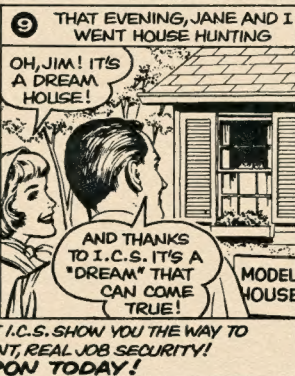
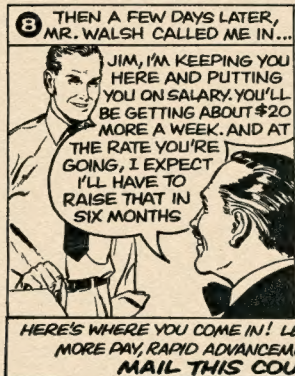


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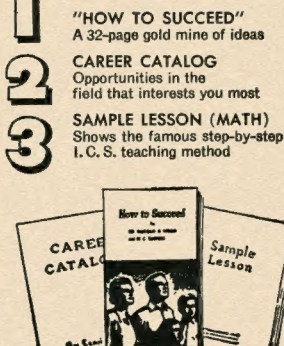
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INSIDE FOR MEN



MEN IN CRIME

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A college-run survey shows that some women are "turned on" sexually by men with dirty finger nails . . .

Number One on the Australian Hit Parade is a song called, "He's My Blond-Headed Stompie Wompie Real Gone Surfer Boy" . . . For all of the supposed cleanliness of U.S. nudist colonies, SOME ARE JUST FRONTS FOR THE SHOOTING OF WILD STAG MOVIES . . .

HERE'S HOW AMERICA TOOK THE NEWS OF PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S ASSASSINATION: Within half an hour, 68% knew of the shooting; six hours later, 99.8% knew; four out of five felt "the loss of someone close and dear" and more than half had cried; nine out of ten suffered physical discomfort for the next four days; 68% were tense, 43% did not eat and 48% had trouble sleeping. Afterwards, only 11% hoped the President's alleged assassin would be lynched or shot . . .

Denmark's the one country where prostitutes are almost always the rich, spoiled, sex-starved young daughters of prominent government figures, celebrities, diplomats, etc. . . .

A UNIVERSITY SURVEY POINTED OUT THAT YOUNG WOMEN ARE MOST SEXUALLY "WORKED UP" DURING A NATIONAL EMERGENCY, a time of great crisis. DURING THE CUBAN CRISIS, for

example, a great many young women actually went out prowling for bedmates, hurling their bodies at young men; they were afraid they might wind up H-bombed without ever having had a complete sexual experience . . . Doctors have found that girls who develop physically at an early age are apt to become sexually happy, easy and comfortable in bed, while the "late-developers" often are suspicious and sexually hung-up . . .

Latest college fad is seeing how many nude young men and coeds can squeeze into a stall shower . . .

MEN IN CRIME

UNDERWORLD HAS A GORY NEW WAY OF DISPOSING OF ENEMIES: They put the victim in the trunk of a used car, then place car in a hydraulic press that squeezes it into a 4' by 4' cube of scrap metal to be shipped to a Pittsburgh blast furnace . . .

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IN half the time, with twice the ease, in the privacy of your own room, in just a few minutes daily, I will, through my **TRIPLE-PROGRESSION COURSE**, slap inches of steel muscles to your pipe-stem arms, pack your chest with power and size, give you life-guard shoulders, dynamic, speedy athletic legs — add Jet-Charged strength to every muscle in your body. I don't care if you're

short or tall, skinny or fat, office-worker, laborer, school-boy, or businessman, I must make a new virile he-man out of you, and also . . . help build "inner strength" that will give you that virile look, that women admire and men envy. Here's what I did for Clancy Ross, one of the many thousands of weaklings I turned into He-Men.



**NOTHING TO BUY!
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LET ME PROVE TO YOU, AT MY
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Coupon



NOW YOU CAN SOLVE "TOUGH" MATH PROBLEMS LIKE THIS!

$$47892 \times 39421 = ?$$

AS EASY AS $1 + 2 = 3$

GET A BETTER JOB WITH HIGHER PAY,
SECURITY IN THIS ATOMIC AGE!

This man didn't "set the world on fire" when he was a schoolboy. In fact, he was a **BELOW AVERAGE** student. But look at him now! He is multiplying numbers that should ordinarily produce the answer in about 4 minutes. Yet here he is writing the correct answer on the blackboard in less than 15 seconds flat! He knows little about math — he even failed arithmetic in school. Read on to discover the fantastic new method that even a child can learn easily in just a few short hours — at home . . .

Yes, in just hours you can turn into a "math wizard" even though you know little about arithmetic! Surprise your friends with your "E-Z MATH" ability . . . enjoy job security and advancement . . . a better job . . . Increase your self-confidence and prestige—all through amazing new "E-Z MATH".

The world is moving fast these days. In good times and bad the ability to handle mathematical problems in our age of electronics, automation and nuclear science is becoming more and more necessary for promotion on the job and for higher pay. If you don't think you have what it takes—and if you believe that "math" is beyond your power—then you're in for the biggest surprise of your life!

For now you CAN learn to DIVIDE, MULTIPLY, ADD and SUBTRACT figures not only quickly and easily—but also in a FRACTION of the time the average person requires! You can actually solve such tough problems as multiplying a 5-figure number by a 7-figure number in your head without ever touching pencil to paper . . . or dividing 836791 by 284, for example, in exactly 15 seconds—even if you "flunked" math in school!

The secret of success in "math" is NOT laborious study and wearisome practice—but, on the contrary, knowledge of SPECIAL SHORT CUTS, LITTLE-KNOWN METHODS of calculation and arithmetical "tricks" that take the work and gamble out of figuring. These methods—so new and radical that they have not yet been incorporated in our school systems—take but a few hours to learn. Yet they permit you to OUT-THINK and OUT-FIGURE the average high school and college graduate who hasn't had the benefit of these amazing methods! You can even BEAT AN ELECTRIC CALCULATOR in answering many problems!

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"E-Z MATH" shows you in plain, easy-to-understand language how to cut figuring time in HALF and even in QUARTERS—and at the same time arrive at the correct answer in every case! The methods and short cuts you learn in "E-Z MATH" are fool-proof . . . require almost NO memorization . . . and are so practical that you'll find yourself using these systems virtually every day. You'll become an expert in no time at all. Before you know it—you're ready to move into that important job you've always wanted . . . to drive ahead and in greater responsibility at higher pay . . . and to amaze, surprise and delight your friends with your new magic powers of mental arithmetic! Yes, "math" will open up new opportunities for you, since the person with "math" know-how can just about "write his own ticket."

Sharpen Your Brain Power— with Short-Cut "E-Z MATH"!

Imagine being asked to divide 38634 by 8914—and rattling off the answer absolutely correctly in 7 seconds! Or—multiplying 36954 by 382.7 and coming up with the correct result in 11 seconds! Or adding 29 numbers each with 6 digits—and supplying the right total every time! People will GASP at your fabulous lightning-quick mind. You'll be able to JUGGLE numbers . . . do STUNNING TRICKS . . . amaze your friends and boss—and be a "master mind!"

With a knowledge of "E-Z MATH" you no longer need be puzzled by such every-day figuring as computing interest charges on installment purchases . . . division, multiplication and addition of fractions . . . adding long rows of numbers with 100% accuracy . . . adding and subtracting fractions from whole numbers—plus many, many other practical and valuable pointers you will use daily to your advantage. The few hours you spend with this course will really pay off. Numbers are the basic instrument of all scientific and technical work. The man or woman who can use "math" in his own work, recognized quickly, moves ahead in his job faster and more surely!

Order Today on No-Risk Free Home Trial!

Send for "E-Z MATH" today on our no-risk money-back guarantee: use the book for 30 days . . . prove to your own satisfaction how far a knowledge of "E-Z MATH" can advance you in business and social life. If you don't agree that this is the best investment you've ever made . . . if your family and friends aren't AMAZED by your new ability—return the book for full and prompt refund.

WHAT THEY SAY:

"My 10-year old had nearly always failed arithmetic with old-method arithmetic. Then he found my copy of 'E-Z MATH'. Now in less time than you can say the numbers on a blackboard, he can multiply 8391726547 by 12. It's amazing and incredibly easy. I use it myself on my job and my wife uses it to check grocery lists."

Father
"You have a unique new teaching approach for which I compliment you. It's the best I have ever seen. Pupil's marks seem to be climbing as a result. Should help in any job. Excellent for home tutoring use."

SCHOOL PRINCIPAL
"Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! All our children are using your system too, and it is terrific. My husband and I are using it—and it works! My husband has already received a job advancement with tremendous bonus in pay. Best investment we have ever made!"

HOUSEWIFE

CAN YOU SOLVE THESE EVERY-DAY BUSINESS AND SOCIAL ARITHMETIC PROBLEMS IN THE TIME ALLOWED? YOU CAN DO THEM EASILY EVEN WHEN BLINDFOLDED—AFTER YOU'VE READ "E-Z MATH"!



Blindfold yourself and have someone call the following numbers to you as you add them:

739
843
906
785
642

(Solve in 6 seconds)

$$2864372 \div 8146 = ?$$

(Solve in 9 seconds)

$$\frac{4}{7} \times \frac{9}{4} = ?$$

(Solve in 4 seconds)

1 3/4% interest per month amounts to what percentage yearly? (Solve in 4 seconds)

$$367 \times 75 = ?$$

(Solve in 3 seconds)

WHAT IS "E-Z MATH"?

"E-Z MATH" is based on an amazing new method of working with numbers—easier to learn and remarkably faster and more accurate than you ever dreamed possible when you were a student in school. You'll be shown the new way of reading numbers—just as though they were words—and of adding and subtracting them almost at a glance—INSTANTLY! You'll be shown a unique new technique for adding hundreds and even thousands of numbers without ever making a mistake . . . yet learn without wasting your valuable time—homework—as fast as a calculator. You'll actually ENJOY using them to get ahead in business!

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NAME _____ AGE _____
(Please Print)

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CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

E-Z MATH PROGRAM

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DEPT. R146, 285 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

LAST LAUGHS



When the young lady looked down at the puddle at a curb and wondered how she was going to cross it, a fellow walked up to her, took off his overcoat, then gracefully dropped it over the puddle for the woman to walk on.

The lady was enthralled. "Are you some kind of a knight in shining armor?" she cooed.

"No," he replied. "I'm some kind of a nut in a muddy overcoat."

The unhappy bill collector had made another trip trying to collect a past-due bill and decided to give the man some advice on how to manage his money.

"Why do you let that wife of yours spend more money than you can make?" the collector pleaded.

"Because," the husband replied, "I'd rather argue with *you* than with her."

"You have a serious heart condition," the doctor told the elderly playboy. "You must refrain from sexual activities if you want to live."

"No more sex?" the playboy gasped.

"Only with your wife," the doctor insisted sternly. "I don't want you to get excited."

The passenger who had just arrived in London hailed a cab and, after a while, leaned out of the taxi window.

"What are you doing?" he shouted to the driver. "I asked you to drive me from Victoria Station to Leicester Square and this is the fourth time we've passed St. Paul's Cathedral."

"Sorry, sir," replied the driver, "I thought you were an American."

While making his hospital rounds early one morning, the doctor noticed that his young female patient wasn't in her room.

Hurrying to the desk he shouted: "Nurse, where is the girl in 340?"

"Oh," said the new nurse, "she started running a fever last night, so I put her in with a man who was complaining of chills."

A fellow stationed in the Aleutians sent a note home to explain his plight. It merely said: "Long time no she."

A couple had been dating for many years. One night, they went to a Chinese restaurant for dinner. The waiter handed them a menu and they began studying it.

The man asked, "How will you have your rice, dear—fried or boiled?"

She looked right at him and said very distinctly, "I'd like to have it—*thrown*."

A prosperous businessman sent his daughter to Europe to get some culture and perhaps meet a rich fella.

A few months later she wrote and asked papa to send her a book on etiquette.

"Real fine people she's meeting," he thought to himself.

Five months later she wrote for still another book on etiquette.

Having been away two years, the daughter finally came home. Her dad met her at the pier and was taken aback when she appeared with a child in her arms.

"Whose baby?" he asked.

"Mine," she replied.

"And the father?"

She cried, "I don't know, papa."

Her dad wept in despair. "Two books on etiquette you got and you don't even know enough to ask, 'With whom am I having the pleasure?'"

The officers at the Fort were giving a dance, and delegated a persuasive young second lieutenant to ask the dean of a strait-laced eastern women's college to allow some of the girls to attend. The dean promised to send a dozen of her most trustworthy students.

The lieutenant hesitated. "Would it be possible," he finally asked, "to send half a dozen of that kind and half a dozen of the others?"



Exposing the Newest Sex Party Scandal

THE WIFE TRADERS

Five days a week, they're among the most respectable people in town. But from Friday to Sunday night, they gather in groups of two to a dozen couples for the wildest, most uninhibited week-end brawls ever run. Rarely hit by vice raids, they're members of the explosive 'Spouse-Swapping Clubs.'

STORY STARTS ON PAGE 14



Warming up to the spirit of things, it doesn't take long for most sex party guests to shed their inhibitions and clothes.



Couples moving to new neighborhood are sometimes drawn into such activities through "get acquainted" get-togethers.

Detective escorts two wife-swapping couples to court; judge charged them with "committing acts injurious to public morals."





Craze for multiple-sex has hit all levels of society—from the tux and champagne set to shirt-sleeves and beer crowd.



Searching for new "kicks," sex partiers often hold their bashes outdoors—by the swimming pool or at nearby beach.

THE WIFE TRADERS

by PETER ANSON

ON the night of July 8, 1963, in a suburb of one of the East Coast's prominent resort towns, 35-year-old Charles R. and his 24-year-old attractive German-born wife, Eva, held a party for some very special friends. The guests arrived late, at 10:00 p.m., and intended to stay the weekend.

The R.'s had left their two young children with relatives earlier that evening, so there was nothing to inhibit the festivities. The guests were four other couples in the same age group as Charles and Eva, all married, one couple the parents of school-age children. They did not require more than a few rounds of drinks to get down to what they had come for.

Within half an hour, Eva R. was serving her guests refreshments dressed only in the tunic-top of her party dress. Her guests were soon similarly unclad. An "adult" version of the children's game of forfeits began.

The R.'s and their guests didn't know it, but the county sheriff's office had been tipped off about the party. A "public morals" squad of special assistants was hastily called together by the D.A.'s office. One of the group called the local newspaper, and a writer-photographer joined them. The guardians of public morality waited outside the R. residence until well after midnight before making the raid—to be sure of getting "evidence," they said later.

The story broke in newspapers all over the state the next day, with front page photos carefully cropped to avoid showing too much bare flesh. It was plain that the party guests hadn't exactly been ducking for apples, and that the right husbands were not paired up with the right wives.

An out-of-state journalist who interviewed Charles R. and his wife, promising to give them a decent break, thought them an unlikely couple to be involved in such a sordid scandal. When he mentioned this, Charles R. lost his temper.

"They had no right coming into a private home—that DA just wants publicity," he exploded. "What business is it of theirs what we and our friends do at parties? We keep it to ourselves, don't we? We don't try to throw it in anybody's face. What law were we breaking?"

"We are respectable people," Eva R. added. "We are proud of our home and our children. Now what will happen to us?"

The sheriff's office spelled out its answers to these questions in a formal charge on several counts.

"Hell, Mr. R. broke every morals law in the books, and there's a lot of them," one assistant D.A. said. "He and his friends broke some laws we haven't thought up yet. Charges? There's adultery—you'd need an IBM computer to add up the counts on that charge alone from that one party. And there've been lots of such parties. Then there's indecent exposure—even nudists are considered indecent in this state, and this was worse than nudism. You can't claim you're taking a sunbath in the middle of the night. Then there's making pornographic photos and movies—did you know they got everything down on film? It'll make a great premier showing when we run it in court. If we wanted to, we could put them away for five years apiece, anyhow—and we just may try it. This community's sense of decency has been outraged."

"If other people minded their (Continued on page 44)



Cameras are standard equipment at a sex party, filming guests' amateur performances, mildest of which is ordinary "strip."



Wife swappers can limit their activities to local scene and a few friends, or join a "club" with cross-country and even international "connections."

Guest caught in sex party raid hides from photographer. Laws are inadequate and arrests usually end with offenders fined, sentences suspended. ▶



He went in alone to do what the entire US Navy had failed to do: Get the Yamato—his torpedo

bomber against 72,000 tons of steel, 2767 Japs, nine 18.1-inch guns...the longest odds of WWII



Lt. William E. Delaney

by GLENN INFELD

AT exactly 1225 hours on the afternoon of April 7, 1945, Lieutenant (jg) William E. Delaney eased his Grumman torpedo bomber out of the clouds 200 miles north of Okinawa and looked around in despair.

"Where are they?" he muttered. "Where

did they go?" Swiveling his head, he looked behind, then quickly to both sides. There wasn't another aircraft anywhere in sight.

Delaney started to press the microphone button, then suddenly jerked his thumb off of it. He was in a bind as it was. If he broke radio silence and gave his position away to the gunners of the Imperial Japanese Navy's Second

Fleet, somewhere below, he wouldn't stand a chance of getting back to his carrier.

Still, his entire flight group, VM-30, couldn't have just disappeared. He was turning to take another look behind him when the Grumman flew into a dark cloud and visibility was cut to zero. Quickly, Delaney swung back to face his flight instruments, kept the plane in position on the

artificial horizon until, a few moments later, it again broke into the clear.

"Ship below. One hell of a big ship, Lieutenant."

At the warning from Mawhinney, one of his two gunners, Delaney raised tight against his seat belt to get a better view of the ship. He needed only one look.

"My god, it's the *Yamato*!" (Continued on page 58)

NAVY HERO OF TASK FORCE 58

The Day Pilot Delaney

SANK the WORLD'S BIGGEST BATTLESHIP

Art by Ray DeSoto

Delaney waited until his gunners were clear, their chutes blossoming open below, then scrambled out of the cockpit.

THE SHAMEFUL TRUTH



Bandits charged down on Kevin and Anita Carroll as they drove through mountain ravine in remote Kerman Province.



Brewster Wilson (right), big game hunter and friend of the Carrolls, went along for the ride—and died in brutal attack.

ON Friday evening, March 24th, 1957, three Americans—two men and a woman—were caught in a bandit ambush while driving their jeep through a ravine in the remote mountain province of Kerman, in southeast Iran. The three Americans were: Kevin M. Carroll, 37, an agricultural expert attached to the U.S. Technical Aid Program; Anita Carroll, 35, his wife; and Brewster Wilson, 35, a professional big game hunter who was visiting the isolated area.

"Dadshah killed the driver with his first shot," boasted the bandit chief's brother, Ahmed Shah, on April 6th, when he and fourteen other bandits were arrested by the Pakistan militia as they crossed the border from Iran. "But I killed the woman, and with my first shot too," he said, not to be outdone by Dadshah's marksmanship. "The third one (Brewster Wilson) gave us a lot of trouble though. He killed six of my brother's men before he ran out of ammunition. Then Dadshah went down and cut his head off."

Two days after the brutal murders, Clark S. Gregory, U.S. Aid Director in Iran, suspended all American Aid programs in that country as of April 1st, after publicly stating his "dissatisfaction with measures taken against the Dadshah gang."

In Teheran, the capital of Iran, Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi expressed "deep sorrow" over the incident, and accepted the resignation of his Prime Minister, Hussein Ala, on April 3rd. Hussein, a former Ambassador to the United States, told Western newsmen that he felt "personally responsible" for the tragic death of the three Americans.

(Continued on page 68)

Top photo shows spot where Carrolls' jeep was found; bottom, a U.S. Embassy official points to bullet holes in side.



BEHIND THE

by HANS J. ASHBOURNE

AMBUSH-SLAYING



of THREE AMERICANS IN IRAN

Carroll's body was flown to Teheran, Mar. 28. At that time, his wife Anita, kidnaped by the bandits, was still "missing."

Two weeks after the triple murders made world headlines, our State Dept. announced the case was closed—the bandit leader responsible dead, his brother in jail. But four months later, a gang of cutthroats raided a border village—led by the "dead" chief and his "imprisoned" brother...



Key to Patton's Third-Patch's Seventh Army Link-Up

CAPT. WILDER'S PRE-INVASION 10-DIVISION ROADBLOCK

GIs landing on the Riviera would die there if Hitler's Panzer troops weren't bottled up at Montélimar. Aided by 30 resistance fighters, a Yank officer conceived of a back-to-the-wall plan to "pull out" an Allied victory.

by LEON LAZARUS

THE German soldier stood just inside the barn door, his leaden eyes focused squarely on the girl. Their meeting had taken both of them by surprise, but the German recovered first, took a cautious step forward. Instinctively, the girl backed away, toward the ladder leading to the hay loft. She was about 22, a slender-waisted, stunning blonde, and her clear blue eyes were wide with apprehension.

The German paused, scratched thoughtfully at his stubby beard, his eyes shifting down from the girl's face to where the thin fabric

PLEASE TURN PAGE

As the girls took care of the wounded, the rest of Wilder's men blasted away at the German convoy with flame bombs.

Art by Bob Schatz

of her blouse outlined her youthful breasts. Glancing back at her face, he grinned lecherously. Mumbling something, he lunged forward.

The girl tried to dodge around the ladder, but the German lashed out, seized her by the wrist. As she struggled to break loose, he pressed his body to hers, threw his arm around her waist.

Moments later they hit the floor together, the German on top, his hands clawing at her clothes. As the uneven struggle mounted, the soldier at first failed to hear the rush of footsteps from behind him. When he did, it was too late—the butt of a .45 came down hard on the base of his skull. He went over on his side, rolled over once, managed to come up on his knees when the second blow fell. A cry rose to his lips but never really developed. With a final choking gasp, he slid forward on his face.

Tucking the .45 inside his belt, Captain Roger Wilder, USA, helped the girl to her feet.

"You all right?" he asked, in French.

The girl nodded. She stared down at the dead German, then up at the tall, rangy American. "We can't stay here," she whispered. "We must leave immediately."

Within five minutes, they were on their way, heading

for the hills north of the French town of Montélimar. An hour later, they had reached the base of the tree-studded slopes and started up, the girl leading the way to a dilapidated cabin, high on the side of the hill, a hunting shack surrounded by a thick stand of pines. Once inside, they secured the door behind them and settled down to wait.

According to plan, Claude Dubois, a leader of the local French resistance forces, was due to meet them at the cabin sometime after sundown. Dubois, a local man, had been assigned to assist Wilder in a crucial undercover mission, a mission vital to the success of the impending Allied invasion of southern France. The girl, Nanette Depuy, a seasoned Underground veteran, had volunteered to act as guide for Wilder on this final leg of his trip from Valence to the north.

They had spent the night in the barn. Toward mid-morning the following day, July 18, 1944, as they were preparing to leave for the cabin, a German troop column passed along the main road. Wilder had left the barn to check on the Germans when the lone soldier turned up, probably to scrounge the barn for some eggs or a stray chicken, and found Nanette. That had been a close call, but now, for the moment, anyway, they were safe.

Advancing through Southern France, General Patch's 7th Army met with strong resistance from die-hard enemy troops.



They ate the last of the rations in their pack, and Wilder stretched out on a bunk. After a moment, Nanette came and lay down beside him, cradling her head against his shoulder.

This was not the first time the two had worked together. They had taken part in several fact-gathering missions, had shared common dangers frequently. After three months of such teamwork, they were hardly strangers.

They made love, Nanette undressing without embarrassment, proud in her nakedness. Wilder was hesitant at first, because of what the German had tried to do to her, but she insisted.

"It's important," she whispered. "Now more than ever . . ."

Afterwards, she murmured contentedly, her eyes smiling up at Wilder, "I was afraid what happened in the barn might have changed things, but it hasn't. The good has driven away the bad." She laughed happily. "I feel clean again."

When Wilder reached for his clothes, she stopped him, sliding an arm across his chest. "Not yet," she said softly. "It will be a while yet before Dubois gets here . . ."

The sun had already set when they heard a noise out-

side. Quickly they went to the window, peered out. Wilder had his .45 out as a short, chunky figure appeared through a break in the pines. Nanette touched his arm. "No danger," she said. "It is Dubois."

Wilder's mission was unique in a sense. A graduate of the Army's Counter Intelligence Corps (CIC), fluent in both German and French, he had been air-dropped into occupied France in December, 1943. During the months prior to D day, he performed brilliantly in sounding out German military strength in the vital Normandy sector. Assuming various poses, including that of a French collaborator, he was a vital link in G-2's intelligence network, a hard-hitting expert with a reputation for getting the job done. Accordingly, with the shaping up of Operation "Anvil-Dragon"—the invasion of the French Riviera coast—Wilder was ordered south for a close look at the area involved.

It was here that he teamed up with the French underground and the shapely Nanette, his range of operations extending south from Lyons to Port de Bouc.

At this point in the war, the majority of German forces in France had been shifted north following the Normandy invasion, but about ten German (Continued on page 62)



French underground fighters sabotaged German supply trains preparatory to successful Allied landings on the Riviera.



Deprived of fuel and ammo, Nazi Tiger tanks were destroyed on sight by U.S. infantrymen who swarmed all over France.



After the German counterattack fizzled, 3rd and 7th Army GIs made a systematic, house-to-house hunt for holdouts.

QUICK, BEFORE IT MELTS

The Runaway
\$4.95 Best Seller

GIRLS and ADVENTURE in the STRANGEST PLACE on EARTH

"...one of the zaniest books since CATCH 22." —N.Y. TIMES

I was yelling: "Get lost! Scram you—"
and whacking the big bull on the nose
as Santelli and Diana came running up.

by PHILIP BENJAMIN

Art by Charles Copeland

THE automatic elevator was crowded with nattering little secretaries and stenographers telling each other about their big night at the Copa. Their voices were unrefined; still, their little bodies were succulent enough, if one allowed oneself to dwell on them, and one did.

I got off at the twenty-third floor and went to my office. Office? A cubicle not much larger than the sweatbox in a Georgia prison camp. My mail was on my desk. Most of it informed me that I had been specially selected from a distinguished list to receive an indispensable publication, and if I would just send a check . . . There was, however, one interoffice envelope. Interoffice envelopes usually meant trouble. I opened it.

Inside was a slip of paper headed "From the Desk of Harvey T. Sweigert." Harvey T. Sweigert was the managing editor of *Sage, The Magazine That Thinks For You*. On the slip of paper were typed three words: "Please see me." Then a scrawled monogram, illegible to let you know he was a busy man. I sat at my desk, wondering what I had done to evoke those three sinister words.

I was not a sensation at Sage, frankly speaking. For a while I had been in charge of the obituary column, "Tombstones." Until I attributed someone's wife, or widow, to the wrong defunct. Hell was raised, but as it was my first

mistake, I was kept on. Instead, Arthur Sturtevant was fired. There was no such person as Arthur Sturtevant, but the name was carried on the masthead for just such emergencies. If a mistake was made and the injured party was important enough, *Sage* placated him by firing Arthur Sturtevant, "the man who made the unfortunate error." Arthur Sturtevant's name was removed from the masthead, and the injured party thought himself a hell of a fellow to be able to wield such power. Months later poor Arthur Sturtevant would be restored to the masthead.

I was not fired, merely transferred to the religious news section, "Up There." Another crisis occurred: I referred to a misstepping minister as a "lay preacher." Fortunately the minister was convicted of statutory rape, which got me off the hook. Nevertheless my position at *Sage* was shaky.

I took the automatic elevator to the thirtieth floor. A coldly efficient outer secretary, reputed to be warmly efficient extracurricularly, interrogated me with the arrogance of an S.S. officer and finally passed me through. Mr. Sweigert was dictating to his inner secretary, and as I stood waiting and trying not to listen, I could not avoid hearing certain words and phrases: "As the President told me . . . global strategy . . . I was told by Macmillan . . ."

He finished, dismissed his (Continued on page 36)



Covering the IGY in Antarctica wasn't Oliver Cannon's idea of a "hot" assignment, but things began to cook once he met Pete Santelli. Next thing he knew, he was falling into an ice crevasse with a Congressman; starting an international ruckus with the Russians, and "bundling" with a fabulous Maori beauty at 20 below zero.

Special

Book Bonus

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STAG'S BIG PICTURE

Some on-the-spot news photos pack the punch of a piledriver. See them once and you remember them for life. Those are the kind of pictures we hope to run on these pages each issue—the most dramatic pick of the thousands that pour across our desk every month.



There must have been a more powerful attraction down the street that could make this youth walk calmly past the local—and lush—scenery at a festival in Rio de Janeiro without even batting an eye.



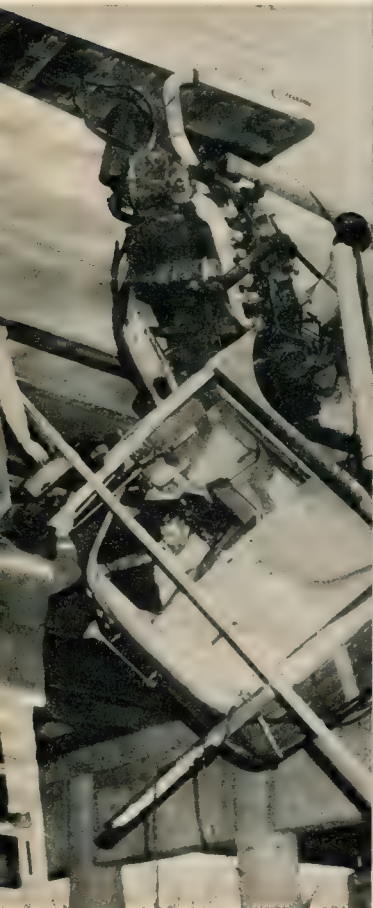
Only in Paris could two men carry four nudes down a boulevard without being pinched by the gendarmes. The girls are photo mock-ups—replicas of bronze nudes to be placed in the Tuileries gardens.



As the pros say, golf is a game of concentration, which explains why two-year-old Timmy Doyle didn't notice the breeze at his back as he sat on his dad's shoulders, taking in a Miami, Florida, tournament.


In dramatic rescue operation, men of USCG cutter Coos Bay pulled to safety a desperate 5th engineer—one of the survivors from an English freighter sunk in the Atlantic.

On a turnpike near Tulsa, Okla., a trailer spun out of control and plowed into a bridge railing. Result: drivers were left dangling over the side in their truck cab till firemen rushed to their aid.



On the strife-torn island of Cyprus, these bullet-riddled bodies of two Turkish Cypriots symbolize the cruel, no-holds-barred fighting currently being waged by people of the former British colony.

IMPOSSIBLE SABOTAGE-RAID OF LT. ROSTEN'S "GO-FOR-BROKE" HELL- RAISERS



The target: an Imperial Navy relief force assembling off the South China coast. The mission: infiltrate the top-secret staging area and block the convoy's only route of escape—long enough for Far East Command to set up the "Burma Ambush."

by ROBERT LAGUARDIA

THE Japs had been opening up on them all night. A flare would go up and all hell break loose: rifle and machine gun fire, mortars and a couple of .40 mm anti-tank guns—all they had, all popping away at the same time. Major C. W. Gresham, U. S. Marine Corps, gave the order to move out shortly after midnight—one of the Chinese scouts thought he had found a way past the Japanese emplacements.

They timed the breakout after a Jap barrage that, like the others, took no casualties. Gresham counted on half an hour at least to get by the forward Jap line. But a flare went up only minutes after they moved out. Jap fire cut the unit in half this time.

One minute Navy Lieutenant j.g. William R. Rosten had been inching forward in darkness, his Thompson cradled in his arms. The next, a blinding light outlined him starkly

PLEASE TURN PAGE

Art by Al Ross

Dangling from the line, Rosten swung toward the Japanese patrol boat, yelling, "Boarders away!"



Thousands of enthusiastic Chinese—men and women—volunteered for SACO, were organized into the war's most hard-hitting guerrilla army.



SACO sabotage strikes cost Japs millions, tied down in China troops badly needed elsewhere.

"GO-FOR-BROKE" HELL-RAISERS

against the South China landscape and bullets whined and chewed up dirt around him. Cursing, Rosten ran crouching for cover until concussion from a mortar burst knocked him off his feet, blacked him out. When he came to, Gunner's Mate George Fein was leaning over him.

"The Major's cut up bad. Shrapnel," Fein said. "He says to tell you you're in command, Lieutenant."

There were cobwebs in Rosten's head, and his ears still rang with the concussion. But no new flares burst.

"The Japs don't realize we've moved out," Rosten said. "We'll keep right on going. We'll take the wounded with us."

"O.K., Lieutenant."

"Fein, how badly are we hurt?"

"I wouldn't want to stand no parade with what's left. There's less than half of us I can account for."

The two men crawled, Fein in the lead, to where the survivors crouched in the shadow of a ravine. They had all the wounded they could find with them, including the now-unconscious Gresham.

"We'll go after the next burst of mortar fire and flares," Rosten ordered.

"Why should it work now?" Lieutenant j.g. Harley Wilcoxson objected. "They killed us the last time."

"There's nothing else to do. We can't stay here."

"You're the boss," Wilcoxson said.

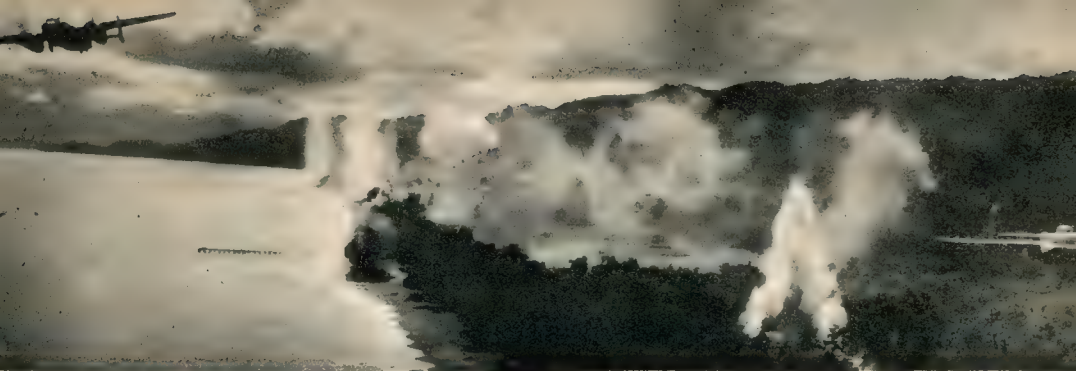
They had started out as a unit of nearly 200 SACO guerrillas a month before, Chinese behind-Japanese-lines raiders trained and unofficially led by their four American advisors. They were down to twelve now, four of them seriously wounded, including Major Gresham. This was now Rosten's command.

He moved them out after the next Jap barrage and they got beyond the rim of the troops encircling them. They took turns at the sling improvised from a poncho for Gresham; the other three wounded walked, supported by a buddy, or rode piggyback when they couldn't keep up the pace. Dodging Japanese all the time, a day and a night's march brought them to the town of Shenpei on the Li River, an offshoot of the Yangtze. They (*Continued on page 79*)

U.S. personnel like Rosten taught SACO recruits ABCs of hit-run war, led them in behind-the-lines sorties.



Cut off from home base, Rosten hired a junk to get him and his men to Amoy, was amazed to find the Chinese vessel had all women crew.



Part of SACO's job was spotting enemy installations, military buildups—relaying information to AF for bomber strikes.



Japanese convoy, held up by Rosten's sabotage blockade, was jumped by SACO-alerted aircraft as it sailed finally for Rangoon.



Destruction of relief force deprived Japanese in Burma of vital supplies, reinforcements, helped cinch final Allied victory.

3-MONTH MASQUERADE



State and federal officials can offer only "educated" estimates of the amount of money illegal alcohol production costs our taxpayers each year. As we refine our methods of controlling these illegal activities, the persons who would profit most from them refine their method of operation. It is a continuing battle and one that we need the cooperation of every citizen in order to finally win.

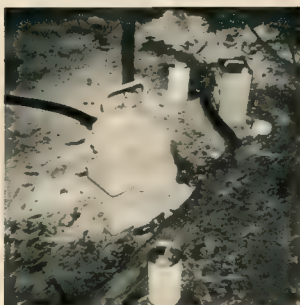
State of
Florida

Governor

Excerpt of a letter from Gov. Bryant to author, blasting illicit "moonshining."



Costly to build, "shotgun" type condenser yields a solid stream of whiskey.



Still operators employ a gasoline pump to draw out water from distant streams.



Once a retailer gets hold of moonshine, he quickly buries it in case of a raid.



As shown in the above haul seized by agents, bootleggers use various types of containers—glass, metal and plastic—when transporting illegal alcohol.

THAT DYNAMITED A RACKET EMPIRE

To his bootlegging pals, he was "Satch Spooner," an easy-going accomplice who turned a fast buck by distilling and transporting illegal moonshine. To Florida's State Beverage Dept., he was undercover agent B. H. Jones—with orders to crack a million-dollar crime ring wide open.



by WILLIAM B. HARTLEY

ON the evening of April 1, 1963, two men entered a small hotel in a residential section of northwest Miami, Florida. One of them, about 55 years old and well-dressed, looked like a typical travelling salesman. His name was Richard Warren. (Author: Name is fictitious. To serve the best interests of law enforcement, certain names in this article have been changed.)

His companion, a man with a crew cut and a gaunt, heavily tanned face, was dressed shabbily in a dirty, short-sleeved shirt and cheap slacks that were two sizes too big for him. Since it was a hot, muggy evening with thunderheads building up over the Everglades, both men were perspiring heavily.

"Want to see Mr. Miller," Warren told the desk clerk. Given the room number, the pair went upstairs to knock at the designated door. It was opened by a man in shirt sleeves who grinned at Warren but looked skeptically at his shabby companion.

"It's okay, Gary," Warren said. "This guy's name is Satch Spooner. 'He's from Georgia an' I've knowed him a long time. Satch, say hello to Gary Miller."

Miller, who smelled strongly of whiskey, shook hands with the Georgian and asked his visitors to come in. He

offered them a drink, which they refused, then sat on the edge of the bed and examined Satch Spooner carefully.

"What brings you to the Miami area, Satch?" he asked.

"Come down lookin' for work, sir, but it's been tough. What with the number of Cubans in the area, seems like I'm about starvin' to death."

"That a fact?" replied Miller. "How come you left Georgia?"

"Dodgin' the alimony man."

"Can't blame you for that. What would you do to make some money?"

"Man gets hungry enough, he'd do most anything," Satch said.

Gary Miller turned to Warren and asked, "You absolutely sure he's all right, Dick?" When Warren nodded emphatically Miller said, "I might get you some work, Satch. You ever transport any moonshine whiskey?"

"I don't know a thing about it."

"You want to do the work?"

"Reckon I do."

Miller pulled several bills from his wallet and handed them to Satch. "Go rent yourself a room. Take them whiskers off an' get cleaned up. (Continued on page 52)



Undercover agent B. H. Jones (right) alias Satch Spooner and Florida statewide investigator Eddy flank a rental trailer loaded down with cans of "shine."

Call Me "Misty"



Ever since a boyfriend told her she looked like she had "mist in her eyes," this lovely 22-year-old model dropped her legal identity for the nickname "Misty." She even refused to give STAG her real name.



ESCAPE OF THE

"SHOT-TO-HELL" P.O.W.

Navy big guns, USAF and RAF squadrons pounded strategic targets in the pre-invasion bombardment of Sicily.



Captured during landings, British soldier is marched off for interrogation.



Spitfires ran into heavy anti-aircraft fire, Me 109s. One Yank pilot managed to ditch in sea, was rescued—unlike Snell who crash-landed into enemy hands.

Blind, desperate instinct made him leap aside as his Nazi "executioners" opened fire. Bullets thudded into his back slamming him down, but he jumped up running...until more bullets staggered him and he dropped, unable to move, waiting for them to come and finish the job...

by PAUL BRICKHILL

TWO unusually pretty sisters lived near the RAF aerodrome at Takali on the island of Malta. One was dark and the other was a rare Maltese blonde, and both were warmly pursued by more than half the fighter pilots on the base—till the middle of 1943. After that the pilots called them the Jinx Sisters and stayed away, because the two girls had thirteen pilots "confirmed." The thirteen were not smitten by Cupid's arrows. Every man the girls seemed to favour was shot down a week or two later. It was only coincidence, but a consistent and unhealthy one: two girls and the kisses of death.

The day before the invasion of Sicily, Anthony Snell asked the blonde one to dance with him at a little café at Rabat, near the aerodrome. When they came off the tiled floor, one of the other pilots in 242 Squadron, Jack Lowther, a rugged, fair-moustached Australian, said to Snell, "You've had it now, Tony."

Snell answered, "Baloney, old boy. I'm seeing her tomorrow night." He was carefree and confident, 21 and nearly a caricature of the English officer fighter pilot: tall and a little gangly, a lean, well-boned face, sensitive mouth, "operational" moustache, and the lock of hair falling over his forehead that irritates tidy men and attracts all women.

In the morning, he tumbled out of bed at three o'clock to fly on the dawn show over the invasion (and was fired on in the half-light—with terrifying accuracy—by the Royal Navy). A quick lunch and he took off for the fighting again. The Sicilian bays were messy with landing craft and the hills were smudged with feathers of smoke from fires.

Four Me 109s sliced out of (Continued on page 71)

From *ESCAPE OR DIE* by Paul Brickhill, published by W. W. Norton & Co., Inc. Copyright © 1952 by Paul Brickhill.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

NAME DROPPERS—When the cops broke down The Kid's door, they found stacks of *Variety* and other Broadway journals, gossip column clippings with show biz names circled in blue, a year's supply of *TV Guide* in which guest star programs were also blue-circled, plus piles of movie magazines.

"Well," sighed The Kid, who had been entertaining a



One sociologist says, "Aside from deeper psychological stuff, the answer is, one, that most 'Bird Watchers' are bright and know the value of study even though their school marks may be terrible. And, two, they've been reading movie mags and watching TV for years. When a small 'k' kid decides to become a Big 'K' Kid, what makes more sense than that he take advantage of the people he reads about most?"

Concluded a detective who's worked on several Big "K" Kid cases: "They're bright, all right. If they used their heads legit, they wouldn't have to get messed up stealing other people's jewelry. They'd be too busy hiding their own."

THIS IS AN ELEPHANT. COLOR HIM PINK—The elephant was drunk, no mistake about it. He was bleary-eyed and unsure of foot. He trumpeted at butterflies. He went hic-hic-hic. He bumped a house and knocked it flat. He tripped over himself and passed out snoring, feet sticking straight up in the air.

All the elephants in Krueger National Park, South Africa, were drunk in fact. It's nothing unusual—they get soused every February and stay soused for six weeks, or until all the sweet yellow fruit is off the marula tree.

The elephants are nuts about marula fruit. They eat it till their bellies swell. What happens then is the stuff ferments faster than the elephants can digest it. They get plastered and, feeling so good, they look for more marula. If any tree is too high, the five-ton drunks simply lean against it and flatten it.

The local women like marula too. There's supposed to be

blonde at the moment, "I guess you've got me."

But what did the police have? A student of current events? A clipping service? Some kind of nut?

No, They had a young man who was the most successful of a new species of jewel thief known in the trade as a "Bird Watcher," or "Hilton Iceman," because he watches newspapers and TV to learn when "birds"—victims—are in town, and because he often specializes in burglarizing his birds in their hotels.

The difference between the Kid and the old-style society jewel heister is this: the Kid's victims are always show-biz figures. There may be a million in diamonds at Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So's Park Avenue town house, but the Kid will never know about it—Mr. So-and-So's name never appears in *Variety*. And the Kid never reads the *Wall Street Journal*.

The Kid—a collective term for the breed—stole more than \$1,200,000 in NYC alone last year: Irene Selznick lost \$400,000, Jack Benny \$200,000, and Janet Leigh \$9,000, to name three famous birds.

How he works: The Kid watches a movie premiere on TV to be certain his bird is really attending. Then, disguised as a repairman or delivery boy, he just walks in and takes the service elevator up to victim's apartment. Hotels are even easier: The Kid uses a house phone for his checkout, and a house "Do Not Disturb" sign of plastic as his skeleton key. Most hotel door snaplocks can be opened by inserting a plastic strip between door and frame and just pushing.

In general, the Kids are in their early 20s, vain, eager to be seen with flashy girls, but without any previous criminal record; in fact, not unlike many law-abiding kids. So why do they begin hunting celebrities?



nothing like it for 100-proof love potions. In a fierce, competitive battle, the elephants fight with the women, even pull them from trees and chase them away.

Dr. N. J. van der Merwe of the Park board shrugs the matter off. "It's not polite, but there's nothing we can do about the annual spree," he says. "The marula is the commonest tree in the park, you know."

But the elephant isn't the only one who drinks. You should see the bee. . . .

Bees binge in summer, under these circumstances: in some flowers, the nectar (from which bees make honey) ferments, but they suck it up anyway. This is not a question of grabbing this intoxicating nectar or doing without. There are other flowers; the bees just like the boozy nectar better.

High-proof nectar hits bees like marula hits elephants. They become sexually aggressive toward the drones. They fall asleep in the sun. They fall into ponds and drown. They aren't happy drunks—they sting anything that gets in their way, often a tree or an auto.

Tippling is not limited to the very large and very small in nature, however. Most animals and insects like a nip now and then. The reason we don't see more of nature's boozers is simple—physical limitations. Only the elephant has a stomach big enough to ferment his own "joy-juice," only insects can get stoned on so little, and the only animal who can tip a bottle besides ourselves is the monkey.

"BUCK ROGERS REPORTING, SIR"—The man called it a weapon, but it looked like a vacuum cleaner in a knapsack.

He aimed the nozzle and "fired" at a dummy in GI clothes, but there was little flash, no noise, and the dummy remained standing.

This was a weapon?

Yes. The dummy's uniform smoked, then burst into flame, and the lesson of the funny-looking "vacuum cleaner gun" was plain: had the dummy been a human enemy, he would have been incinerated inside his own clothes.

"Gentlemen," said an impressed observer, "Buck Rogers has just checked in with his death ray."

The death ray is really a Laser beam, or, when spelled out: Light Amplification by Stimulated Electromagnetic Radiation. Everyone today has heard about Lasers—concentrated "solid light" beams that can be projected without dispersion over micro-distances or thousands of miles. They appear to be valuable in both eye surgery and deep space communication. It has also been noted that Lasers can break diamonds and melt bottles across a room. It was only a matter of time before someone got to wondering what Lasers could do to men.

Early last Spring, Maser Optics, Inc., of Boston, turned the first Laser rifle over to the Army at Frankford Arsenal, Philadelphia. For the infantryman who may carry it, there are immediate disadvantages. Though the gun itself weighs less than the M1 rifle, the battery back-pack weighs about 25 pounds.

This seems a small inconvenience considering the fire-power rewards. The gun shoots a Laser flash every ten seconds. One power pack stores enough "ammo" for 10,000 flashes. Conceivably, one Laser gunner could deal with whole tank columns, supply depots, etc.

The ray currently doesn't pack the sock to kill a man outright, like a bullet. But it doesn't have to, if it can kindle a man's clothing or blind him—which the Maser Optics people say it can—up to a mile away.

NOT IN STOCK—The Fishtail 8 in the showroom is a stock car. The Fishtail 8 you saw doing 170 mph at the Daytona Beach 500-mile race is a stock car too. They look the same and are supposed to be the same, but the fact is, they're not. You can buy the showroom version any time for \$2,200. You're liable to get a knock on the head if you even try to get near the other one. It's a secret.

The story is this: When a showroom stock car arrives at the racing pits, it's dismantled down to the frame, rewelded



and beefed up to take 170 mph speeds. Stock brake drums, shock absorbers, gas tanks and tires are junked and replaced by heavier stuff. Stock gear box comes out, four-speed unit goes in; stock rear axle comes off, "floating" axle goes on. A "floater" is one which carries no weight, only transmits power to the wheels. And, finally, the stock engine is replaced by a souped-up version complete with quadruple carburetors, racing cams, etc., none of which is standard equipment.

The story behind the story is: auto makers enter stock races purely for profit. The reasoning is simple: everyone wants to buy a car like the winner. The makers argue the profit motive of course, say the races are really engineering test grounds, but the fact is few innovations perfected for the race course ever make it to the production line. Most of them are either too costly, or plain useless in ordinary road driving.

The classic remark on the subject came from a driver who was asked whether his stock car was really the same as the showroom model. "Damn right," he said, "and it took \$100,000 worth of engineering and 25 men to make it that way."

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?—Only 17 at the time her mom wrote: "My baby was a virgin when she met Errol Flynn." Beverly Aadland, the rakish actor's last girl friend, is now an old-young 21, lives with two cats in Springfield, Mass., and belts songs in nightclubs where they bill her as "Errol Flynn's Protégée," lest anyone should forget.



Dummy missile, floated vertically like a spar buoy, rises from Pacific off Point Mugu in early successful HYDRA test firing.

In war, it will launch missiles from any point below the ocean, penetrate any defense, undetected by the enemy. In peace, it will rocket America into the space lead and keep her there.

by ED HYDE

ON a chilly March morning, in 1960, a reinforced unit of Marine guards carefully combed the hills and valleys of the California coast overlooking the chunk of peninsula called Point Mugu. Helicopters hovered overhead and patrol craft at sea warned fishing boats away from the area that was a common short cut between Los Angeles and San Francisco. Orders called for "Maximum Security," and that's the way it was.

In a remote blockhouse the countdown continued. "Ten . . . nine . . . eight . . ." The technicians nervously but carefully checked the signal lights winking on the control consoles.

"Seven . . . six . . . five . . ." Lieutenant Charles E.

Stalzer, USN, anxiously watched the dials on one of the many consoles in the blockhouse.

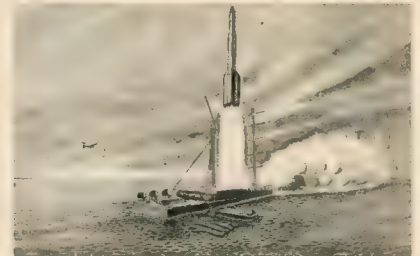
"Four . . . three . . . two . . ." Lieutenant Commander John E. Draitm nervously twisted his hands as the count reached the moment of truth.

"One . . . zero . . . Fire!"

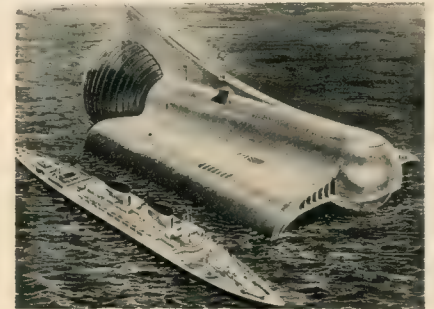
The launch control officer stabbed at a red button on his console and every eye stared through the blockhouse window toward the beach. Suddenly the water beyond began to boil and then the quiet blue surface of the Pacific erupted in a shower of spray.

Too fast for the eye to follow, an object flashed out of the sea and climbed swiftly into (Continued on page 66)

On the drawing boards: undersea launch platforms anchored to ocean floor, raised to firing position by satellite signal.



Space engineers are working on idea of offshore surface launch pads, safer, cheaper than land versions.



Sketch shows size of sea-based space booster of the future compared with 990-foot liner *United States*.

PROJECT HYDRA: ADM. RABORN'S UNDERSEA

SATELLITE MIRACLE

AFTERNOON. He wears no disguise, but packs a gun and will threaten the teller. The car in which he escapes is a stolen one 60% of the time. He tends to be a big spender . . .

POPULAR NEW CRIME IS STEALING BLANK AIRLINE TICKETS, which are then easily traded or cashed in for money. There are millions of them around, and they are often stacked in racks at airline offices and travel agencies where customers can lay their hands on them . . .

NEW FOR MEN

A BATTERY GUARD THAT BUZZES LOUDLY IF YOU LEAVE YOUR CAR HEADLIGHTS ON after the engine's been turned off . . .

A new mineral additive in cereals WHICH WILL PRACTICALLY ELIMINATE CAVITIES . . . A NEW CIGARETTE YOU CAN PUFF ON WITH

NEW FOR MEN



PLEASURE BUT THAT ALMOST CHOKES YOU WHEN YOU INHALE (for people who want to keep on smoking, of course, but wish to cut down on inhaling) . . . A WALLPAPER COVERED WITH PICTURES OF THE BEATLES . . . A human body heater which burns propane gas in a disposable tank; you place it in a coat pocket near your heart and it sends heat through your body via ordinary blood circulation . . .

THE BEST ANTI-SKID TIRE YET—IT USES TUNGSTEN STUDS RIGHT IN THE TREADS . . . Finally, a battery-powered circular saw with no cord. Use it in the middle of the North Woods, if you like . . .

A NEW SYSTEM DEVELOPED BY THE AIR FORCE WHICH ENABLES ELECTRONIC CIRCUITS TO REPAIR THEMSELVES WITH NO HUMAN HELP, much the same way the human body heals after a wound . . . Special coat pockets that are especially designed for liquor flasks . . .

X-RAYS IN COLOR, permitting glass fragments, other swallowed objects, to show up in their natural colors, making them easy to spot . . .

MEN IN UNIFORM

THE MOST SAVAGE SMALL WEAPON IN MODERN WARFARE MAY STILL BE THE DUM-DUM BULLET, WHICH EXPANDS WHEN IT ENTERS A MAN'S BODY, TEARING HIM AND MUTILATING HIM HORRIBLY. Use of this bullet was outlawed by The Hague International Peace Conference, YET AMERICA NEVER SIGNED THIS PACT and, theoretically, could come right in with dum-dums in any future war—even in S. Vietnam . . .

RECENTLY FOUND NAZI WAR DIARIES INDICATE THAT HITLER, IN LATE STAGES OF THE WAR, DIVIDED HIS GENERALS INTO TWO TEAMS: the ones that said pleasant things to him and the ones that said unpleasant things . . . AIRLINES ARE OFFERING D-DAY VETS A SPECIAL



MEN IN UNIFORM

\$250 ROUND-TRIP FARE FROM N.Y. OR BOSTON TO PARIS to attend the ceremonies celebrating the WWII landing. That's about \$100 cheaper than the regular fare . . .

WORST EQUIPPED TROOPS IN WWII WERE THE ITALIANS who often found themselves in battle with ammo that didn't fit their guns . . .

An Army survey showed that GIs (in peacetime) ARE MORE LIKELY TO REMAIN VIRGINS THAN IF THEY HAD KEPT ON BEING CIVILIANS . . .

MEN IN SPORT

Florida hunters use marshmallows to lure alligators out of the swamps . . .

MANY BASEBALL MANAGERS SAY THE SPITBALL IS IN USE ANYWAY SO WHY NOT MAKE IT LEGAL. But isn't that like saying banks are being robbed, so why not legalize bank robbery?

... ONE GROUP OF ATHLETES WHO OUT-EARN TOP BASEBALL STARS ARE THE CHAMP BOWLERS. One such bowling star just signed a million dollar contract with a bowling ball company, the money to be spread over ten years . . .

DON'T FORGET THAT IF YOU'RE BEANED BY A BASEBALL IN THE BALLPARK, you're not entitled to a dime from the stadium owners. It's all spelled out in the back of your ticket . . . Biggest problem faced by young pole vaulters is the fear that maybe the pole will break. THIS RARELY HAPPENS BUT IT'S IN BACK OF MINDS OF YOUNG VAULTERS, and a man can't really become a great vaulter until he conquers the fear . . .

THE RED WORLD

Young Russians are very grateful for the "cheeseecake" and "girly" magazines that arrive from the West. THEY USE THE PICTURES AND STORIES TO SHOW RELUCTANT RUSSIAN GIRLS

copier has already netted more than twenty-five million dollars in returns . . .

SOME TIPS ON TOY-INVENTING: Toys should not just look cute, but really encourage a kid to play; in toy construction it's important to avoid sharp edges and corners; watch out for shock hazards in any electrical toy. MOST IMPORTANT: To really sell, a toy should be priced under \$10 . . .

THERE'S MONEY TO BE MADE IN SELLING IDEAS FOR NEW, DIFFERENT, MORE HORRIBLE MONSTERS TO TELEVISION PRODUCTION COMPANIES . . . Big shortage of coins these days; banks now offer a \$2 bill for \$1.95 in change . . . Many GIs don't realize it, BUT THEY CAN BORROW UP TO 94% OF THE CASH VALUE OF THEIR GI INSURANCE . . .

If you turn someone in as a tax cheat, the INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE WILL PAY YOU 10% OF THE DOUGH RECOVERED. Oddly, though, few "squealers" actually claim this reward. It's usually a case of a jilted broad rattling



THE RED WORLD



A MAN'S WALLET

THAT EASY SEX IS PART OF THE WESTERN WAY OF LIFE, and are able to talk Red chicks into the hay in this manner . . .

Our CIA literally spends thousands of dollars each year buying face makeup. This is to give "suntans" to pale-skinned agents who are off to southern Communist countries and whose white skins would give them away instantly . . . Communists in Czechoslovakia and Poland may have come up with a good idea —taxing their hitchhikers. Man who wants to hitchhike over an area of 2500 miles pays government \$6 for a hitchhiking stamp. Money's used to pay for highways, etc. . .

A MAN'S WALLET

Question: Which American has made more money from a single brainchild invention than any other American in the 20th century?
Answer: Chester Carlson, whose Xerox office

on her ex-lover, or a jealous neighbor rattling on the guy next door who's been throwing a lot of money around . . .

THE EASY LIFE

THERE'S AN OPERATION NOW WHICH WILL GIVE A BALD MAN A COMPLETE HEAD OF HAIR THAT WILL ACTUALLY STAY WITH HIM FOR LIFE. It's a hair transplant deal, and its only drawback is the cost—\$10,000 . . .

Some studies in Scotland indicate that LUNG CANCER SEEMS TO COME MORE READILY TO THOSE WITH NO EASY WAY TO GET RID OF PENT UP EMOTIONS . . . A group of Englishmen in their nineties claim the secret of their long life has been to take a daily 12-volt shock at the temples throughout all their adult lives . . .

BY MEASURING COPPER LEVELS IN THE BLOOD, physicians can now spot persons likely to have a heart attack long before it occurs . . .



WIFE TRADERS

Continued from page 14

own business," Charles R. insisted, when informed of the charges against him and his friends. "None of this would have happened. This is the twentieth century, not the Middle Ages. People are supposed to enjoy sex today. Who were we hurting by what we did?"

The out-of-state journalist who interviewed him could have pointed out that Charles R. was hurting himself and his family, but decided not to rub it in.

In spite of his protests of "innocence," Charles R. and his wife and their friends pleaded guilty and threw themselves on the mercy of the court. A judge with a reputation for strict fairness fined each couple five hundred dollars and gave each defendant a six-month suspended sentence. The judge also made a short speech on the conflicts between the law and the private sexual expression of individuals. The local newspaper criticized him for "softness on moral corruption."

But for the R's the result was as destructive as if they had actually gone to jail. Public pressure forced them to leave town. They lost the fifteen thousand dollar home on which Charles R. was still paying off the mortgage, selling at a loss. Charles R. was told at his job that, while he would not be fired, he was no longer considered desirable or promotable by his firm. In the new town he moved his family to, on the West Coast, he took a position considerably inferior to his old one of assistant plant superintendent. He and his wife live in constant fear that someone will recognize them and remember the sensational scandal.

Charles R. and his wife were victims of the latest sex craze to hit America, which, like the rest of the Western world, is undergoing what *Time* Magazine has called "a revolution of mores and an erosion of morals . . . today sex is simply no longer shocking . . ."

A growing underworld of "respectable people" like the R's has learned to indulge in pluralistic-group-sex—orgies that seem like a hangover from ancient days. Authorities are only just beginning to learn how far this craze for pluralistic sex goes—and how profitable it is for those who cater to it.

In recent years, the U.S. Post Office Department has cracked down hard on so-called "hard core" pornography dealers, arrests almost doubling from 390, in 1960, to 760, in 1963—with convictions in recent years of nearly all those tried. Investigation of this half-billion-dollar-a-year racket was begun under Postmaster General Arthur Satterfield, continued under his successor, J. Edward Day, and followed up by the present Postmaster General, John A. Gronouski. These investigations have disclosed two shocking facts: (1) the current prosecutions only scratch the surface of the racket, and (2) much of the activity that goes on—perhaps the largest part of it—involves not hardened "professionals"—prostitutes, pro-

fessional models, etc.—but "amateurs," those who make their living from completely unrelated fields and are in the pornography racket strictly for kicks.

A recent conviction in Los Angeles of a dealer who sold pornographic photos and movies at prices from six-for-\$5 to \$50 and \$100 for a one-reel film—"the kind you like"—disclosed that a large part of his business was retailing pornographic letters and running a kind of "correspondence club" for sex addicts. As well as exchanging "sexy" letters—filled with pornographic details and designed to "entertain" at a fee of from \$1 to \$10 each—this dealer served as a clearing house through which sex addicts could contact each other, exchange information and photographs, make appointments to meet and trade names and contacts in different parts of the country. For this "post office" service he charged a fee from fifty cents to two dollars.

Many of the photos this dealer sold had been posed for by amateurs at private sex parties. A typical party of this sort was held recently in an elaborate mansion on a many-acre estate in a Los Angeles suburb. An invitee who attended out of curiosity reported that none of the guests made any attempt to disguise their faces. He recognized several bit players from the film colony and a number of business and professional men from the Los Angeles area. A famous female movie star with a whispered reputation for sexual deviation was expected to attend, but if she showed up, this guest did not see her.

Clothing at the party was optional. Some guests wore bikinis or bathing trunks and even swam in the pool. Some wore nothing at all; others were fully clothed, in business suits or cocktail dresses, and resisted any temptation to take an active part in the goings on until the party was well advanced. No pressure was put on anyone to conform to the rules of the party, but this guest noticed that no one was admitted to the premises—which were protected from public view by a high wall—without careful scrutiny by the hosts. If a stranger, the guest had to be vouched for by someone at the party who was trusted implicitly.

Cameras were in evidence and in use at all times. As the liquor continued to flow, the party grew wilder. There was considerable sex play, sometimes between persons of the same sex. Then, shortly before midnight, the first-time guest was told he had to leave, unless he planned to take part in what came next.

Several days later, an interview with one of the guests who stayed, a married woman of about 35 whose husband knew of her tastes and sometimes shared them, made it plain what had happened after midnight. Professional "sex entertainers" had given lewd demonstrations, performing in groups that varied from a trio to as many as four couples. Gradually the guests got into

the act with frequent changes of partners. For some of the guests, the woman said casually, the party went on for several days.

Her interviewer was surprised that she showed no reluctance to talk about what went on, even though the acts she described were both against the law and against the moral standards she had been taught. When he suggested that, at the very least, she might do herself and her family serious damage if her activities came out into the open, she shrugged. The interviewer pursued the possibility: suppose one of the guests had used one of the cameras that had clicked so often in the early hours of the party?

THE woman laughed. "The cameras were going the whole time," she said. "Why do you think we brought them, if we didn't mean to use them?"

"But isn't there a tremendous risk?" her questioner asked. "A photo is worse than a confession. Unless you blot out the faces . . ."

"You don't need faces for a photo to be recognizable in a court of law," said the woman. She acknowledged that it did bother her, but added, "There's only one way you can be sure of the people you invite to something like this. You exchange photos with them. If the photos are specific enough, these people have got themselves in just as deep as you have. That's your only guarantee."

"The police sometimes try to plant a plainclothesman or a police woman at one of our doings. But they never go far enough, and never catch good photos of themselves. It isn't worth it to them. We're not murderers or anything, and the law doesn't provide severe enough penalties for our actions to make anyone really break his neck to pin something on us. The only people who'll submit to such photos are the ones who feel the way we do about sex. And for those people, taking the photos and exchanging them just adds to the 'kicks'."

When asked if this party was a meeting of a "sex club," the woman dismissed the idea scornfully.

"All that talk about 'sex clubs' is a lot of newspaper drivel. They write it to sell papers," the woman said flatly. "Damn few people know my name at these parties and I'm not in anybody's club. If anybody sends me anything through the mails, I don't acknowledge it."

Discussions with another couple who frequently attended parties of this nature produced a different answer, however. When contacted, they proved willing to discuss both this Los Angeles set of sex partiers and what they knew of sex club activity in general in the California area and beyond. According to their information, sex clubs did indeed exist, and of their own experience, they could testify that they had international connections.

The Hollywood party, they said, was made up of people, some of whom, like they, belonged to organized multiple-sex clubs, while others did not. There were, they said, probably dozens and possibly hundreds of such sex clubs in operation on the North American continent, including both the United States and Canada. They themselves belonged to more than one.

There were also clearing houses for correspondence between sex faddists and practitioners of every sort of perversion. Some people seemed to draw

(Continued on page 46)

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such satisfaction from printed matter and photographs they needed no more. Others spent so much time traveling from one set of sex experimenters to another they made a profession of it. In between these extremes were sex patterns of every description, and the web of correspondence and mutual compromising—through signed letters that spelled out names and events, through photographs that left nothing to the imagination, and through actual criminal acts—extended clear across the continent from New York to Los Angeles.

THEIR entry to a club had come about through a complicated series of steps. They began by answering an ad in a nationally circulated magazine which promised "get-togethers of lively people." Through this ad they met a couple with whom they did some sex-partying. Answering the ad also got them on a mailing list for an obscene catalogue. In the catalogue they found listings for correspondence clubs and contacted one of them.

Eventually this couple was drawn into a club membership, for a fee of twenty-five dollars a year, that gave them contacts all over the U.S. For an additional fee, they could receive new lists for any part of the country they planned to visit. There were other lists for Canada, South America, Europe, even parts of Asia.

Recently, several cases involving shocking sexual behavior have made headlines. The legal and moral tangles that ensued show how deeply this unsolved problem cuts into the everyday lives of Americans at all levels of our society.

In Hollywood, a well-known actor was arrested at a party where an officer later testified, men and women were carousing partly or totally nude. The courts threw the case out. They ruled that the police had no right crashing people's private parties in the first place, so that no matter what the arresting officer testified, it was irrelevant.

In New York City, at about the same time, a sensational story of this nature came from pages for several days. Ivan A. Jerome, a Russian-born inventor of lenses for high-speed photography was a man in his 60s, worth—at one newsman's guess—about 22 million. Jerome

met with an unfortunate accident when a building he owned burned down. In the ruins were discovered several cans of exposed movie film, not all of it destroyed.

When the film was developed, it turned out to contain prints of sex orgies filmed on Ivan's Long Island estate. The chief participants were local kids, girls between 12 and 17 years of age. They joined in the nude revels by the dozens for the dollar or two Jerome gave them, as well as for the fun of it, most likely. Police hinted that the building was burned through arson, perhaps as revenge by someone who had participated in the goings-on and decided Ivan was doing something wrong.

As for Ivan, he was arrested and held in jail until he mustered bail of \$100,000. The local authorities obviously thought the high bail would keep him around, but it didn't. Ivan flew the coop and was never heard of again, so far as any official word is concerned. At the time he fled, there were sixty-odd counts of moral turpitude against him, 41 of them involving these same young girls, and police claimed they had not yet uncovered the whole story.

Currently before this writer is a selection of nationally published "news-papers" and magazines. All of them contain ads, some of them "personals," others ads for photos or supplies "of the kind you like." Some of these ads this writer has answered. All those checked brought the expected response:

The elderly gentleman in Florida who desired the companionship of a younger man of good build who appreciated "art and body-building" was a long-time homosexual who boasted in his correspondence of a chain of contacts stretching across seven states.

The ad for an "illustrated" catalogue of "spicy lingerie and photos" put the writer on a pornographer's mailing list.

The woman who was looking for a male companion "interested in mystical subjects and discipline" turned out to be a devotee of flagellation.

The Newark, New Jersey couple looking for other couples "interested in photography—no prudes, please!" turned out to be wife-swappers and photo-swappers eager to make new contacts.

Perhaps the most flagrant example of profit-making from the activities of these amateurs is the story of a man

whose exact identity must be withheld here—he has so far managed to evade the law. He began as a simple enthusiast of pornographic photos. He ordered these photos from numerous sources abroad, then set up a mailing house himself, specializing in photos from the Philippines, Malaya and India. After some years of this, he found himself involved personally in a number of sex clubs, in Europe and in the U.S., and decided to go into business as a "clearing house" for names and connections.

He shifted his address frequently, staying one jump ahead of the law. By the spring of 1963, when the last reports on him were received, he was an "organizer" of sex activities in three states on the Eastern seaboard. He ran several "friendship clubs" that were legitimate, but which he used primarily to recruit members for his sex clubs. Though he claimed, legally, to know nothing of what happened after he introduced people, he took a cut for arranging setups that were meant from the beginning to end in one way only.

The discovery of a "sex lottery" by which names were exchanged in a large Pennsylvania factory turned out to have one of his "friendship clubs" at the bottom of it. He made a profit from pornographic photos, and made more presenting stag party entertainments, using not professional performers, but amateurs. His reputation as the man who could provide anything grew, and police set numerous traps for him. They were closing in when he dropped from sight in 1963, but authorities agree it is entirely possible he is still operating.

Undoubtedly the most open sex clubs operate in the large cities of Europe. There the contrast between "public" moral standards, even more puritan than those in the U.S., and the private behavior of individuals who make their own standards is even greater.

In Geneva, London, Rome and Stockholm, sex clubs have many U.S. members. A recommendation from someone, or a simple printed identification card is all that is needed to gain admission to one of their affairs.

PARIS has the worst reputation of all cities in the pluralistic sex game. Open parties are held every week at a revolving series of addresses, where nudity is demanded. Many of the participants are masked; no questions are ever asked as to identity, and it is considered bad taste to give more than the first name. A simple code of recognition is all that is checked at the door for admission. Some of these parties cater to homosexuals, some to sadists and masochists, but most are simply sexual free-for-alls.

Paris or New York, London or Los Angeles, it is a fact that the protection from discovery sex addicts hope for at such shindigs seldom works out. Black-mailing photos, extortion by partners who only go to such parties for the purpose of entrapment, accidental discovery by legal authorities who will not be bribed, or are involved in a case too big to hush up; these, plus a rapidly rising venereal disease rate multiply the serious consequences of the illicit roads to pleasure.

Still another version of group sex is one of the most peculiar—and in some ways the most "morally innocent"—of all. This is sex as it is practiced by the "faddists."



"Quit washing dishes or wear an apron. You have detergent navel."

(Continued on page 48)

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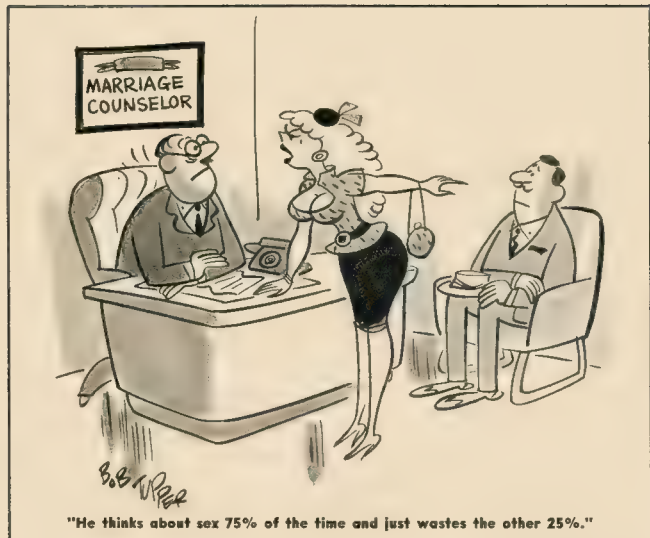
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"He thinks about sex 75% of the time and just wastes the other 25%."

(Continued from page 46)

In the summer of 1963, Nelson T., a movie studio technician in California, and his wife, Ann, joined a nudist colony. They both liked to sunbathe in the nude themselves, saw no reason why they should not share the pleasure under controlled circumstances. Nelson T. had already developed the habits of taking extra vitamins, eating specially prepared foods, taking cold water baths and numerous other special rules of life as prescribed by the health cultists.

Nelson and Ann T. investigated carefully and chose a nudist colony which operated on a respectable, carefully supervised basis on the grounds of a private estate outside Fresno, California. The colony fulfilled all their expectations, with good, clean healthy outdoor sports and sunbathing in the nude. However, through the nudist camp they became acquainted with other sun worshippers who had the same "faddist" interest in sex. This was not sex as vicious, illicit excitement-through-humiliation and degradation, which so many of the sex clubs seem to have as a running theme. It was sex as a part of an overall plan of good mental and physical health.

THE T.'s began to subscribe to various magazines which reported on the progress of sexual liberalization throughout the world and on medical and psychological research on sex. They came to view sexual experience as something as much a part of physical conditioning as taking vitamins or getting out in the sun. Eventually Nelson T. and his wife came to the point where they had to try out their newly developed ideas about sex.

They joined a small group of individuals who agreed to practice "free sex" with each other as part of an overall plan for "the betterment of the world and the human race." The T.'s claim that the kind of sex they experience with their new non-morality makes them "healthier" and "more hon-

est" than other people. It does no good to tell them that few psychologists would agree.

"We initiated a new couple recently," broad-shouldered, bluff Nelson T. informed an interviewer. "We sunbathed with them, swam, played tennis. They frequently came to our home as guests. My wife Ann and I explained to them our feelings about sex, how it's something natural. Then we told them about our friends who feel the same way we do. Everybody's shy at first."

The formal initiation, Nelson T. went on to explain, included much discussion of the principles of free sex. It took place in the presence of several other couples, and the new couple made themselves available to all present for that first night's experience. The interviewer had a question: Wasn't an initiation ceremony, involving intercourse and other sexual activity in public, on the same level of childish behavior teen-agers demonstrate with their so-called "non-virgin clubs?"

Nelson T. shook his head. "We're improving the happiness of the human race," he insisted. "We know what we're doing."

Most experts say that, rather than improving chances for happiness, such activities open the way to incalculable damage to every human value . . .

In the spring of 1963, 22-year-old Mrs. Velma T., a slender, nervous woman with a pretty, tense face, visited the office of a man listed in the classified phone directory of her home town, a large Southern city, as a "marriage counselor and registered sexologist." Mrs. T. did not ask what "registered sexologist" referred to—there were no licensing or qualification standards for family counselors in her state. She explained that she and her husband had sex problems; she felt "inhibited."

Mrs. T. might have been suspicious when the counselor, who did not have an MD degree and was a man only a few years older than she, asked her to undress so that he could examine her body for "tensions and sex conflicts."

He followed with exercises "for the relaxation of inhibition." He performed these himself and they would have ranked as obscene advances in any court in the country.

Mrs. Velma T. felt the treatment was doing her good, however. She returned for more. Eventually the "counselor" supplied her with pornographic photos and records, sent her husband and herself to meet with another couple for a wife-swapping session, and finally made them charter members of a "new way of life sex club" he founded. Part and parcel of the "new way of life" was frequent multiple-sex in wife-swapping and group-sex parties. The "sexologist" himself often took an active part.

Some of the practitioners of this racket are sincere "sex addicts" and nothing more. Most, however, of the phony counselors and sexologists are interested primarily in one thing: money. Advising on investments and purchases as well as accepting fees, Mrs. T.'s counselor was pure con man.

WHEN he felt the law was getting too close, he'd picked up and moved to another town. Unfortunately he made the mistake of also transferring his affections—to another, younger and prettier wife who also needed to be "freed of her inhibitions." Mrs. T. registered jealousy. When it didn't get her the results she wanted, she replaced it with the legal charges of seduction, contributing to a nervous breakdown, and so forth. Indicted on a number of charges of fraud and misrepresentation, which might have been hard to prove, the marriage counselor took the easy way out. He got some of those clients who were still faithful to him to put up the money for his bail bond, then fled the state.

Operators like this man turn up all the time. Their activities are among the hardest for authorities to deal with. If a man says he is operating in good faith, and there are no strict qualifications spelled out in law that a "marriage counselor" has to live up to, it is hard to get him on anything other than morals charges and offending public decency. If those he has worked with refuse to testify against him, and if they are old enough to be considered by a court of law as capable of making their own sexual decisions, it is often nearly impossible to make even these charges stick.

But there are other ways that these sex "utopians" can be caught. Many sex counselors get their subjects to pose for pornographic photos for them—"to loosen their psyches"—then can't resist a profitable opportunity to sell the photos. Selling hard core pornography, fortunately for the law, is still a crime everywhere, although, in the light of a recent Supreme Court decision, it is often hard to get a judge to hand down a sentence more severe than a small fine or a suspended term.

The tradition of sex-in-multiple extends far back into time. Egyptians devoted a whole religion to it, with temples where high-born ladies played the part of prostitutes. The Greeks performed their great works of literature in the three days immediately after an obscene orgiastic festival held every year. In the days of the Caesars, the Roman aristocrats set new highs of group licentious behavior at openly held banquets, while the common people kept the old Greek and Egyptian sex cults and added some new ones of their own. In the Middle Ages, "Devil Worship"

meant public copulation, and obscene rites with a man dressed in a goat's skin preceded mass orgies that lasted till dawn.

Today's pattern has modern variations but the same motivation. Answering a correspondence "friendship" ad that asked for photographs, 28-year-old Youngstown, Ohio, pharmacist Harvey N. and his wife sent a snapshot of the two of them in their bathing suits at the beach. The photos they got in return showed their correspondents nude, then in a series of intimate sex positions, some involving the participation of extra parties. The letters accompanying these photos graphically detailed their correspondents' sex histories. After some hesitation, the N.'s finally sent nude photos of themselves and included similar letters, expressing their own experiences with and speculations on sex.

Step by step they found themselves getting involved with a circle of sex deviates who went the whole route of "sickness" and self-destruction in sadistic and masochistic acts. Six months after these activities began, the N.'s began receiving blackmail threats. In three years, Harvey N. paid out well over \$10,000 he could ill afford. Eventually the N.'s moved to a new town, still do not know if they can feel safe.

Some authorities say that it is prohibition of these sex activities by law that increases the profitable and "dirty" end of the business. This theory works along the same line as the analysis of the prohibition days of the '20's: People are going to drink anyway, etc., etc. This view receives some support from legal experts such as Morris Plescowe, a former judge and a professor of law

at New York University, and author of *Sex and the Law*.

"The extraordinary thing about the adultery statutes," Plescowe writes, "is that they are dead letters, even though the criminal behavior involved is constantly coming to the attention of law-enforcement agencies when divorce actions based on adultery are filed. . . . Legislators have completely overlooked the fact that there are other agencies for the control of sexual activity which may be far more effective than the theoretical threat of a jail sentence. Among such agencies are the schools, the churches, the family, the non-commercial recreational agencies, etc."

WHAT's needed, the argument runs, is "social" regulation, rather than "legal" prohibition of specific acts.

The dangers of pluralistic sex are seldom realized by those who indulge in it. A recent story of two farm couples who swapped wives for several months illustrates one of these dangers. The families were close friends, spent many evenings drinking heavily together, and one thing simply led to another.

In the process of swapping occasionally, however, the opposite wives and husbands grew fond of each other. It was determined that divorce and remarriage all around would be the best idea. Strangely enough, no sooner was the remarriage accomplished, than the new husbands and the new wives began to find the same faults with each other that they had with their previous partners. This would have been only amusing, except that one of the husbands found himself burdened down with guilt at what he had done.

He suspected that the whole thing

had been a trick to get him out of the way, that his ex-wife had wanted to get rid of him all along, and he telephoned her demanding she return. When she refused, he tried suicide. Unlike most attempted suicides, this one succeeded. Suicide, say psychologists, is not such a rare outcome of wife-swapping as one might think. Sex impulses go to the root of a man's character, they stress. Once a man grows confused about them, they can easily destroy him.

A lawyer in the Charles R. party scandal case summed up the conflicts involved as one that today, at least, has no yes or no answer.

"What do you expect people to do?" this expert in divorce law and sexual offense cases demanded. They get sex thrown at them from every direction today. The doctors tell them it won't harm them, the newspapers tell them about Hollywood sex parties and nude bathers in Sweden. If they think this is the way they want it, they feel they have a right to make up their own minds. But there's no doubt it can get you into trouble. And you have no legal protection if that happens. Worse, you have no social protection, no guard against the punishments that can be brought against you unofficially by an indignant community."

Charles R. and his wife represent only one small statistic in an ever-widening category of Americans who constitute a sort of sexual underworld of violators of the commonly accepted codes of morality and behavior. They differ from others only because circumstances brought their story to the surface and exposed them to the full penalties of the community—if not the law. ♦♦♦

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P.O.W.s TAKE BEATING FROM PATHET LAO—Today, probably the worst treatment of prisoners of war takes place in Laos. An American plane on a rice-dropping mission was shot down in September, 1963, and five men taken captive. According to a Neutralist lieutenant who made a successful escape, here's what's happening to the prisoners in their Pathet Lao compound: 1. They are tied to bamboo poles in a small hut. 2. They are still



wearing the same clothes they had on when they bailed out of their plane last year. 3. They sleep on bamboo beds, with one blanket apiece. 4. They get a half kilo of rice with salt twice a day, and one or two pieces of chicken each week. 5. Each man is allotted 40 cigarettes a week. 6. They are forbidden to speak to anyone and are not permitted to read. 7. Their health is rapidly deteriorating and, unless U.S. protests against their maltreatment are effective, chances are the five will not survive.

MYSTERY OF THE 18 SKELETONS

—Ditch diggers in Venezuela's State of Mérida were startled as their picks chipped through into an underground cavern. Their surprise turned to horror when they saw what the cave contained. Seated in a neat pattern were 18 skeletons, each with a clay pot over its skull. Most of them were in an arms-folded position. Archaeologists who bee-lined it to the site remained just as puzzled by the discovery. With no signs of violence in evidence, it was hard to pin the cause of death on the Spaniards, who were in the territory in 1685—around the period from which the handcrafted clay pots seemed to date. So far, no retracing of local legends or his-

tory has come up with a single clue as to what the 18 skeletons were up to before their burial.

MY MOMMY IS MY DADDY—

Strangest story to come out of the medical world recently is that of a boy who thought he was a girl until the age of 13. At that time, feeling just like a boy despite obvious physical inadequacies, "she" submitted to an operation that changed her sex to male—permanently. So permanently, in fact, that the boy who was once a girl grew up, got married, and is now the father of a healthy, normal baby.

JUST AN OLD FASHIONED NUDE—

Let a nude movie scene pass the censor's scissors and Americans will break their necks for a look. Carol Baker, Kim Novak, etc., have caused stampedes at the box office whenever word got out they were posing in the raw. But take it from a French nude-poseur from way back—Mylène Demongeot—Europeans have had it as far as undressed females are concerned. Maybe it's because film-makers on the Continent have been shooting naked scenes for at least ten years longer than Hollywood has, but the movie-boys in Europe have also discovered that a nude sequence is not enough to salvage a dog of a picture. As a matter of fact,



once the publicity department begins beating the drums for a "sensational, shocking, nature-in-the-raw" type of movie, audiences across Europe begin to yawn. They refuse to be hustled inside a theater for a 90 minute cinematic "bomb"—the price they are asked to pay for a quick look at the form divine.

WHAT HAPPENS TO A "RAT FINK" IN CHICAGO—

The U.S. crime Syndicate will tolerate almost anything from one of its members except squealing to the cops. If anyone thinks these hoods are kidding, take a rundown of what happened in Chicago to weak-kneed mob members who decided to "inform." January 28, 1964—An insurance man indicted on a fraud conspiracy case stepped out of Cook County Criminal Courts Building and into his car. A booby-trap bomb nearly blasted his leg off, almost taking his life. November 18, 1963—Leo Foreman, racketeer, was found dead, stuffed inside a car trunk. March 20, 1963—Richard Morrison, known as "the bab-



bling burglar," was shot to death. June 1, 1962—Leon Johnson, dope peddler, was gunned down. November 16, 1961—John Hennigan, burglar, received a load of lead from a shotgun. Chicago gangsters feel this is the only way to keep other potential big mouths in line.

THOSE HOT STOCK TIPS—

In case you've been blaming yourself for not taking the advice of stock market forecasters and plunging in with your family savings, listen to what a survey of the so-called "expert forecasters" revealed. Over the last 15 years, 80% of the 6900 specific forecasts by financial services were wrong. After checking the predictions of 24 financial publications, the average investor would have made nearly 4% more in dividends a year if he had relied on flipping a coin rather than on the forecasters' "considered" advice. And when the opinions of the "market experts" were matched against the important turning points of the market since 1949, almost every one of them was found to have been off-base.

Your Thinning Hair

... will you do something about it before friends begin to notice?

How thousands have used a home plan over many years to help solve this problem.

If your hair is thinning or hairline receding, you are the first to notice.

In the cycle of hair growth a few hairs fall every day, of course, and in normal growth their place is eventually taken by new hairs.

But when you discover many hairs in your comb, or when shampooing brings them out, that's "it!"

Generally you notice this hair-thinning about two years before your friends do, though they may be thoughtful and polite enough to keep quiet longer than that.

Eventually, however, they comment that "It looks like you have more 'fore-head' than a year or so ago." Now the problem has become full blown and...

You wonder what to do

First, let's look into probable causes: In the hair cycle we've already mentioned, the hair roots, or follicles as they are called, produce hairs, then rest, and then produce again.

It is believed that thinning of hair, and balding, are caused in most cases because follicles do not resume their production after the resting period.

Here's how all this is technically described (underlining, and parenthetical phrases, are for explanatory emphasis):

"When a follicle approaches the end of its growth cycle, a club hair is formed above the bulb and the bulb is largely destroyed, leaving the follicle much shorter, and having a hair germ of undifferentiated cells (not of specialized form, character and function), which is the seed for the next



These pictures are not posed by a professional model. They are actual "before" and "after" pictures of a user of the Home Plan described here.

generation of hair. When activity is set off again, the simple hair germ rebuilds a bulb which then manufactures hair and the inner root sheath again." (When activity isn't set off again that's when hair thinning starts.)

"During its period of growth, a follicle produces hair to its fullest capacity and cannot be pushed beyond its limits. Increased hair production, then, can only be achieved by initiating activity in quiescent follicles, and preventing them from going into the (permanent) resting state."

How can this be done?

How can this be done, you ask?

Consider the Brandenfels Home Plan of Scalp Applications and Massage which have, over many years, helped thousands of men and women with scalp problems, including thinning hair.

The Brandenfels Home Plan for scalp reconditioning is the use, according to directions, of two liquid applications, in conjunction with a special massage method designed to help dilate blood vessels in the scalp so that more blood*

*With ageing there is a progressive transformation of growing hair follicles into lanugo type (those that produce fine, short hairs—as on the back of the hand). The growing hair follicles are richly vascularized (supplied with blood vessels) but the lanugo hairs have only one or two capillaries associated with their hair bulb."

(Technical questions on this page are from "The Biology of Hair Growth," a summary of papers presented at the London conference on The Biology of Hair Growth as edited by Drs. William Montagna and Richard A. Ellis and published by Academic Press, Inc., New York and London.)

will reach the area. All this is easily done at home, without expensive office calls.

While results vary from individual to individual (as with any remedy) because of systemic differences, general health and localized scalp conditions, the Brandenfels Plan is a real and tangible prospect of success in a substantial portion of cases.

Independent state-licensed certified public accountants have counted and made affidavits as to over 25,000 testimonials in the Brandenfels office, at their last tabulation.

The four chief benefits specifically mentioned are:

- Renewed Hair Growth.
- Reduction of Excessive Hair Fall.
- Relief from Dandruff Scale.
- Other Improved Scalp Conditions.

If you, or someone you know, have excessively falling hair, a rapidly receding hair line, or other unhealthy scalp conditions, you owe it to yourself, your family and your business associates to get full information on the Brandenfels Home System. Every day you delay may make your problem just that much more difficult.

Remember that even on smooth bald heads hair roots may still be alive and capable of growing hair again after proper stimulation. "Increased hair production can only be achieved by initiating activity in quiescent follicles—preventing them from going into the (permanent) resting state."

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3-MONTH MASQUERADE

Continued from page 33

"I'll be gettin' in touch with you later."
"I'm mighty grateful, Mr. Miller."
"Just call me Gary, Satoh."

Satch Spooner was considerably more grateful than Gary Miller could imagine. "Satoh" was an agent of the Florida State Beverage Department. His real name was Bernard H. Jones, and his meeting with Gary Miller launched an investigation which is one of the most outstanding examples of law-enforcing undercover work in recent years. For approximately three months, Agent Jones lived with liquor violators in the role of "Satch Spooner," helped set up and operate stills in Florida and Georgia, transported and delivered moonshine, and patiently gathered evidence that broke up a million dollar ring. Some of his experiences were so amazing that a fiction writer would dismiss them as totally unbelievable. Yet this daring—and extremely dangerous—infiltration of a moonshiner's ring actually did take place.

Bernard H. Jones was in what, for security reasons, may be designated here only as east central Florida. He was born in Alabama and raised on a Georgia farm. He is 36 years old, married with six children. Since he is constantly called in for undercover work, the physical description of him given in this article is not the true one. As he himself observes: "Violators read everything they can get their hands on about agents. So would you if you were in an illegal business where hundreds of thousands of dollars are involved."

Jones served a hitch in the Navy, then came to Florida, in 1951, to work for the state prison system. He also did police work in a large Florida community before joining the State Beverage Department in January, 1957.

For many years, Florida and Georgia have been centers of liquor violation. Attempts to check the illegal traffic were increased during the administration of Florida's Governor LeRoy Collins and redoubled when Farris Bryant took office. Enforcement was handicapped, however, by the fact that small-time operators—the still hands and transporters—were caught repeatedly while the big operators and money men continued to function untouched with relative ease.

IN the spring of 1963, Investigator W. B. (Bill) Eddy had an idea for penetrating the top echelons of the moonshine racket. He had made contact with an informer, Richard Warren, who knew many of the major violators and had even served time with several of them. Eddy asked Department Director Richard B. Keating to assign B. H. Jones to an undercover investigation. Jones, with his Georgia accent and his talent for undercover work, would be a natural for the job.

The request was granted. Jones made his first contact with Richard Warren in a Jacksonville, Florida, hotel lobby. At first, Warren was extremely nervous

but, as Jones puts it today, "After I'd been with him for about 24 hours he relaxed. He said he'd put me in touch with Gary Miller in Miami. Miller was a transporter. He didn't do the actual transporting himself but hired others to do it."

Thus "Satch Spooner" came into existence, with a driver's license supporting the alias and listing a Georgia address. Had the address been checked up on, the people in residence would have identified Satoh as a good-for-nothing stepson who had deserted his family.

Warren then arranged the meeting with Gary Miller, in Miami. Satoh was now in business—and what a business it proved to be! (Author: For simplification, Agent Jones will usually be referred to as "Satch Spooner" throughout the article.)

Directly after the Miami meeting, Satch received his instructions from Gary Miller. He would live with Richard Warren in Jacksonville, and run moonshine into the Miami area from north Florida and south Georgia. The demand in Miami was heavy—it had been estimated that consumers in that city paid up to \$300,000 per week for moonshine. The pickups would be made in Nassau County, in the extreme northeastern corner of Florida, and west of Kingsland, Georgia, just across the Florida-Georgia line.

"You'll drive a '58 Mercury with overload springs," Miller told Satoh. "Take out the back seat. If you stack the five-gallon cans real close, you can carry forty to sixty cans in every load. Use more air in them back tires to keep 'em from saggin'. Ain't nobody can spot you on the road."

Warren's home in Jacksonville was a small frame house outside of the city with an outdoor toilet and a pitcher pump in the yard for water. Here, between jobs, Satch sat around with Warren, drank beer, listened to the radio and read the papers.

But there was little time for this sort of relaxation. The round trip between Jacksonville and Miami is 700 miles and, in addition to the constant travel, Satch had to load and unload his car, a backbreaking job. All in all, a run sometimes took eighteen hours.

The Kingsland still was back in the woods about 300 yards from a private residence. The still was owned by the same violators who operated the Nassau County still, which had a far more secretive layout where loads were picked up at a boat landing.

Satch was told, "You can only pick up a load there, or drop off containers, when the tide is in. So mind you get there on time."

On his first trip to the place, Satch turned down a back road at dusk to find a boat waiting at the landing. The place looked like a typical peaceful fishing spot, but the boat was heavily loaded with cans of moonshine and the boat's occupant, a man named Jake,

was a hard-faced individual who examined Satch coldly.

Satch knew that moonshiners sometimes carried weapons. In his experience as an agent, he had been shot at once when he made the mistake of assuming a violator was harmless. At this isolated boat landing, a man could be killed and the body easily concealed in the swamps.

But after Satoh had identified himself, Jake nodded and helped him load the car. The still, Satoh decided, was somewhere along the back waterways. He observed, "This is a mighty handy spot," but Jake only muttered, "With a boat you don't leave no track."

On his way to Miami, Satch stopped to describe the general location of the Nassau still by phone to his fellow officers. (Author: At all times, he tried to maintain contact with Beverage Department agents and, toward the middle period of investigation, with Federal officers as well.) On another trip, he brought back a load of empty containers to the landing and helped stack them in the boat. By this time he knew that a house about a mile away was the moonshiner's residence.

WHEN the containers had been stacked, Jake growled, "Tell my partner up at the house to meet me at the second creek north."

This was the only information Satch could pass on to his fellow agents. The still was so well concealed that weeks passed before it was located.

Despite the fact that Satch was learning the names of many violators and piling up evidence, the investigation so far had involved only relatively small-time operators. It was also becoming dangerous to work for Gary Miller—dangerous because Miller was careless and definitely heading for trouble. If he stumbled into difficulty with the law, it could mean the end of Satch Spooner's undercover role.

Miller didn't really spend money wildly and to make matters worse, didn't always pay for the moonshine delivered to him. He was also engaged in other "activities"—robbing telephones, for one. He even asked Satoh to join him in "pulling phones," an opportunity Satoh politely turned down.

Satch talked the situation over with Richard Warren, and also got in touch with Investigator Eddy. Eddy agreed that it was time to break away from Miller and go after the big game. Satch was by now well known to moonshiners in the lower ranks and word of his trustworthiness had probably been passed on to the top. So on April 20th, Satch moved out of the frame house and took a room in a Jacksonville hotel, after telling Warren where he would be "in case anything comes up."

At 10:00 that evening, Warren phoned with good news. He had contacted a top man whom Satch had met once briefly and been anxious to contact again.

"I've been talkin' with Bootsie," Warren said. "He might have a proposition for you. We can go up to his place tomorrow."

"Botsie" was Leo John Lourcy, a major moonshine violator who had recently been released from prison. Since his return to his home in Georgia, rumor had it that he was going back into business in a big way.

Warren picked Satoh up the following morning and drove to St. George,

(Continued on page 54)

They DREW their way from "Rags to Riches"

Now they're helping others do the same

By REX TAYLOR

ALBERT DORNE was a kid of the slums who loved to draw. At 13, he quit school to support his family. But he never gave up his dream of becoming an artist.

Although he was working 12 hours a day, he began to study art at home in his spare time. At 22 he was earning \$500 a week as a commercial artist. Dorne rose higher and higher—until he became probably the most fabulous money maker in the history of advertising art.

Dorne's "rags-to-riches" story is not unique. Norman Rockwell left school when he was 15. Stevan Dohanos, famous cover artist, drove a truck before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was an orphan. Robert Fawcett, known as "the illustrators' illustrator," left school at 14. Austin Briggs once lived in a cold-water flat, now has a magnificent contemporary home over 100 feet long.

A plan to help others

In 1946 these men met with six other famous artists—Al Parker, Jon Whitcomb, Fred Ludekens, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck, and John Atherton.

Dorne outlined to them a plan for sharing their good fortune with others. Dorne pointed out that artists were needed all over the country. And thousands of men and women wanted very much to become artists. What these people needed most was a convenient and effective way to master the trade secrets and professional know-how that the famous artists themselves had learned only by long, successful experience. "Why can't we," asked Dorne, "develop some way to bring this kind of top-drawer art training to anyone with talent . . . no matter where they live or what their personal schedules may be?"

The idea met with great enthusiasm. In fact, the twelve famous artists quickly buckled down to work—taking time off from their busy careers. Looking for a way to explain drawing techniques to students who would be thousands of miles away, they turned to the modern methods of visual training. They made over 5,000 drawings especially for the school's magnificent home study lessons. And after they had covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed to the course his own special "hallmark" of greatness. For example, Norman Rockwell devised a simple way to explain characterization and the secrets of color. Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw his



ALBERT DORNE—one of the top money makers in commercial art. From window of his luxurious studio high above New York, Dorne can see the slums where he once lived.

"glamour girls." Dorne showed step-by-step ways to achieve animation and humor.

Finally, the men spent three years working out a revolutionary, new way to correct a student's work. For each drawing the student sent in, he would receive in return a long personal letter of criticism and advice. Along with the letter, on a transparent "overlay," the instructor would actually draw, in detail, his corrections of the student's work. Thus there could be no misunderstanding.

School is launched; students succeed

Thus was born the Famous Artists Schools—whose classrooms are the students' own homes and whose faculty is the most fabulous ever assembled in the history of art teaching. Today the School has thousands of active students in 62 countries. The twelve famous artists who started the school as a labor of love still run it and are fiercely proud of what it has done for its students.

John Busketta is a good example. He was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company until he enrolled in the school. He still works for the same company—but now he is an artist in the advertising department, at a big increase in pay.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she enrolled. Now a fashionable New York Gallery exhibits and sells her paintings.

Don Golemba of Detroit stepped up from railroad worker to the styling department of a big automobile company—by showing his work with the School. Now he helps design new car models.

A great-grandmother in Ohio decided to study painting in her spare time. Recently, she had her first "show," where she sold thirty water colors and five oil paintings.

Eric Erickson worked in a garage while he studied art at night. Today he is a successful advertising artist, earns seven times as much . . . and is having a new home built for his family.

"Where are tomorrow's artists?"

Dorne is not surprised at all by the success of his students. "Opportunities open to trained artists today are enormous," he says. "We continually get calls and letters from art buyers. They ask us for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full-time or part-time jobs.

"I'm firmly convinced," Dorne goes on, "that many men and women are missing an exciting career in art simply because they hesitate to think that they have talent. Many of them do have talent. These are the people we want to train for success in art . . . if we can only find them."

Unique art talent test

To discover people with talent worth developing, the twelve famous artists created a remarkable, revealing 12-page Talent Test. Originally they charged \$1 for the test. But now the school offers it free and grades it free. Men and women who reveal natural talent through the test are eligible for training by the school.

Would you like to know if you have hidden art talent? Simply mail coupon below. The Famous Artists Talent Test will be sent to you without cost or obligation.

Famous Artists Schools Studio 7358, Westport, Conn.

I would like to find out whether I have art talent worth developing. Please send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr. ☐ _____ Age _____
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 Miss ☐ _____ Please Print
 Address _____
 City _____ Zone _____
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Accredited by the Accrediting Commission,
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 a nationally recognized accrediting agency.



NORMAN ROCKWELL—this best-loved American artist left school at 15.

(Continued from page 52)

Georgia, a little rural community in the great curve made by the St. Marys River as it writhes from the Okefinokee Swamp to the sea. Here, in a large frame house, Satch met Boots Lourcye.

Lourcye, about 40 years old, was a shrewd, businesslike man who would probably have been successful in any legitimate line of work. He greeted Satch pleasantly, recalled that they had met before, and asked if Satch wanted a job.

"I'll sure do," Satch said.

"Well, I'll give you a try. You meet my boy, Wayne, tomorrow an' he'll tell you what to do."

Lourcye designated a meeting place and ended the interview with a few more questions about Satch's background and "alimony" problems. He seemed satisfied. There was no discussion of salary. At this stage of the game, Satch didn't want to push his luck.

SATCH met Wayne Lourcye and was told to pick up a load of sugar stored at a deserted motel south of Jacksonville. This job went off smoothly enough to satisfy Lourcye. A few days later, he called Satch in for a brief meeting.

"You seem to be a good ol' boy," he said. "I can use you regular for haulin' raw materials, transportin' 'shine an' helpin' to run some stills."

Satch's first job of significance was to purchase sheet metal in Jacksonville for the construction of two 2,000-gallon "groundhog" stills. (In a groundhog operation, fermentation and cooking is done in the same container.) Satch hauled the materials to a heavily wooded location in north Nassau County, Florida, and helped to construct the still pots. A welder was brought in to do the technical work and condensers were secured from a man who made them in his garage.

At the end of the first week, Lourcye called Satch in to discuss salary. Noting that the operation was just getting set up, he told Satch he would pay him \$200 for his week's work. Satch felt the time had come to bid for a regular paying job.

"Look," he said angrily, "this week for \$200 an' my keep is okay, but I won't work another week that way. I want it regular or not at all."

"All right," Lourcye said. "No reason to get sore, Satch. I'll pay you \$100 a week regular an' loan you a car. That okay?" (Author: Salaries or other funds earned by an agent on undercover assignment are turned over to the State.)

It was exactly what Satch had hoped for. He left with instructions to pick up a load of sugar in the Jacksonville area, unload part of it at the Nassau county stills and take the remainder to a man named Cecil Rhoden in nearby Baker county, Florida. Rhoden, who had a Federal record, would be waiting for Satch at a country store north of U.S. 10 on Route 23.

The delivery took place at night. After unloading some sugar at the newly constructed stills, Satch swung his truck northwest to keep the appointment with Rhoden. The store was easy enough to find, but Satch was surprised to find two cars in front of it. Since this was contrary to plan, he kept on driving north—and ran right up to a truck checking station!

This was a situation that called for fast thinking. Satch couldn't drive past the station without inviting trouble—and he couldn't afford to have his load checked. There was only one answer.

"Hey, mister!" he called to the checker. "Is there a little store down the road a bit? I was supposed to meet a man there."

"You passed it," the checker called. "Just turn around an' head back."

Satch thanked him, swung the truck

around, sweating with relief. His troubles weren't over, however.

Driving back to the store, he decided to take a chance on stopping. A man stepped out of the shadows and introduced himself as Rhoden. Satch could see that he fitted the description he had been given—about 32 years old, neatly dressed. Rhoden looked more like a young businessman than a moonshiner.

Suddenly a second man joined Rhoden. He focused the beam of a flashlight on Satch's face and snarled, "Haven't I seen you in these parts before? You look like a revenue agent to me."

"Man, that that damn light of my face!" Satch roared. "I've never been around here before an' you know it. You've never seen me before!"

"Take it easy, Spooner," Rhoden exclaimed. "Franchild doesn't mean any harm. Turn it off, Franny."

Rhoden then instructed Satch to turn the truck over to Franchild. While waiting for the latter to complete the sugar delivery, Rhoden and Satch had coffee at a truck stop.

"I'm mighty sorry about what happened, Satch," Rhoden apologized. "But you can't blame Franny for no such. We've had so many agents in this area you never know who you're working with."

"You can't be too careful," Satch agreed solemnly. Later, as he drove the truck back to Franchild, he hoped his actions had been convincing.

Boots Lourcye followed a practice customary among most of the big violators: he would appear briefly when stills were being constructed and once again when they were "mashed in," i.e., put into operation. After that, he would never get closer than six to eight miles to a still, reducing the chance of getting caught in a stakeout.

But some days later, when Satch was back in the woods near the Nassau county stills, Boots suddenly appeared with four other men. This was a new Lourcye—white-lipped, grim, obviously furious about something. Satch found himself suddenly surrounded.

"Satch," Lourcye said quietly, "I think you're a Fed. That's the word I get on you."

Federal officers had indeed been involved in the investigation from the time Satch had made his first successful contact. Along with the State agents, they were working on the evidence Satch phoned in—checking names and doing the groundwork that would lead to carefully documented cases.

SINCE simulated anger had worked with Rhoden, Satch decided to try it again. This time, he realized his life might very well depend on his bringing it off.

"Who the hell fed you that lie?" he shouted. "Just give me his name! Let me get a chance at him..."

"Take it easy, Satch," one of Lourcye's companions muttered.

Satch whirled on him. "Was it you, buddy?" he snarled. "Man, I'd be glad to take you apart right here..."

"Wait a minute, Satch," Lourcye said. "It weren't him..."

"Then tell him not to run his mouth. Boots, you know how hard I've been workin'. You know how to check on me! What's the use of knockin' myself out if I'm going to catch this kind of stuff?"

"All right, Satch," Boots said. "I believe you. Somebody must have had a

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(Continued on page 56)

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bad dream, that's all. Let's forget it."

Satch argued for a few more minutes, then gradually calmed down. Lourcey, now apologetic, asked him to purchase sheet metal for the construction of two more 2,000-gallon groundhogs at a new location. The workway there would be off a graded road, near the residence of a man who would tip off the moonshiners if he saw any unusual activity in the area. Water for the operation would come from a creek.

Satch helped to set up these stills with a man named Arnold Hickenbottom, then 29 years old, who had been arrested in Miami in 1955, serving four months in jail, and arrested again in 1959.

Shortly after the stills were in operation, it became evident that the water supply was inadequate. Pumping the backings or waste from the stills into the creek had soured it, so Lourcey ordered Satch and Hickenbottom to put down a well. The hard work annoyed Hickenbottom, who was anxious to set up a still of his own. Lourcey, who was beginning to buy from several other operations, finally financed him and agreed to buy his output.

Satch, in the meantime, was so busy that he rarely had time for more than a few hours sleep each night. When the price of sugar went up, Bootsie sent him to Vidalia, Georgia, to buy from a supplier with whom Boots had served time in prison. Thereafter, when supplies ran short, Satch secured them from this source.

During May, 1963, the investigation began to resemble an intricate chess game. Satch was now in fairly regular contact with Federal and State agents and had equipped himself with a small transmitter—about the size of a king-sized cigarette package—which he taped to his leg. Thus agents at a distance could record his conversations with members of the ring.

On a particularly hot day, Satch was helping the Georgia sugar supplier put overload springs on an old car Lourcey had purchased. Agents were listening to everything that was said. They were puzzled when they heard Satch suddenly cry out in pain, "I've got an awful cramp."

What had happened was this: Satch had been working in the heat beneath the car and the tape holding the transmitter to his leg had loosened as he crawled out. Bending over quickly, clutching his leg, he complained about the "cramp." When the sugar supplier took him sympathetically to get in the car and "take it easy," Satch got a chance to retrieve the transmitter and slipped it into his pocket.

OTHER complications were developing. Bootsie contacted Satch one day and announced that he didn't want him to associate with Richard Warren too much.

"Satch, this guy's got a long record," Boots said. "Most of the agents in the Jacksonville area know him. If they see you with him, they'll tag you for a moonshiner sure. I want you to shake him an' rent a house in a nice part of Jacksonville."

Locating a pleasant two-story residence in suburban Jacksonville, Satch moved in. He rigged up a hiding place for the notes he compiled when he wasn't out at the stills or delivering moonshine.

One memorable day, he was writing

out a report in the second floor bathroom. Suddenly he heard footsteps on the stairs. He barely had time to flush his notes down the toilet before Wayne Lourcey, Boots' son, appeared on the landing.

"Boy, you look funny," said Wayne. "Pain in my gut," Satch groaned.

Lourcey himself kept away from the house, choosing instead to meet Satch and other members of the ring at a tavern. Near this establishment was a business office where agents were able to conceal themselves and make pictures and records of gang members and their movements. They also monitored Satch's phone calls. Whenever he placed a phone call to Lourcey, for example, he would ask, "Is this Boots?" With Lourcey thus identified for the monitoring agent, Satch would ask for and receive instructions.

He was now so much in Boots Lourcey's confidence that he felt the time had come to work another State Beverage agent into the operation. He arranged to meet Lourcey and told him he was feeling tired and needed a little rest.

"Figure to take a couple of days off,



Bootsie," he said. "I'd like to go up into Georgia an' see my kids."

"You know what'll happen if that alimony man catches up to you," Boots warned.

"I reckon I can get away with it."

Lourcey finally agreed to the vacation. When Satch "returned," he phoned Boots to say he had brought an old buddy back with him from Georgia.

"He don't have much sense but he can work," Satch told Lourcey. "He never did much but knock around a service station an' serve a hitch in the Army, but he's a pretty good ol' boy."

The "pretty good ol' boy" was agent Frank Rooks. So confident was Lourcey in Satch that he told him to put Rooks to work at one of the stills. A day later, Lourcey met Rooks, liked him, and ordered him to deliver a load of liquor the following day.

"And that was when I thought the lid had blown off," Jones recalls.

It very nearly did. To begin with, Satch was to pick up a load of sugar from the Florida supplier. As he reached the Florida-Georgia line on the return trip, he turned into a side road to bypass a truck checking station. Suddenly he realized he was being followed

by what appeared to be a Nassau county deputy sheriff's car. When Satch speeded up, the operator of the official car turned on his red blinker and siren.

Satch skidded the truck into a side road, jamming the gas pedal to the floor. The official car drew up beside him, siren screaming. Since it's vital in undercover work to remain unknown even to the police, Satch began to edge the official car toward the ditch on the left side of the road. The startled driver (actually just a fruit inspector) braked, fighting for control. Satch had just enough time to stop the truck, leap out and run into the woods.

HE ran for six miles through the swamps and tangled underbrush until he reached another road and found a phone. When he had gasped out the news to Lourcey, Boots said he would send a car to pick him up.

"But where's Rooks?" Boots asked. "He ain't showed up."

"Stay where you are, Bootsie," Satch said. "I'll be there quick as I can!"

When he reached Lourcey, he found him pacing the floor. Boots now depended on Satch to such an extent that he often asked for advice. Satch would simply turn the question back to Boots, which flattered Lourcey and also maintained Satch's own position as a hired hand.

Now Satch asked if Lourcey had called the county jail. Lourcey said he hadn't. "Well, I brought that boy here an' I don't want to leave him hangin'," Satch observed. "I'll call."

Rooks was, indeed, in jail. He had been picked up by a highway patrolman in Nassau county and was being held on a charge of transporting moonshine whiskey.

"I hope he don't run his mouth," Lourcey said.

"Don't worry about him runnin' his mouth," Satch said. "He won't. Thing to do is to get him out."

As it happened, Rooks was arraigned in normal fashion without any official intervention. Lourcey sent Satch to bail him out. Thereafter, Rooks stayed with Satch at the Jacksonville house and helped run the stills but was kept off the roads. To Lourcey, Rooks was "a mighty good boy," but "too damn dangerous on the road."

Satch was now, as the saying goes, "sitting in the catbird seat." Lourcey even allowed him to make collections from illicit wholesalers—an unheard of honor in Bootsie's operation since he usually only trusted his son Wayne with the job of picking up the money.

With Rooks safely accepted, Satch felt he could now slip other agents into the operation. An agent from the Tampa district, J. R. Hawkins, was brought in to work for a while on the road. A Jacksonville agent, H. E. "Buddy" Fugate, infiltrated the Miami end of the ring to assist in transporting shine and, of course, to gather evidence.

And now matters were coming to a head. Late in May, Satch loaded up Wayne Lourcey's car with 71 five-gallon cans of whiskey for delivery in Miami. After Wayne had driven off, Satch called Investigator Eddy to advise him of the shipment. It was decided that the time had come to apply some psychological pressure; a good fright might scare Lourcey into making a new—and wrong—move.

Wayne Lourcey was intercepted in Martin county, Florida, and arrested for

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By J. M. Smith President, National Radio Institute



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transporting moonshine. When word reached Bootsie, he told Satch that some changes had to be made fast. Satch would leave the Jacksonville house and check into a motel.

"An' I know who tipped the cops to that load Wayne was movin'," Lourcey added angrily. "I reckon you know too, Satch."

"What do you mean?"

"It's that damn Dick Warren done it! I never trusted him. Only good thing he ever done was to bring me you."

"Look at it this way, Satch," he said. "Rooks lost a load of 'shine. You lost a load of sugar. Wayne got caught down south. This ain't all coincidence. That Warren is the one who's buggin' us. I aim to put a stop to it."

Lourcey's plan, as related to Satch, was to take Warren to Georgia and hold him prisoner there. Satch had no way of knowing whether Lourcey meant it or if this was just an idle threat, but he felt that no chances should be taken with the informer's life. On Sunday, June 9, he contacted Investigator Eddy and discussed getting Warren out of town, blowing up the four groundhog stills and making the initial seizures and arrests. Except for final paper work, the basic investigation was now at an end and further delay might prove dangerous.

On the following day, Lourcey asked Satch to help Arnold Hickenbottom operate his still Tuesday. Satch followed instructions. When the day's run had been made, he went to the motel and phoned Boots.

"They just blowed our places up!" Lourcey bawled. "I'm headin' for Georgia until things quiet down. You deliver the whiskey you run today an' then stick close to the motel. Rent's paid for a month. I'll see you in a few days, Satch. Just be careful."

Instead of going to the motel, Satch headed for another motel where temporary enforcement headquarters had been established to set up warrants for the initial knockoff, seizure of property and arrest of persons. As he stepped through the door, "Satch Spooner" once again became B. H. Jones, Florida Beverage Department agent and a very tired man who had seen his wife and children only twice in two and a half months, and then only in the early days of the investigation. Considering the preliminary work that had been done, Jones had been away from home for approximately three months.

TWENTY-two persons were arrested at the outset. Boots must face not only the moonshine charges but also one for possession of "bennies." In all probability, the ring's members will be tried on conspiracy charges. Federal and State agents are still tracking down leads on ring associates, since the operation had spread out to many parts of Florida and Georgia.

The estimated tax fraud alone ran to \$37,000 per week. Six stills were destroyed. Lourcey's new four, Hickenbottom's, and the one near the Nassau county boat landing. Their destruction resulted in the dumping of 1,500 gallons of illegal whiskey.

As for Agent Bernard H. Jones, he went home to plunge almost immediately into paperwork and wait for his next undercover assignment. "Satch Spooner" no longer exists, but he may very well come back to life again under a new name. ♦♦♦



Delaney's voice was hushed, almost reverent, as he looked down at the greatest battleship the world had ever known, watched its huge bow cut through the waves at top speed. Weighing 72,000 tons, dotted with large, radar-controlled 18.1 inch guns, the *Yamato* seemed invulnerable to Americans and Japanese alike. She had returned intact from the battle of Leyte where her sister ship, the *Musashi*, was sunk. Now she was leading the Japanese Second Fleet to Okinawa to harass the American invasion force that had hit the beaches six days before.

Delaney knew that Vice Admiral Seichi Ito, Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese task force, would have his headquarters on the *Yamato*. Sink the battleship and the threat to the invasion would be eliminated. But alone...?

"Do you see any of the other planes?"

Delaney asked his gunners.

"Negative," Mawhinney said.

"None," answered Tilley, the second gunner.

Ahead of him, clouds were closing in fast. Delaney had to make his decision now. Fast. Go in by himself against a target which the entire U.S. Navy had failed to sink at Leyte or turn tail and head for home before he was spotted. He knew that the logical action was to ignore the *Yamato*, to wait until another day when the odds would be at least fifty-fifty. No one would blame him.

He looked back towards Okinawa and saw that the sky was clearing. It was an added invitation to do a 180-degree turn and race for safety—an invitation the lieutenant refused to accept.

"Get your guns ready. We're going down."

There was a moment's silence, then Mawhinney asked, "By ourselves, Lieutenant?"

"By ourselves. Okay?"

"I go where you go, sir."

"How about you, Tilley?"

"I'm just along for the ride, Lieutenant. You pick the route."

Delaney grinned at the flippancy; he knew the young gunner was scared. So was Mawhinney. Both men had been around long enough to know that this was one hand they weren't going to win unless, by some miracle, they got an ace slipped to them from the bottom of the deck.

Taking a last look around for help and seeing none, Delaney eased the stick forward and started down. "Here goes nothing," he announced.

The black dot of the plane diving towards the huge battleship resembled a gnat attacking an elephant. Delaney, centered the sight on the *Yamato*, ignoring the shell bursts which surrounded the bomber and nearly flipped it over on its back. As the altimeter needle hit the 2000-foot mark, a near-miss skidded the plane violently to the right, but Delaney quickly counteracted the concussion with his stick and rudder pedals. A moment later he had the

BIGGEST BATTLESHIP

Continued from page 17

Yamato in his sights again. Closer... closer... closer...

"Hitting the pickle!"

At 1600 feet, Delaney hit the bomb release, held it a few moments, then jerked the emergency release to make certain that the bombs didn't hang up. By this time he was down to 500 feet, indicating 250 knots, and still heading for the water. He wanted to get down to wave-top level, below the *Yamato*'s big guns, and race for safety.

"Bomb bay doors closed. Let's..."

There was a tremendous explosion. The tail of the bomber went straight up and the right wing burst into flames. The plane was only a few feet from the water now. Pulling back hard on the stick with one hand, Delaney hit the microphone button with the other and screamed: "Bail out... bail out..."

BUT even as the words left his mouth the lieutenant realized that the bomber was too low for his gunners or himself to parachute safely. Somehow, he had to gain altitude. Leaning forward, he tried to see the altimeter on his smashed instrument panel, but the smoke in the cockpit was too dense. His eyes began to burn and water. Acrid fumes penetrated his nostrils; it was like breathing hot needles.

Delaney forgot the control stick, took his feet off the rudder pedals, ignored the fact that the flaming aircraft was only a few feet off the water. He ripped the scarf from around his neck, tore off the buttons at the top of his shirt. He couldn't breathe. He was suffocating. He had to have air. The *Yamato* was forgotten, the enemy was forgotten. William Delaney was dying...

Okinawa was the last island stop on the road to Japan, and on Day it appeared to the men of the 4th Marine Division that it might be the easiest campaign of all. They hit the beaches on April 1, 1945, with the 22nd Marines at their sides, expecting the Japs to be waiting onshore, dug in and blasting away. Instead there was no resistance, nothing at all except a clear blue sky, a cool wind, and Marines everywhere a man looked. It was April Fool's Day and the joke was on them.

It was a joke which was to have tragic consequences later, for at the very moment the Marines landed, Lieutenant General Mitsuru Ushijima, Commanding Officer of the Japanese forces on Okinawa, was repeating his Battle Instruction Number 8, issued earlier: "We must allow the enemy to land in full. Until he penetrates our positions and loses freedom of movement inside our most effective system of fire power, we must patiently and prudently hold our fire. Then we shall open fire and wipe [him] out..."

The stocky, stiff-backed Japanese officer was playing it cagey. He had his 79,000 soldiers and 10,000 naval personnel hidden along a natural line of defense just north of Naha, the capital, holed-up in the caves which honey-

combed the hills. They were ready and, as Battle Instruction Number 8 ordered, patiently waiting.

At the same time, in Japan, the Imperial Navy readied an all-out sortie against the American ships which were giving fire support and supplying the Marines on Okinawa. The Second Fleet was reorganized under the command of Vice Admiral Ito. It consisted of the light cruiser *Yahagi*, eight destroyers from Destroyer Divisions 17, 21, and 41, and the battleship *Yamato*.

As the ships weighed anchor at Ube, on April 6 at 0600, Admiral Ito radioed a terse message to their crews: "The fate of the homeland rests on this operation. The force sortied today will concentrate an all-out effort in the impending battle. Every unit participating in this operation . . . is expected to fight to the bitter end. Thereby the enemy will be annihilated and the eternal foundations of our motherland will be secured."

In plainer language, the operation plan called for the Second Fleet to beach itself in front of the U.S. forces at Okinawa and fire every gun of every ship until the last shell had been expended or the last ship destroyed. There was no thought that any of these ships of the Second Fleet would return. It was truly a suicide assault.

At the very center of the suicide fleet was the *Yamato*, the mightiest warship ever built, the most beautiful battleship afloat, the last capital ship left to Japan. Her nine 18.1-inch guns fired a shell weighing 3,200 pounds a distance of 45,000 yards—as opposed to the 2,700-pound projectile and 42,000-yard range of the American 16-inchers; she could outshoot any ship in the U.S. Navy. She displaced 72,809 tons fully loaded and drew 35 feet. She was 863 feet long and 128 feet across the beam, could hit 27.5 knots at top speed, or cruise 7,200 miles at 16 knots. But when the *Yamato* shoved off from Ube, on April 6, for Okinawa, she had only enough fuel in her tanks for a one-way trip.

At six o'clock that night, Admiral Ito summoned the *Yamato's* 2,767 officers and men on deck for a final ceremony. They sang the National Anthem, gave three *banzais* for the Emperor, then returned to their quarters. At ten o'clock the *Yamato* was racing down Kyushu's eastern shore with her escort ships gathering around her, blasting the American submarine *Hackback* out of the way, swinging slightly to starboard off Kyushu's southern tip to sail west through Van Diemen Strait into the East China Sea. Admiral Ito planned on making a big swing west-northwest, to thunder down on the American ships off Okinawa at dusk the next day.

At 1115 hours the next morning, as the *Yamato* made its final turn south and raced for Okinawa, a slim 28-year-old U.S. Navy lieutenant gunned the engine of his torpedo bomber on the flight deck of the carrier *Belleau Wood*, noted as the take-off signal was given, and a moment later guided the aircraft down the short run and into the air. William Delaney was on course for one of the most memorable missions of WW II.

The submarine *Hackback* had warned Task Force 58 of the approaching enemy fleet, and Admiral Raymond A. Spruance, Allied commander, had ordered the planes of the Fast Carrier Force to attack. Delaney was one of 380 pilots who took to the air in three groups to seek out the Japanese suicide fleet.

One hour and ten minutes later, sepa-

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"According to this reference from your last employer, you're a fast worker."

rated from the other aircraft in his group, the lieutenant broke out of the clouds directly over the mighty *Yamato* and made his historic decision to attack. The gamble: one lone aircraft against the world's biggest battleship; three men against 2,767; three fifty-caliber machine guns and one thirty-caliber against nine 18.1-inch monsters, plus a host of smaller guns. It was a daring assault, but it was doomed from the moment Delaney eased the nose of the plane toward the ship below. Five minutes later he was screaming in pain as flames reached his cockpit. William Delaney had gambled and lost . . .

"We're burning, Lieutenant! We're on fire . . ."

Mawhinney's screams brought the nearly unconscious Delaney back to his senses. Blinded by the smoke, he reached up, fingers fumbling for the canopy latch. It seemed an eternity before he finally locked onto it, but in his haste to yank the canopy open he didn't twist the latch far enough. His glove stuck on the latch and his fingers slipped out of it. Once again he groped blindly. When he gripped the latch the second time he held on firmly and jerked.

The canopy slammed back and fresh air hit him in the face. Not only did the cool, clean air unclog his nostrils and throat, but the roaring airstream sucked most of the smoke from the cockpit. For the first time since the fire started, Delaney could see again.

"My god . . ."

The nose of the bomber was headed straight for a whitecap, only a few feet above it. Delaney's right hand flashed down to the control stick and he heaved it back into his stomach, hard. For a second, the plane refused to respond, but finally, just as Delaney was so close to the water that he could feel the spray hitting him in the face, the bomber whipped into a steep climb. Throttle wide open, it skyrocketed to 1000 feet where it shuddered violently as the air-speed dropped to near stalling.

Delaney shoved the control stick forward and leveled off. "You still aboard, Mawhinney?" he bawled into the microphone.

"Hell, yes. How could I get out, this way this wreck is roller-coasting?"

Delaney grunted. He tried desperately to find the source of the fire in the cockpit, decided finally that the flames were coming from the wing stub. Below him he could see that the *Yamato* was list-

ing badly. He could also see that the water of the East China Sea was teeming with wreckage and flaming oil. Bailing out into that wouldn't be any picnic. He decided to make one last effort to extinguish the fire in the plane.

"Hold tight," he radioed his two gunners. "I'm going to try and blow out the flames."

He nosed the plane toward the water in a steep dive, the engine roaring at full speed, hoping that the airstream would snuff out the flames. Instead, it made things worse. Red fingers of fire licked towards him, scorching his face and hair.

Throwing the plane into a sharp left bank, easing the stick back into his lap, he barely missed the wallowing *Yamato*. Circling its radar tower so close he could almost touch it, he pointed the nose of the plane skyward once more.

"Jump . . . jump . . . jump!" he yelled as the plane reached 800 feet.

The seat was so hot Delaney couldn't sit on it any longer. Crouching in the cockpit, he rolled a little backtab on the trim controls and eased the throttle back until it was merely cracked. Flames were licking at his legs, but still he hesitated, searching the sky, looking to see if his two gunners had bailed out. They were nowhere in sight.

REACHING back into the fire-swept cockpit, Delaney grabbed the microphone, yelled: "Mawhinney! Tilley! Do you hear me?"

There was no answer.

"Dammit, Mawhinney. Can you—?"

He broke off at the sight of a parachute canopy blossoming below the plane. An instant later he saw a second parachute to his left. The gunners were out! It was his turn now.

Climbing onto the seat, he stepped out of the cockpit onto the left wing, took a deep breath, and stepped off into space. He yanked the ripcord almost immediately and the canopy snapped open with a jarring thud. Slowly, inexorably, Delaney floated toward the water, and towards the listing, smoking battleship *Yamato*.

Fifty feet above the waves, Delaney reached down and unbuckled his chest straps, but when he went into the water the leg straps of his parachute harness were still tight. He immediately inflated one half of his Mae West to keep himself afloat while he tried to untangle his parachute harness. Finally, he pulled a

knife from his jacket and sliced the shroud lines which were wound around his left leg and then unfastened the leg straps of his harness.

Free at last, he broke out his parachute life raft and released the CO₂ cylinder. The yellow, one-man raft immediately inflated, bouncing on the rough sea like a rubber ball. Delaney started to climb into it, but seeing Japanese sailors leaping from the burning *Yamato*—a short distance away—he decided to wait. He didn't want the enemy to spot him, knowing they would be out for revenge for the bombing which had forced them into the sea. Grabbing the side of the raft, Delaney clung to it grimly, ducking low in the water to stay out of sight of the hundreds of Japanese sailors swimming all around him.

It was obvious that the mighty *Yamato* was doomed. She'd already been badly damaged by planes which had bombed and torpedoed her before Delaney showed up and finished the job. The big ship's distress flag was hoisted; her rudder was jammed and she had a 35-degree list. The *Yamato* was dying slowly as Delaney watched in awe.

The lieutenant clung to the raft for half an hour in the rough sea. Twice huge waves flipped him over backward so he lost his grip on the raft, but each time he managed to recover it. Finally, realizing that he was weaker and that he had to get into the raft while he still had the strength, Delaney got a good grip on the side and pulled himself out of the water. He was halfway into the raft, coughing and vomiting sea water he had swallowed, when he heard something thud into the water a few feet off to his left.

"They've spotted me," he thought and dropped back into the water, crouching low alongside the raft, waiting for a fusillade of shots. Instead, there was a terrific roar in his ears, and a U.S. Navy patrol bomber raced by, only a few feet above the water. Seeing the American plane so close, yet so far was heart-breaking. "He didn't see me . . . he didn't see me . . ."

A moment later, however, Delaney grinned with relief. A green dye-stick was spreading all around his raft. The thud he had heard had been a dye-marker dropped by the bomber pilot to mark Delaney's position. "Thank God," Delaney said, aware that a rescue plane would be notified.

But as he stared around at the listing *Yamato* a short distance off, at the enemy sailors bobbing in the water nearby and the other ships of the Imperial Second Fleet still afloat, hope faded. How could a Catalina flying boat ever land in this maelstrom of ships, debris, guns, and bodies and pick him up? The answer was obvious: it couldn't.

Once again the weary pilot pulled himself up the side of his raft. This time he succeeded in getting into it. For several minutes he lay face down on the bottom, trying to regain strength enough to sit up and look around. When he did, he was horrified to see a Jap destroyer bearing down on him at full speed.

Padding frantically, Delaney tried to move his dummy raft out of the ship's path. The raft barely moved in the rough seas, though, staying directly in line with the onrushing destroyer's knife-sharp bow. Delaney covered his eyes and waited for the thunderous crash which would smash him and the raft to the bottom of the Pacific.

It never came. Less than 400 yards from the raft, the destroyer made a sharp left turn and moved off to a spot

about the same distance to the northwest of the lieutenant as the *Yamato* was to his northeast.

The *Yamato* was way over on her side now, her decks nearly vertical, her battle flag all but touching the waves. Explosions racked her monster length as her own ammunition exploded. All around her were sister ships also in their death throes. The *Yahagi* was sinking; and the *Isokaze*, *Hamakaze*, *Asashimo* and *Kasuma* were doomed. As far as Delaney could see, only the destroyer which had nearly run him down still rode the Pacific intact. At twenty-three minutes after two o'clock, one last explosion rocked the *Yamato*, and the invincible battleship slid under the waves.

At about the same instant as the *Yamato* disappeared into the ocean depths, two PBM flying boats raised from the waters of Keramo Retto and headed towards the scene. Lieutenant Richard Simms and Lieutenant James Young, the pilots at the controls of the two rescue planes, were well aware that they were flying straight into a holocaust, yet neither hesitated. A pilot was down at sea; it was their job to try and get to him before the Japs or the sharks did, no matter what the odds. Throttles open, propellers synchronized, survival gear ready, the PBMs set course for the map coordinates relayed to them by the bomber pilot who had marked Delaney's position with dye.

Meanwhile, a new hazard threatened the nearly exhausted Navy airman. A group of Japanese sailors had spotted his yellow raft and were pointing at it and jabbering excitedly. Suddenly, Delaney saw four of them leave the debris they had been clinging to and start swimming slowly toward him. Their purpose was obvious. These were not bara-kari type sailors; they wanted to live, and to do so they needed his raft.

Grabbing the knife he had used to cut his parachute shrouds, Delaney waved it at them, but if they understood his warning, they ignored it. They kept swimming straight for him. Delaney knew he couldn't fight all of them off, but he was determined to try. Holding onto the raft with one hand, he raised the knife shoulder high and waited. "C'mon Nips," he whispered hoarsely. "C'mon closer . . . closer . . . just a little closer."

Suddenly he saw the sailors stop swimming and look upward. Pointing to the north, they jabbered and waved wildly. Delaney, afraid to take his eyes off the enemy but too curious not to, took a quick glance skyward. For a moment he couldn't believe his eyes: "PBM's! PBM's! They've come for me!"

"Banzai! Banzai!"

At the cry, Delaney looked quickly at the Japs in the water. They were swimming again, hurrying toward his raft. He glanced at the circling planes then back at the madmen racing toward him. The Japs would be on him long before the PBMs could land and pick him up.

Wham! Wham! A geyser of water shot skyward 200 yards to his left. Startled, Delaney turned his head in that direction. The Japanese destroyer was firing at the rescue planes, trying to drive them away.

"They'll never get down now," Delaney thought. "They'll be blown to pieces if they try it."

As he watched, however, Simms swung his PBM off in the direction of the destroyer, diverting the ship's gunfire. Meanwhile, Young eased his PBM

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in toward the green dye spot in the ocean. He roared over Delaney at one hundred feet, banked sharply, and came back slowly. Fifty feet from the raft, he cut the engines and set the flying boat down.

Frantically, Delaney paddled toward the PBM, trying to out race the four Japs who were in furious pursuit. Watching the Japs close on him, he felt around the bottom of the raft for some sort of a weapon, something to keep the sailors away from the raft. He found only a piece of sailcloth and a lashing rope. Then, swinging his arm in back of him, he touched the cold metal handle of the signal flare gun. Grabbing the gun, silently praying that it was loaded, Delaney aimed at the head of the nearest swimmer and pulled the trigger.

"Eeeeeeeeee." The terrified cries of his pursuers were plainly audible over the sound of the engines of the taxiing PBM as the red-hot, red-colored flare struck the first Japanese sailor, bounced sideways into his companions, and then spluttered in the water between them.

"Jump! Get over here. Hurry!"

The shouts of the crew of the PBM were a welcome sound to the lieutenant. He stood up and dove into the water, swam clumsily toward the plane. Shells from the destroyer's guns were splashing closer and closer to the PBM, and Delaney's progress seemed tortoise-slow. Finally he was close enough for the crewmen standing in the open doorway of the flying boat to seize him and yank him inside the aircraft.

"Okay. Let's get the hell out of here!" the flight engineer bellowed to the pilot as a shell exploded near the tail. Turning to Delaney, he grinned and said, "Lieutenant, do me a favor. The next time you ditch go down somewhere all by yourself—not in the middle of the whole damn Japanese Navy."

On the flight deck, Young, the PBM pilot, shook his head sadly when Delaney inquired about his two gunners. "We searched the entire area before we found you, Lieutenant. We saw a lot of Japs, but neither of your men. Our fuel supply is so low now that we have to head for base or we'll never make it. Sorry."

THE crew gave him hot soup, eggs, toast, coffee and dry clothes, and bandaged his burns. At 1830, Young landed at Keramo Retto and Delaney was immediately put aboard the *USS Chanderleur* where he remained until April 13th. That day an LCI took him and two rescued *Berlington* fighter pilots to a beach where they hitchhiked their way to Yontan airfield on an army truck. TBF took Delaney back to his carrier that night.

Lieutenant William E. Delaney earned the Purple Heart, the Distinguished Flying Cross, and four Air Medals before WW II ended. His daring attack on the *Yamato* and his amazing rescue from under the noses of the Japs was one of the outstanding actions of the war. Only 269 crew members of the *Yamato* survived. Unfortunately, neither of Delaney's gunners was found.

With the sinking of the *Yamato*, on April 7, 1945, in the last aerial-surface engagement of the war, the powerful Imperial Japanese Navy, which had launched the Pacific War three years and four months before with the attack on Pearl Harbor, was dead.

Eighteen years and five days later, on April 12, 1963, William Delaney died of leukemia. He was 46 years old. ♦♦♦



divisions were still on hand in southern France, including a powerful Panzer force in the vicinity of Montélimar. This concentration of German armor presented a serious problem—if deployed properly, it could readily tie up Allied shock troops during their initial advance. Worse yet, the Germans could seriously delay General Patch's invading Seventh Army from joining up with Patton's Third which was hooking down from the north.

Therefore, Wilder's mission, although spelled out in the loosest terms, presented one of the grimmest challenges confronted by any undercover officer in WW II. Ordered to move into the Montélimar area, Wilder's prime objective was to keep close tabs on the Panzer force. If the Germans swung north to engage Patton's troops, Wilder was in the clear, but if they turned south after the Riviera landings, Wilder and the French underground were expected to put up a holding action, at least until the invading Allied troops could secure their beachheads.

Upon receipt of his coded orders, via a listening post in Lyons, Wilder left his temporary base of operations in Valence for Montélimar, Nanette acting as his guide. Now that Dubois had arrived at the cabin, Wilder was ready to move out.

They headed back down the hill, then south in the direction of Montélimar. Dubois had arranged quarters for Wilder in the town itself, a small two-room apartment above a bakery shop owned by a Frenchman of proven loyalty.

"Nanette will stay with a cousin of mine," Dubois explained. "It will make matters less conspicuous all around."

German soldiers were strolling about when the three of them entered town, a fair number of them entering and leaving the two cafés along the cobblestoned main street. Wilder noted that nearly all of the Germans wore the identifying Panzer shoulder patches. After dropping Nanette off at his cousin's, Dubois took Wilder to the bakery. The entrance to Wilder's apartment was through the rear of the shop, by a door just off a narrow alleyway.

Upstairs, Wilder was pleased to find his portable monitoring device already on hand as he had requested. The specialized equipment had been air-dropped two days before in the vicinity of Viviers. Picked up by some of Dubois' men, it had been delivered promptly to the underground leader.

After telling Wilder he could be contacted through the baker in case of emergency, Dubois left. Stretching out on the bed, Wilder considered his next move. A plan had already come to mind.

The following evening, not long after eight, Wilder turned up at the *L'Oiseau d'Or*, one of the cafés he had noticed the previous evening. The place was patronized primarily by German non-coms. Wilder sat on a stool at the far

10-DIVISION ROADBLOCK

Continued from page 23

end of the smoke-filled bar. Ordering a cognac for himself, he addressed the two soldiers alongside him in German, inviting them to join him. They accepted promptly; it was a good beginning. As Wilder knew from past experience, liquor had a way of loosening tongues, was often a simple and effective means of picking up stray pieces of vital information. But the drinks had just been poured when bad luck turned up.

THE girl was in her late twenties, with seductive curves, and just drunk enough to cause trouble. From a corner table, her German companion, a bull-necked corporal, glowered menacingly as the girl eyed the thick wad of franc notes in Wilder's hand. Wiggling her way alongside Wilder, she snuggled up close, whispering in his ear.

Wilder had no intention of buying trouble. Smiling, he peeled her arms from around his neck.

"Be a good girl," he said. "Go back to your friend, and I'll send over a bottle."

Unfortunately, though, time had run out. The German corporal was already on his feet. Bulling forward, he shoved the girl aside. His beefy hand suddenly shot out, closed around Wilder's arm. Wilder made a final effort to buy the man a drink. It was no go.

The corporal jerked Wilder to his feet, shoved him back against the bar, lashing out with his right fist.

Ducking under the blow, Wilder threw his left. A short, but solid jab, it caught the German squarely on the jaw. For a moment the corporal teetered, then pitched forward, his eyes glazed. Springing backward, Wilder caught the German under the armpits, eased him to the floor. There was an ominous stir among the other soldiers.

Thinking fast, Wilder dug into his pocket for his roll, peeled off several 100 franc notes and tossed them on the bar. "Drinks for everyone," he shouted.

It worked—the ominous rumble faded immediately. A red-faced tank sergeant slapped Wilder on the shoulder and nodded toward the now docile corporal who was being helped back to his table by the girl and another soldier.

"He had it coming," the tankman grinned. "Next time he'll be more careful before he picks a fight."

Other soldiers moving up to the bar for their free drinks grunted in agreement. Wilder could feel the pressure easing up. The spark of danger had come and gone.

Continuing his pose, Wilder fobbed himself off as a French marine engineer from Marseilles with definite pro-German sympathies. He kept the drinks coming, and gradually gained certain pieces of information. For one thing, the Panzer tank force was staying on in Montélimar. How long, Wilder couldn't ascertain, but the point that

they weren't shipping out was definitely something to consider. By the end of the evening he also knew something about the size of the force. More importantly, he had made friends and was in a perfect position to learn more.

Returning to his rooms above the bakery, Wilder found Nanette waiting. She had a message from Dubois: a strategy meeting had been arranged for the following week. Wilder recounted his narrow escape at the café. When he finished through, Nanette expressed relief that it had all turned out well. Moving closer, she pressed her lips to his cheek.

"May I stay the night?" she whispered.

Wilder grinned, nodded.

She walked into the small bedroom while he went to a wall cupboard and got a bottle of wine and two glasses. When he joined her, she was already out of her clothes and perched on the foot of the bed, her shapely long legs tucked under her. The wine was forgotten. When he kissed her, almost roughly, she laughed throatily, her eagerness matching his.

The meeting with Dubois and other members of the F.F.I. took place the following Saturday night, in an abandoned winery three miles out of town. The talk touched on the pertinent problems involved: how to determine just what the Panzer force might or might not do and what their own counter force would do to meet it. French manpower in the various resistance groups had swelled considerably since the early days of the Nazi occupation. In the southern provinces alone, some 25,000 French men and women had been armed by the Allies and trained by both English and American experts. Meanwhile, the date for the Riviera invasion had been set for August 15, less than three weeks away.

"Our own people are ready," Dubois explained to Wilder, "whenever the word comes. Of course, we have only light arms for weapons, but what we lack in firepower will be made up for by our determination. At the same time, until we can be sure of what the Germans in this area will do, our own plans can't help but be somewhat vague."

Like it or not, Wilder was compelled to agree with Dubois. Despite repeated trips to the local café, he had been unable to determine anything further as to where and when the Panzer force would move. It was Wilder's guess that the German high command was holding the Panzers in reserve until the last possible minute.

Accordingly, Wilder decided to run the risk of monitoring German radio transmission in the area, on the chance they might reveal something. The equipment was on hand, having been requested in advance in case such action became necessary. There was no longer any doubt in Wilder's mind that it was.

Dubois offered to help. "Whatever you need in the way of men or materiel, just ask."

Three evenings later, a horse-drawn farm wagon piled high with hay stopped at the edge of a field. The farmer unhitched the team of dray horses, led them away. As night drew on, the wagon went unnoticed, though several German military vehicles passed by. A closer look would have shown the antenna mast of the portable monitoring equipment poking up through the straw. Huddled inside the wagon, head-

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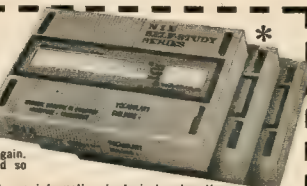
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phones to his ears, Wilder cranked the antenna through a 360-degree full sweep as he worked the tuning knob and volume controls. Three young underground fighters in the wagon with him kept their Stens handy.

Wilder's position was approximately a mile away from the main German command area and the principle radio communications shack. He would have liked to have gotten still closer, but didn't dare. After some five minutes of fiddling with the controls, he picked up a faint crackling in his head set. A few slight turns of the tuner knob and the reception cleared. The rapidly spoken German came through faintly, but intelligibly. In close to three hours, off and on, Wilder picked up a variety of messages. For the most part they were intended for local command posts, with a few going through to Grenoble in the east.

NONE of the voice transmissions, however, helped Wilder's cause; their subject matter dealt primarily with supply and transportation needs in the immediate sector. Switching to a higher frequency, Wilder picked up some other messages, but these were coded and quite useless to him without the key.

Towards midnight, the messages tapered off and Wilder called it quits. Packing up their gear the men slipped out of the wagon, headed for the farmhouse that would be their temporary quarters.

"What next?" one of the F.F.I. men asked Wilder.

"We try again," he said. "We keep trying."

During the next two weeks, Wilder repeated his monitoring tactics on alternate nights, but with no luck. He still had no idea what move the Panzer force intended to make. And, despite close scouting by members of the Underground, the Germans, through careful dispersal methods and skillful camouflage, had managed to keep the majority of their tanks out of sight.

On August 10, five days before the invasion date, Wilder put the F.F.I. men

on a standby alert. Quietly, mostly at night, Underground fighters within a 60 mile radius went to their appointed places—the farmhouses and homes where loyal French families put them up. In basements, attics, and barns, guns were oiled, arm caches checked, grenades and ammo distributed.

Two days later, Wilder suffered his worst break to date. It was a little after nine in the evening; he and his three companions were taking another turn in the wagon. Due to poor weather conditions—a heavy overcast—reception was extremely poor.

"It's no use," Wilder said finally. "We'll have to get in a bit closer."

Leaving the wagon, the four men slipped forward along the edge of the field, then cut across a narrow marsh. As they came up to within twenty yards of the German campsite, Wilder called a halt. Sighting a clump of trees just off the narrow road, Wilder headed for them, figuring they would offer some cover. Suddenly, a pair of motorcycle lights came on, pinning them in a bright yellow glare.

"Halt!" came the command.

The Frenchman to Wilder's left, Jean Vallon, opened fire with his Sten. One headbeam winked out and a man screamed. Wilder, encumbered by the shoulder strap of his monitoring equipment, tried swinging it aside as he grabbed for the .45 tucked in his belt.

Seconds later, Vallon's fire was returned. Pain stabbed through the upper part of Wilder's left arm, throwing him off balance. Vallon was at his side immediately, lending a supporting hand, as the two other resistance fighters concentrated fire at the surviving German. Hit repeatedly, he collapsed over the handlebars of his bike, his machine pistol clattering to the ground. There was shouting now from the adjoining German camp.

With two of the men supporting Wilder between them, the group took off. Cutting back across the marsh, they headed west, away from the main road. Behind them, headlights showed as vehicles gunned into action. Vallon now took over, pointing the way toward

a wooded area. Once under cover they stopped briefly to examine Wilder's wound. There was a lot of blood; Vallon improvised a tourniquet and they pushed on again.

At intervals they heard the thin wail of sirens, but moving away rather than coming toward them. Half an hour later, they left the woods for a narrow, back country road. Wilder was feeling the strain, but maintained the pace. Finally, they turned onto a dirt lane. Just ahead was a farmhouse, a two-story fieldstone structure set back behind a row of poplars.

"My uncle's place," Vallon explained. "You'll be safe enough and looked after."

A doctor was sent for, a local man long associated with the Underground. Fortunately, Wilder's wound was relatively minor, the bullet having passed clean through the fleshy underside of the upper arm and out. After swabbing the wound with antiseptics, the doctor gave Wilder a tetanus shot to fend off possible infection.

"Give yourself a good rest," the doctor cautioned. "The longer the better."

It was good advice, but time was running out and Wilder knew it. For the next 48 hours, he lay propped up in bed, cursing his luck, while Nanette, who had been brought to the farmhouse the morning after the shooting, attended to his needs.

The morning of August 15, Dubois arrived with the news of the Riviera landings. The invasion, in fact, had begun the night before, when an airborne division had been dropped in the vicinity of Le Muy. Now, three U.S. divisions were storming the beaches between Cannes and Hyères, their immediate objectives Sisteron and Avignon to the north. The II French Corps was preparing to come in behind the American divisions. Once ashore they would hook to the west, their targets the seaports of Toulon and Marseilles.

Wilder's concern, naturally, centered upon the Panzer force still sitting outside Montélimar. "What about them?" he asked Dubois.

The Frenchman shrugged. "Nothing," he replied bitterly. "They just sit there, doing nothing."

Wilder made a grab for his clothes, ignoring Nanette's protests. "We're leaving for Montélimar," he told Dubois. "Now."

WILDER'S first move on reaching Montélimar was to order a 24-hour watch on the Panzer forces. That evening, conferring with Dubois and other F.F.I. leaders, he gave his views about what he thought the German strategy might be. With the American and French invasion troops already moving both north and west, the Germans were probably holding back, waiting until the Allied drive would lose some of its original momentum, before launching a counterattack.

"When they think our advance troops have outrun their supply lines," Wilder concluded, "they'll probably strike out hard and fast."

"And when do you expect that moment to come?" one of the men asked.

Wilder shrugged. "It depends on a lot of things—weather, terrain, the general speed of the advance. My guess would be ten days at the most."

That night Nanette came by Wilder's rooms above the bakery to change the dressing on his arm. The wound was healing well but some stiffness re-



"Let's stick around a minute—she's lying on an ant hill."

mained, Wilder asked Nanette to stay with him, rather than go back to Dubois' cousin.

"But your arm," she said, smilingly, "it must still pain you?"

"I'll manage," Wilder grinned, kissing her hard.

Wilder had guessed right about the Germans' plans. Ten days later, on August 25th, fast moving advance units of General Patch's 7th Army swept past Avignon, pushing on toward Montellimar. That evening, underground observers noticed sudden activity at the Panzer camp. Huge German Tiger tanks lumbered out from beneath camouflage netting, prepared to roll south.

In a final strategy meeting, Dubois, although eager to control the grips with the Germans, couldn't help expressing his scepticism.

"Our people will fight," he assured Wilder, "but the kind of holding action we can put up is questionable. We have only small arms and grenades against their tanks."

"I know," Wilder replied, "but I've been thinking of another approach. Anyway, it's worth a try."

TWO hours before dawn the following morning, a double line of German tanks left the depot outside of Montellimar, fanned out right and left, rumbling through the sleeping countryside. From their positions in the hills, grim-faced resistance fighters watched the clanking monsters lumber along the valley floor.

From his own position at the far end of the valley, Wilder, with Dubois and the some thirty men in the group, started down as the last of the tanks rolled on through the valley to the flat countryside beyond. Wilder's strict orders were rigidly maintained—not a single shot was fired.

With the passage of the tanks came a tension-filled period of waiting. In the darkness, spread out in the hills on another. To the east, the sky gradually paled. One by one the stars winked out. Dubois glanced at his wrist, nudged Wilder. "Can it be much longer?"

Wilder shook his head. "Not much. They should be coming any time now."

Another ten minutes passed and then they heard it: the approaching rumble of a motorized column. Dubois squeezed Wilder's arm, pointed to a cloud of dust rising at the entrance to the valley.

"They're here," he said excitedly.

Wilder nodded, but said nothing. The follow-up tank supply convoy, a long line of ammo and fuel carriers, advanced steadily, the heavily-loaded trucks partially enveloped by the clouds of dust stirred up by their passage. As the dust thickened, the trucks were compelled to drop to a lower gear, their speed cut down accordingly. Along the slopes, the underground fighters began a cautious descent.

Leading his own group, Wilder reached the valley floor just ahead of the convoy's lead vehicles. The group split up, flanked both sides of the road. Dust kicked up by the approaching trucks limited visibility, a factor Wilder had counted on.

Clutching a grenade in one hand, his Sten in the other, Wilder nodded to Vallon, who crouched to his right. Wilder waited until the lead truck closed to within a half-dozen yards before firing his grenade; a split-second later, he tossed it deftly under the vehicle's front wheel. Vallon's grenade followed immediately.

The double blasts lifted the vehicle's



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front end into the air, ripped the tires to ribbons. The truck came down hard, smoke mixing with the swirling dust, the engine dead. Raising his Sten, Wilder fired as the cab banged open. Nailed through the head and chest, the driver fell back across the seat. Two more Germans were cut down as they vaulted over the tailgate, as Wilder's force swept the truck with automatic fire from bumper to bumper. Molotov cocktails followed. Hurled inside the truck they exploded into flames that spread greedily along the floorboards and tarp covered sides. Within seconds, a fuel drum exploded under the intense heat. This was followed by a second, then a third. . . .

With stunning speed, the other groups of underground fighters struck in similar fashion, hitting the shocked Germans from all sides. In the confusion, trucks slammed into those stalled ahead, the bottleneck stretching far back into the valley. As the trucks were set afire, smoke mingled with the dust, cutting the visibility even further.

WITH their knowledge of the terrain, the advantage piled up in favor of the Underground forces. They cut the Germans down as quickly as they poured out of their vehicles. Others were trapped inside burning trucks as squads of P.I. men raced by, tossing grenades and flame bombs into the fuel-loaded vans.

His face and arms covered with soot, the skin in places flaking from the intense heat, Wilder, despite an incapacitated left arm, accounted for five vehicles between himself and the men in his group. His last attack was a real bonanza; an ammo carrier loaded with tracer shells. It went up like a gala 4th of July spectacle, shooting sparkling ribbons of blue, yellow and green streamers against the pale sky.

It also served as a signal to pull back. Sporadic firing followed as the underground fighters started up the slopes. Below them, explosions continued to rock the air as combustible cargos aboard the stalled vehicles burst into flames.

The total destruction of the supply convoy out of Montelimar accomplished what Wilder had hopefully planned. Deprived of their supplies, the advancing German tanks did manage to put up a limited fight against advancing U.S. troops, but as they ran out of fuel and ammo, their defeat was inevitable. The lumbering Panzers stalled on the open fields, fell easy victims to low-flying units of the Tactical Air Force. Others were set afire by bazooka fire as the advancing GIs cut in and around the dying iron monsters.

The destruction of the Panzer force south of Montelimar was followed by sweeping victory. Racing beyond the town, with the way now open, American forces seized Grenoble and Valence on the 28th of August. At the same time, as planned, the U.S. Third Army hooked down from the north. Less than two weeks later, September 11, 1944, when Operations Overlord and Anvil-Dragon joined up at the town of Sommeville, some 20,000 Germans, remnants of the once proud German First Army, meekly surrendered. The long, hard-fought battle for the liberation of France was just about complete. For his part in the stunning victory, Captain Roger Wilder was promoted and decorated by the grateful French and U.S. governments. ♦♦♦



the sky, trailing black smoke and flame. Within sixty seconds it disappeared through the clouds and instruments took over. In the blockhouse the launch control officer turned away from his console to the two Navy officers.

"We did it," he grinned. The two young officers exhaled slowly as other members of the launch team chimed in with their congratulations. Project HYDRA was a success!

Stalzer and Drain had conceived and developed a program which ranks in importance alongside the Polaris. For two years they had worked on a plan for boosting spacecraft into flight from the most accessible launching pad of all—the sea. As a military weapon, the Polaris submarine had proved that missiles could be launched from under the sea, but the Polaris missiles are of limited size with limited range—what about the big boosters?

That was one of the questions that came up at a top secret meeting of Navy scientists and brass early in 1958. Under discussion was hardware for tomorrow's Navy.

"What will we require in 1975?" asked Admiral Arleigh Burke, then Chief of Naval Operations.

"Can we build a booster that will carry men into space?" another gold-braided officer asked.

Vice Admiral Fitzhugh Lee, a naval aviation officer, remarked: "Who can tell what the next ten years will add to world history? What kind of peace? What kind of war? What kind of aviation? Crystal balls in the past were fuzzy and fallible. The only thing we can be sure of is change—change, and the realization that some things change faster than others."

He summed up the future in a nutshell. The Navy, he said, would take on the dimension of space as a future battlefield, but launching into space was the first problem to be solved. It had to be done cheaply for military purposes.

"Can we launch from the sea?" he was asked.

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PROJECT HYDRA

Continued from page 41

He told the brainstorming session that, in his opinion, the sea would make the greatest launch pad of all. "During the next decade," he pointed out, "physical geography will not change much. In 1973, land will remain only a small part of the earth's surface. The immutable seas will still exist, their depths still largely unexplored."

"Can we launch the big ones at sea?" The yeoman stenographer taking down every word as each man spoke, questioning, probing, hardly had a moment to pause and stretch his cramped fingers. Six hours later, Admiral Burke said, "Gentlemen, the meeting is over. We'll pass these minutes into more capable hands than ours."

Twenty registered copies of the top secret minutes were distributed to Navy researchers. Excerpts applicable to missiles were forwarded to the then brand-new National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Sections of the minutes dealing with missile launch problems were dispatched to the Navy's Research Division of the Missile and Astronautics Directorate at the Point Mugu Missile Center south of Vandenberg Air Force Base, where the Air Force was then training Atlas missilemen how to launch America's yet untested ICBM. At Point Mugu, the minutes were finally passed to Lieutenant Stalzer and Lieutenant Commander Drain.

For weeks they kicked the problem around. Every bit of information available about missile launchings was devoured by the two officers. They came to the conclusion that a booster rocket at least 350 feet tall would be required to launch a spacecraft to the moon. The launch pad alone would have to cover an area of 25 acres. Assembly plants and roads had to be built.

THE entire project would cost billions," the officers reported to Admiral William F. Raborn, Director of the Fleet Ballistic Missile Program. "However," Commander Drain added, "we've come up with an idea that may save billions in the future—and still give us an edge on any enemy."

"It's a system for the water launch of large solid-propellant rocket vehicles," Drain said, as he unfolded a set of drawings on the admiral's desk.

"Our concept involved floating the rockets vertically, like a spar buoy, on the surface of the ocean prior to launch," Lieutenant Stalzer chimed in. "The booster or rocket can be built in a drydock facility, floated out and towed submerged to the launch site."

They called the concept HYDRA, after the nine-headed sea monster in Greek mythology which grew two heads for each one cut off by Hercules. "You see, Admiral, not only do we have a natural launch pad in the ocean," Drain pointed out, "but we can have a launch pad anywhere—and the enemy can't be everywhere."

Raborn nodded knowingly. With seventy percent of the earth's surface

covered by water—sixty percent of this ocean—a thousand or even two thousand enemy submarines couldn't possibly patrol every square mile of the seven seas.

The official report made by the two young officers caused a number of grey heads to shake negatively.

"It can't be done," one admiral with thirty years of naval service behind him said flatly. But Draim and Stalzer were adamant. It was their considered opinion—and scientifically evaluated assumption—that launchings of large payloads into earth-centered orbits or on deep space missions would occur with increasing frequency in years to come. Huge boosters, they reasoned, would require massive, costly launch sites. Why not cut costs—and risks—by working with instead of against Nature as much as possible?

"The development of large-thrust liquid rockets launched from fixed land sites has created a host of problems," the two engineers wrote in their highly classified report. "Most of these problems become more critical as size increases. Many more problems can be alleviated, or even eliminated, by gaining the world-wide mobility afforded by a water-launch system."

They described how water transport is cheaper than land or air transport. Specifically, they pointed out that the huge boosters required for manned space stations or missions to the moon could not be transported by train, truck or plane. They would be so big that they couldn't fit in an aircraft much less on a railroad flat car or flatbed trailer truck that would have to pass under bridges and overpasses.

"Through the centuries, water trans-

port has proved to be the cheapest and most effective method of moving large weights and varieties of cargo," the report pointed out. "Even in the Space Age, water transportation and launch of large rocket vehicles should prove to be the easiest, cheapest, and safest method available."

On the military side, HYDRA would give the United States a vital edge over any enemy—thanks to the vast oceans that can hide the biggest missiles.

"It's mobile, sir," Lieutenant Stalzer told Admiral Raborn, "and seventy percent of the earth's surface becomes a potential launch site. No enemy can come up with a counter weapon to find HYDRA missiles."

DRAIM and Stalzer were told to personally present their plans for Project HYDRA to both the Pentagon and NASA. Behind closed doors at the Pentagon, they convinced the brass that money should be allotted for an experimental HYDRA rocket. At NASA they met with the nation's top space scientists.

"Money is our problem," space administrator James Webb admitted. "Can you solve this problem?" he asked.

Commander Draim nodded. With a set of drawings bearing the nation's highest security classification, he described to the space administrator and his top aides how inexpensive tugboats, presently used to push and pull 70,000-ton aircraft carriers, could also be used to move HYDRA missiles and space boosters across the seven seas. He chalked up a number of costs involved in landbased space launchings.

"Extensive facilities are required at the present time," he said. "It costs

money to provide for fuel and oxidizer storage, cryogenics systems (cooling apparatus for liquid fuels), concrete launch pads with water-cooling systems, huge steel gantries and armored blockhouses, which all add up to billions of dollars. In many cases, support systems cost three to five times the space systems they are designed to support. Even large land-based solid propellant vehicles have disadvantages. They have to be constructed at the site.

"One always present danger is that of destructive malfunction during launch. Fixed land launch pads have been damaged by vehicle explosions requiring weeks or months, at considerable cost, to repair. Compare the effects of an identical catastrophe during a water launch. Obviously, the 'no-cost,' 'self-healing,' 'water-cooled' launch pad solves this problem very neatly."

The civilian space scientists were sold on the idea.

Today, Project HYDRA is moving along "full steam." It's cloaked in unusual secrecy. But in the words of Admiral Raborn: "The exciting prospects of using relatively safe, sea launchings of very large rockets to boost satellites into space are of increased interest in the nation's space efforts."

HYDRA isn't talked about much, now that it's a secret weapon. But the Navy's former R&D chief said it bluntly: Project HYDRA is in the works.

HYDRA is the answer to America's defense, her key to leadership in space. Ask the Soviets—the Kremlin has ordered an all-out effort to learn more about HYDRA—the U.S. Navy's secret weapon. ♦♦♦

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AMBUSH SLAYING

Continued from page 18



On April 9th, the Pakistan provincial police dutifully handed over to Iran the perpetrators of this horrible crime, along with the information that Ahmed Shah had confessed to having killed Mrs. Anita Carroll "with his first shot" and that his brother, Dadshah, the bandit leader, "had been killed in a gun battle" while crossing the border into Pakistan.

With all the bandits now safely in custody or accounted for in Kerman, the American government resumed all financial aid to Iran on April 12th. A telegram was sent by the Shah to the governor of Kerman, congratulating him on the "success of his campaign to rid this remote province of lawless banditry and corruption," and urging him to send his valuable prisoner, Ahmed Shah, to the capital for "speedy trial and execution" as soon as he had completed his investigation.

FURTHER telegrams were fired off to the U.S. State Department and to the Carroll family, filled with Royal apologies. Iran's Ministry of Foreign Affairs snowed newsmen under with press releases describing the ambush, the chase to the Pakistan border, the subsequent gun battle in which Dadshah was killed, and the handing-over by Pakistan of the "bandit chief's brother, Ahmed Shah," and his gang.

As far as the Foreign Ministry of Iran was concerned, the murder of Wilson and the Carrolls was a "deeply regretted incident, but now, fortunately, closed..."

On August 5th, four months later, bandits swooped down on an Iranian border village and killed twelve people, wounded six, and kidnapped three women. One of the dead was an American nurse. Some survivors of the raid reported the leader of the band was the "dead" Dadshah; riding with him was his "imprisoned" brother, Ahmed.

Iranian officials denied this categorically: "There was no possibility of this being the same gang that killed the Americans on March 24th."

This information must have been received with great relief by the *New York Times*, which, true to its tradition of delivering "all the news that's fit to print," had published, on April 8th, an "eye-witness account by a usually reliable source" of the gun battle in which the notorious Dadshah had been shot to death "while crossing the border into Pakistan."

Even more relieved must have been *Life Magazine*, which the week following the ambush murders, had run a moving story of the Carroll tragedy, complete with photographs of the "dead bandit leader" so helpfully supplied by Iran's Ministry of Information.

But rumors that Dadshah was very much alive persisted, and experienced journalists and Western observers in Iran's capital were not as convinced as American Aid officials that "there was no possibility of this being the same gang..."

To squelch these rumors, once and for all, the Shah's Minister of Information held one of his rare press conferences, in which he delivered a short, reassuring lecture to his skeptical audience.

There had always been bandits in this region of Iran and Pakistan, one of the most remote and savage areas left in the world, the minister said candidly. At least the killers who had so wantonly murdered three innocent Americans had met their just deserts. If several villagers had since then identified Dadshah, his brother, and their Baluchi-tribe bandits, they must all be mistaken. There were scores of Baluchi tribes in the area, and he said—again with charming frankness—the majority of them, no doubt, were bandits.

Besides, the governor of Kerman Province, Hamoud Shah, was known for his conscientious administration. It had been his militia which had killed Dadshah as he tried to flee the country and now had his brother in captivity. Unfortunately, Kerman was two thousand miles away from Teheran, and there were no roads. The Ministry of the Interior was, therefore, obliged to deny foreign correspondents permission to go to the Iran-Pakistan border, "since there would be no way of guaranteeing their safety."

On August 11th, Dadshah and his bandits struck again. This time it was a Pakistan settlement—and again a few survivors recognized the bandit chief. The Pakistan government was not so ready to believe Dadshah dead, as Iran was, nor was it prepared to leave the matter in the hands of the local governor. It immediately dispatched a federal police detachment to the scene of the raid, but since the capital of Pakistan, Karachi, is 1500 miles from the Baluchi tribe area, they got there too late to catch the bandits who had slipped across the border again into Iran.

Within 48 hours of the raid, Pakistan sent an official note to Iran's Minister of the Interior stating that "there was every reason to believe the bandit leader, Dadshah, was still alive." Furthermore, the note made it clear that Pakistan was now convinced that the man returned to Iran as Ahmed Shah was probably "one of the gang covering for the brother of their chief." A curt note informing Pakistan that the message was "being studied" was the only reply to this information.

Perhaps it should be noted here that the term "border" in this part of the world is used only in a general sense. From the Arabian Sea to the southern tip of the Soviet Union, Iran shares with Pakistan and Afghanistan a "border" of almost two thousand miles of mountains and desert, most of it unmapped and unexplored and for centuries the stamping ground of nomadic tribes who neither know nor care if they are in Pakistan, Iran or Afghanistan. They obey no authority other than their tribal leader; speak their own languages—*Baluch*, *Pushtu*, etc.—

and concentrate, in the main, on herding sheep—and killing one another.

On the Iranian side of the "border" there exist a few, huge estates, some as large as a small country, run by landlords whose word is life or death for the thousands of peasants living in virtual slavery on the estates. The governor of the province is supposed to represent the Central Government of Iran, maintain law and order, "collect" taxes and submit annual reports to Teheran. Traditionally, the governor is the largest landowner in the province—or the one with the largest private army (necessary for "collecting" taxes from other landowners who also have private armies). As long as he swears allegiance to the Shah, he is left pretty much alone, to do as he wants.

It was into this remote and savage territory that the Carrolls were sent by their government. Their job was to "enlighten" the people of Kerman; give the governor millions of dollars to be used for projects that would make the lives of his subjects "more fruitful, happier, and bring them the advantages of modern methods of agriculture and western education."

For those who know this region there is only one unanswered question: *Why did it take so long for the Carrolls to be murdered?*

On January 11th, 1958, ten months after the ambush-murders, the Kerman governor's militia, probably by mistake, got into a running fight with some Baluchi tribesmen and captured a very much alive Dadshah—and his brother. The horrified governor raced to the scene—a small village called Haft Kuh—and shot Dadshah through the head, "while attempting to escape..." quickly, before he could talk.

WHAT could Dadshah have said, had he been allowed to live? Well, the "terror of the frontier" could have said:

"What did I do wrong, cousin Governor? You asked me to kill the Carrolls and Wilson because they were going to report you to Teheran for having embezzled every penny of American Aid money that came into your Province (about three million dollars). You even sent them up for me by sending them along a route they didn't have to use. Remember, cousin, you asked me to do it as a favor..."

To be the governor of Kerman Province, or for that matter any other province in Iran, you have to have something on the ball—or you're not governor for long. Governor Hamoud Shah quickly took the situation in hand:

First, he personally killed the militiamen who captured his cousin. (Who knew what they might have learned?) Then he sent Ahmed Shah, his other cousin, to the capital for trial and certain execution "because after nearly a year of exhaustive investigation of his case" (translation: trying to get hold of him) the governor had come to the

conclusion that the nature of his crime required the specialized legal knowledge of the central government—thereby proving his loyalty to the Shah, as well as demonstrating his enlightened concept of the law. It hurt, of course, Ahmed being his cousin and all that, but duty came first.

As for that business about Dadshah being shot in Haft Kuh a few days ago, as some ignorant peasants were whispering: pure nonsense. Dadshah was killed ten months ago while trying to cross into Pakistan after his terrible deed in Kerman Province, for which the governor is still bowed down in shame. Evidence? There is none.

On February 12th, 1958, Ahmed Shah was executed in Teheran after a correct and proper trial, covered in full by the leading news organs, including a correspondent for the London Daily Express who wrote: "The young American couple have been avenged." Ahmed Shah's ridiculous defense, that he and his brother had been put up to the ambush by the governor of Kerman, was not only too fantastic to be considered, but further hurt his already slim chance of escaping the hangman's rope. He died still screaming this stupid lie. All was quiet again in Kerman.

Now that we have finished with the fairy tale, so handsomely palmed off on the American public, we can come back to reality and tell what really happened in Kerman to Kevin and Anita Carroll and Brewster Wilson.

In the summer of 1956, an American student, Peter Ballinger, received a financial grant from an educational foundation to study the "culture" of the people living in southeast Iran. He had been to Iran twice before—as a boy ac-

companying his father, a doctor, on a field trip to visit the Gashgai tribe in the north and as a 25-year-old graduate student of middle-eastern affairs. Peter spoke Persian (the language of Iran) and Turkish fluently, and enough Baluch, Urdu and other native dialects to make his stay in Kerman possible.

After considerable hesitation in Teheran, on the part of government officials, and a great deal of string-pulling, he finally received permission to travel to Kerman, where, under the watchful eye of the Provincial Governor, he could study the "culture" of that area—without seeing what he oughtn't to see.

Shortly after arriving there, Peter was asked by the local *Hodja* (school teacher) to give him English lessons. He was delighted with the idea until, during the second week of lessons, the *Hodja* began talking about the governor.

"Do you know, my young *efendim*, what happens to all the Technical Aid money that comes into this province?" the teacher asked. "It goes to line the pockets of our fat *Padishah* (governor)." He quickly warned to his subject. "Not one penny of your money has ever been used to help the peasants, or buy tractors, or any of the things it was given to this province for by the United States."

"Please stop talking to me about these things," Peter was finally forced to tell the *Hodja*. "They don't concern me—they are none of my business—I am a visitor in your country and have no wish to get involved in your politics."

But the increasingly angry *Hodja* continued to bombard him with accu-

sations against the governor, until finally Peter had to stop the lessons. The teacher now went a step further. He wrote a report of his suspicions to the authorities in Teheran. Much to his surprise, a special investigator was sent down to Kerman to look into the charges.

Anyone who knows Iranian local politics could have foretold what would happen next. The special investigator found that the governor's books were "not in order"—told him they weren't—and was promptly murdered by "bandits" as he was leaving for home.

A week later, the *Hodja's* wife showed up and told the young American that her husband had gone to the governor's house "to accuse him to his face," as she put it, of the murder of the government agent. He had not returned. She now took Peter to a shallow grave and showed him the headless corpse of the teacher. To make the situation even more ominous, a messenger arrived from the governor with an invitation to go "leopard hunting" in the mountains on the following day with some of the governor's friends. On the advice of his houseboy, Sinon, who warned him of "funny business," Peter said "no thank you."

Next came an invitation to teach English to the governor, which the by now thoroughly-scared Peter could not refuse. After all, the governor was nominally his "guardian" while he was in the province. The governor spent an entire afternoon pumping him about what he knew, what the teacher might have told him, etc. Peter played dumb, said he knew nothing about nothing. The governor seemed convinced.

In Teheran, the murder of a federal

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inspector raised no great alarm, since it was quite common to lose a few inspectors each year in that part of the country. But the U.S. Technical Aid Mission, which had by now heard something of the rumors that all was not honest and aboveboard in Kerman, prodded the Iranian government to send someone else to the area. The government came up with the perfect solution: send a Technical Aid man.

Clark S. Gregory, Director of the Technical Aid Mission in Iran, chose Kevin M. Carroll for the job. Anita Carroll decided to accompany her husband to Kerman, "because this looked like a long job, and Kevin isn't good at making friends," she was reported saying at the time. At the last minute, Brewster Wilson asked to go along, "to help them get settled in down there."

Kevin Carroll and his wife were full of missionary zeal as they left Teheran. They were determined to "whip the province into shape" and see if there were any "bad apples in the basket" down there. Carroll was equipped with a great deal of useless knowledge about agriculture, learned in school, and a vast ignorance about life in southeast Iran—it's customs, people and language. He was also famous for his lack of tact and his talent for rubbing people the wrong way.

NOT surprising, therefore, that it took Kevin Carroll only a short time to make enemies out of almost everyone in Kerman. Peter Ballinger, who greeted the Carrolls and Wilson as fellow Americans when they arrived in the province, gave this description of their progress:

"The governor, he [Carroll] immediately suspected of being corrupt and he took no pains to hide from him what he thought. He told the landowners that they were barbaric, cruel and unworthy of American Aid of any kind. The peasants, who were eager to be his friends, were rebuffed by him and told that they were backward, stupid and 'asses' for allowing themselves to be exploited by their masters. All in all, he was something less than a diplomat."

Three months after arriving in Kerman, Kevin Carroll confronted the governor with the facts of his embezzlement of American Aid money.

"I'll see you get hanged for this," Carroll told him bluntly, adding that he was returning to Teheran soon with a full report of what was going on in the province. "And don't think you can get away with the murder of the inspector, either, or the teacher. . . . I know everything," he boasted foolishly.

The governor listened politely, denied everything—and decided the time had come to do something about this "troublemaker." Later that day he was seen talking to his cousin, the Baluchi tribal leader and bandit chief, Dadshah. The date was March 23, 1957.

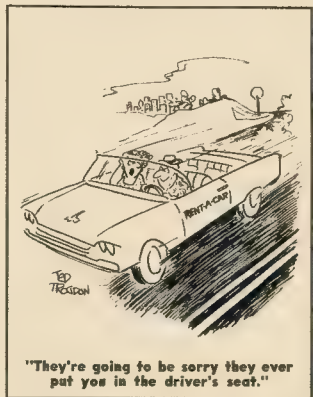
The next day, March 24, besides being a Friday and therefore the Moslem Sabbath, was also a special religious holiday in Iran. Carroll decided to take a drive with his wife and visit to one of the few friends he had made, in a nearby village, thus violating the Sabbath to start with. Brewster Wilson, just back from a hunting trip, decided to go along for the ride.

The governor, hearing of the outing, called on the trio and suggested they take a "short cut" to their friend's village which had the added advantage of privacy, since the fewer people who saw them violating the Sabbath, the

better. This made sense to them, so they agreed. He also insisted they take along two of his own bodyguards as "protection" since, as he explained to them, "the area you are going through is full of tribesmen who do not always consider my friends to be their friends. . . ."

The ambush was sprung just before sunset, as the jeep carrying the three Americans and two "bodyguards" entered a mountain ravine. There was no "killing the driver with the first shot," as Dadshah had repeatedly boasted. Quite the contrary, Wilson, besides being an experienced hunter, had also been a soldier of fortune for several years and knew exactly what to do when caught in an ambush of this sort.

With two quick shots he killed the governor's "bodyguards" before they could join the bandits. Then, for more than an hour, as the shadows in the ravine grew longer, the three young Americans held off the gang with two hunting rifles and Wilson's .45 automatic. Dadshah the "terror of the frontier," had no stomach for an all-out assault, and from the cover of the jeep the three Americans picked off his



"heroic bandits" every time they showed their faces. But the end of the battle was never seriously in doubt.

Not until the Americans' ammunition ran out, and both sides of the ravine were littered with dead bandits, did Dadshah appear with his brother—and butcher Kevin Carroll and Brewster Wilson in cold blood. Anita Carroll was kept alive as a concubine to be shared by the bandit brothers for a week of unspeakable savagery. Her mutilated body was found on April 1st, seven days and eight nights after her capture, by villagers too scared to tell anyone for almost a week.

The bandits split up on the Pakistan frontier. Ahmed Shah and some of the band crossed (though Ahmed Shah re-crossed back into Iran the same day, alone, with one of his men agreeing to use his name in case the others were caught) while Dadshah returned to Kerman to report to his cousin, the governor, that the mission had been accomplished and claim his reward.

Peter Ballinger saw Dadshah return to the governor's house (after the radio had reported him killed in Pakistan) and the governor at once realized his

error at allowing the young American to see his visitor.

Once again it was the houseboy, Sinon, who came to Peter Ballinger's rescue. He "suggested" that Peter leave Kerman quickly, then and there, or his life would not be worth "goat dung." Peter left in such a hurry that he didn't even take his clothes with him (Sinon is now the best dressed houseboy in Kerman). But he did take his notes. They gave a day-by-day account of what had been going on in Kerman since he had arrived there to study its "culture."

Leaving Iran by way of Teheran would have been much too dangerous (the governor had a "long arm"), so Peter crossed into Afghanistan, where in Kabul, the capital, he had the good fortune of meeting a classmate, Jim Ballos, the newly appointed vice-consul in that city. Jim lent him some clothes and money and Peter eventually got back to the United States.

Now for a kind of nightmare for Peter Ballinger. Reports of the ambush-murders in Kerman filled U.S. newspapers and magazines, and each edition brought out the fact that Dadshah was dead, that the governor of the province had the bandit leader's brother, Ahmed Shah, safely in prison, and that the poor "Carrolls had been avenged. . . ." Peter immediately contacted the State Department in Washington and told them what he knew about the affair. He could have saved his breath.

In no uncertain terms he was told that this was a purely "internal matter" for Iran to handle, that the State Department had been "authoritatively informed" by the Iranian government that the Carrolls' murderers were either dead or captured. (This was six months before Dadshah was shot by his cousin to stop him from talking.) He was further ordered not to meddle in affairs that were not his concern. One official went so far as to say, "even if what you say is true, such information—that the governor of Kerman arranged for the killing—would only give the Communists fuel for their propaganda mills and disturb the friendly relations that the U.S. has with Iran."

Frustrated and angry, Peter Ballinger left Washington. Later, discussing his failure to get the American government to investigate the Carroll affair, he had this comment to make:

WE are shelling out mountains of Aid money, millions of dollars, to people who are stealing us blind—and who don't hesitate to kill our guys when we want to find out what they're using our Aid dollars for. What do we get in exchange? Is the bandit, Dadshah, "anti-communist"? Is his murderous and corrupt cousin, the governor, a loyal "friend of the west"? Have we made friends of the people of Kerman Province? You know the answer as well as I do.

"I was told that 'our hands are tied' by everyone I spoke to in Washington, until it was coming out of my ears. I don't even know who the hell it means, other than an admission that we can't protect Americans out doing a job. This much I do know, though: as long as Americans like the Carrolls and Wilson can be gunned down by some two-bit punk, and our 'hands are tied' so we can't do anything about it, we're not going to make any friends for the U.S. in that part of the world." ♦♦♦



"SHOT-TO-HELL" P. O. W.

Continued from page 37

some cloud down towards the beaches and the 242 Squadron Spitfires wheeled after them. Snell got a quick squirt at one and saw him smoke and pull up into the clouds again. Several pneumatic drills abruptly started hammering into the armor plate behind Snell's cockpit; he had the paralyzing shock of knowing it was happening to him, and as he reeved her into a tight turn, saw four more 109s shooting past and curving above.

The next five minutes were confused and busy, a mixture of coolness, sick fright and steep turns, as he twisted out of the way of one and another of the 109s diving on him. His engine was smoking all the time, and then there was fire in the smoke, the flames fluttering to ribbons behind the cockpit. He was two hundred feet over the rocky ground, saw a little green field, snapped his flaps down, cut switches, fishtailed dangerously, looking behind and in front, and then she ground her belly on the field and skidded a hundred yards in a trail of boiling brown dust. He ran in the drifting dust to a little stone building about thirty yards away and barged through a wooden door.

The hut was full of hay, and the shells of the strafing fighters started cracking against the walls. Snell saw a stone trough in the hut and dived into it. Engines kept roaring low over the roof in waves, the sound punctuated by the cannon shells exploding on and around the hut. Then the engines faded and a swarthy, unshaven little man with a big moustache crawled out of the hay and looked blankly at Snell, who was lifting his head warily out of the trough.

SNELL poked his head outside the hut and saw the blazing wreck of his Spitfire. A little dazedly he watched the flames move down the fuselage and devour his insignia "S" (for Snell) on the side. Cannon shells in the magazines started exploding. He felt the peasant tugging at his sleeve, turned and talked to him in French, but the peasant only stared speechlessly, so he took his Mae West off, pulled his survival kit out of the pocket in it, opened it, handed a banknote out of his money to the peasant and put a finger to his lips.

The little man looked at the note, let out a startled cry and ran yelling

from the hut. Snell followed him, cursing, and saw other peasants running towards them from the fields. Obviously Italians. There was an orchard on the other side of the hut. A moment later Snell, running hard, vanished into it.

He ran and walked for half an hour across scrubby, stony ground, veering into olive groves for cover, heading south all the time, hoping to glimpse the sea. Well ahead he could hear the grumbling rumble of the battle round the beaches. He must be about ten miles from the landings and, if he were careful enough and the invaders moved fast enough, he should link up with them in a few hours. The main thing was to dodge enemy troops.

Moving cautiously through undergrowth toward a hill-top to orientate himself, he saw huts and tents a bare two hundred yards away on a shoulder of a hill and Italian soldiers walking around. Sinking into a clump of bushes he waited for two hours till darkness cloaked the land and then moved carefully round the other side of the hill.

The moon edging over the horizon betrayed a sharp movement against the skyline a bare fifteen yards in front—the helmet and shoulders of a soldier. Snell froze. The outline was still; he thought it was probably a sentry and crept back quietly, worrying about sentries on all the hills. The safest way south seemed to be along the valley, though even down in the gloom he might still be visible to the sentry. He saw a stick on the ground about three feet long, picked it up and started to hobble down the valley like an old man, hoping any sentry who saw him would mistake him for a peasant. There was no hail from the hill.

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For two hours he moved like that, crouching to cross the clear patches, and then saw ahead a small hut with a large tree beside it. Two dark shapes bobbed up in a crouching position on the other side of the tree, and from them came two bright orange flashes and loud bangs.

Automatically he was thinking, "Those cheap Eytie rifles," and then he had dropped to the ground and was rolling to one side, pulling out his .45. There was another flash from the dark shapes. He fired three times at the flash and then he was on his feet running, crouched, to the other side of the hut.

FROM that far side of the hut more flashes and bangs came; Snell fired twice, dropped to the ground, and for a few moments everything was silent. He had one round left and knew he was out in the open against two parties under cover.

Thought and action came almost together: he yelled "Kamerad," and then, in his best French, "J'suis ami. J'suis ami. J'suis Français. Ne tirez-pas!"

Someone was muttering and ■ voice said in French, "Qui va!"

"Ami. Ami Français de l'armée Vichy," Snell shouted, heart thudding. "Ne tirez pas. J'suis seul." He put his arms above his head and stood up. He was tense with fright, but no one fired and he walked forward slowly, lowering his arms and, as casually as he could, tucking his pistol back in its holster.

Shadows closed about him and he saw there were about eight Italian soldiers. He talked fast; he was a friend of Italy and fighting with them, and thanked "Je bon Dieu" that they had cleared up the misunderstanding before anyone had been hurt.

He asked where he could find "l'ennemi" and a great chattering broke out. No one seemed to know. Feeling that he was losing track of the conversation, Snell said decisively, "Eh bien. Je les chercherai," waved his hand at them, said "Merci beaucoup et bonsoir," turned and walked away.

He felt he was cringing, waiting for a bullet, but nothing happened and soon, out of the Italians' sight in the darkness, he found a path leading south, reloaded his pistol and walked on.

From his survival map, Snell knew

that somewhere ahead lay a road near the coast. The firing was louder now than in the afternoon and sometimes he saw a sharp glow in the sky, but always some way off. He came to tank tracks that had churned up the stony ground, and then beyond them saw the road, ■ flat, dimly shiny surface under the moon. Gingerly he walked over it and nearly jumped out of his skin as a deep voice in the darkness said, "Halt!"

It came from ahead and two dim shapes loomed about ten yards in front. The voice said something like "Hoch Hande," and he started lifting his hands above his head, hiding the automatic in his right hand.

In ■ moment he was talking French again, trying the same old trick, and heard something tinkling along the ground towards him. Instinctively he jumped aside and ducked. A moment later the grenade went off a few feet from him with a great flash and shattering noise. He was running back across the road. Two shots banged behind and then two more grenades, but he was across the road now and dived into some long grass, raising his pistol and watching for the sentries. They went to earth, too. There were no more shots, no sounds at all, and Snell silently wormed backwards, crn crouching in the other direction and turned south-east to flank the sentries.

Now the sounds of battle were spreading round him in a wide arc; no tight embrace, but somehow enveloping. Ragged bursts of firing jolted his nerves; no flashes but untidy patterns of staccato noises, menacing and unpredictable in the darkness. From some anonymous source, perhaps only a mile away, ■ stream of tracer shells came floating across the sky like a string of fiery pearls. He was not alone, but shared the darkness with others—enemy troops, or perhaps already a friendly forward patrol. The luminous hands of his watch showed it was 3:00 A.M.—just twenty-four hours since he had crawled out of bed to start invasion day.

Much nearer, to the north a machine gun started firing south and barely two hundred yards from him, in a small thicket, another machine gun answered it, firing north. A thrill shot through him—the gun firing north must be Allied, from the soldiers pouring up from the beaches.

The firing stopped and a couple of



twigs snapped in the thicket. He crawled towards the sound and had only covered a hundred yards when he saw the dim shape of an airplane on his right, and beyond it some tents. God, this must be the airfield—the last thing he had heard at briefing before take-off was that the Allies had captured an airfield. He crawled towards the tents and saw two sentries under a tree about twenty yards away. One moved slightly and the moonlight glistened on his helmet. An American helmet! Softly he called "Desert Rats!"—the password of the day.

No answer. It could have been "Kill Italians," but he could not see the sentries any more. Suddenly wary, he retreated till he came across some equipment cases, could not make out any markings on them, but from the size of them and the solid nature, he was certain they were American crates. He crawled towards the thicket again and once more called, "Desert Rats!" Again no answer, and then he could wait no longer. He stood up boldly and called again.

Out of the gloom two shadows came and he could see the machine pistols pointing at him. One of the men was talking in a strange, harsh tongue and Snell knew he had joined the sad band of those who had mistaken German coal-scuttle helmets for American ones. He tried talking in French again but they did not understand. Both of them were abrupt and surly and with a machine pistol prodding his back, Snell marched in front of them across the airfield. A German officer joined them out of the darkness and they stopped and started to search him.

It was rather a farce. He kept taking things out of his pockets on the pretext of turning them out to light them, and then transferring most of the things in his hands to pockets already searched. In that way he saved his silk map (by blowing his nose on it), compass and some lira notes, but they found enough to know he was an enemy. They walked on and came to a wooden hut. Someone flashed a torch on him and asked his name, rank and number. The officer went away and Snell stood waiting with the guards by the hut, bitterly angry with himself.

A QUARTER of a mile away on the airfield a Bofors started binging. Snell saw the clips of tracer curling flat and low towards what one of the guards said was a beach. Machine guns started flickering and rattling on the beach answering the Bofors, and in the flashes (not so far away), Snell glimpsed shadowy figures running and, more vaguely behind them, dark monsters he knew were landing barges. The airfield was probably encircled already and by morning he would be free. In forty-eight hours he would be back on the squadron.

The officer came out of the hut, talked to the two guards in German and turned to Snell, saying in English, "You are now prisoner." Making it official, Snell supposed tolerantly, before the situation reversed itself. The German said, "Keep your hands up," and motioned him to start walking.

Snell walked and they came close beside and behind him. They had gone about a hundred yards when the officer said, "Halt." Snell turned inquiringly; no building was near, they were standing on open ground. The officer said: "Kneel down!"

"What for? What are you doing?" Snell said, confused. He was watching

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them and starting to bend his knees a little, in an awkward crouch. A soft blue light shone on him from a baby torch and he saw the three gun barrels pointing at him.

In blind instinct and sheer horror he dived aside. In the same instant the guns banged deafeningly. He saw bright flashes and felt a terrible blow in the right shoulder, went down for a moment, jumped up running like mad. More ragged bangs, a great flash lit the night with an explosion just behind him. He felt other thuds in his body; he was running over stones and little rocks, tripping and sobbing, down on his knees and up again and the banging kept on. Dear God, they'd turned the heavy gun on him. More shocking explosions at his heels. He tripped and crashed down between two rocks; his right arm seemed to vanish into a hole in the ground and he could not move. He tried but could not move; he just lay dizzily in the cranny and when he tried to lift his body his muscles were watery. He lay there waiting for them to come up and finish him off, but they did not come. A queerly distorted voice in the distance, and then silence.

AFTER a while he realized that it had actually happened and that he was dying. Feeling was coming back; no pain but a pumping in his shoulder like an artery. It would be over in a few minutes.

But it was not guts to lie down and die. It seemed that for self-respect he must make one more effort. He tried to move and found his left arm was fairly effective, pushed it against the ground and forced himself into a sitting position, back resting against a rock. In the moonlight he could see bullet holes in his left forearm and a lot of blood. His right shoulder was a mess, what he could see of it, and he thought his arm was nearly off. He thought, "Oh Christ, I'll be one-armed," and immediately after thought, "Oh hell, it doesn't matter being one-armed if you're dead."

With his left arm he pulled his shirt over his head and clumsily twisted it tightly round his shoulder. Somehow he struggled to his feet, standing straddle-legged, and then everything went round and round and black. It cleared and he was sitting on the rock. Some stubborn instinct took him. The North Star was shining clearly and in the other direction, south. His legs were, he saw a rock, pushed himself to his feet and stumbled towards it, blacking out as he reached it, and sank on to it. As the mists cleared he saw another rock ahead and lurched towards it.

Vaguely he remembers doing that again and again, getting weaker and with the black-outs coming more easily. Dawn was lighting the sky and he knew he could not go on much longer. Trying to hold on to his strength he saw some soldiers moving about forty yards away, but could not tell whether they were British or German. With a last effort he got to his feet again, took a few steps and fell on his face.

Someone was rolling him over and dimly he saw men moving and bending over him. They were Germans; he saw that, too, but was almost past caring. One of them brought a stretcher; they lifted him on to it and carried him for a while. When they put him down an officer was leaning over him. It was the officer who had led the execution party a few hours before. He was saying:

"The commander has ordered you to be shot. What is your last request?"

Snell thought, despairingly, "Oh Jesus!" He said faintly: "Why are you shooting me?"

"For spying on the aerodrome."
"I'm a British flying officer shot down yesterday. Why can't you look at the things you took off me?"

"The commander says you are a spy."
"I want to see the commander. That is my last request."

The officer said, "Wait here," as though Snell might get up and run away. Three German soldiers with rifles slung over their shoulders walked up and stood awkwardly near him, looking the other way. The execution squad! The officer came back. He said, "Were you from Malta?"

"Yes."
"What is your squadron number?"

Snell rolled his head over the other way on the stretcher and said faintly after a few seconds: "I won't tell you that. You know I won't."

The German gave a tight and not unkindly smile. He said, "All right. You will go to a hospital." He took out a cigarette, put it in Snell's mouth and lit it, but Snell could not draw on it. He was utterly limp.

Later they loaded him into a truck and he had a bumpy and hellish ride to a German field hospital up towards Catania; when he got there he could no longer move his head or arms. They gave him a blood transfusion and spent a long time discovering, probing and dressing the following wounds:

One bullet between the fingers of the right hand.

Two bullets in the right shoulder.

Two bullets through the left arm.

One bullet graze on the left hip.

One bullet and part of one chipping the spine and coming to rest near it.

Fifteen pieces of grenade in the body and legs - one piece severing the radial nerve in the left wrist.

For some days he lay in a stupor, and when they stopped pumping drugs into him he had a lot of pain but could also feel strength coming back into him. He started to think about escape several days before the doctor told him he was not going to die.

They took him to Messina, lying in an open truck under a scorching sun, and loaded him on to a hospital ship in a bed next to an English officer who had a bullet in his head and kept shouting, "Bring up the tanks, bring up the tanks!" until he died.

A week later Snell was in a prison hospital in Lucca, ten miles from Pisa. Being young he mended fast and in a few weeks was able to get out of bed. He started escape training immediately, walking about the ward at first and then taking to tramping round the prison garden, increasing the distance each day, so he would be ready if a chance came. From his Red Cross invalid parcels he hoarded chocolate, soup cubes and Horlicks' tablets, and also old bandages and ointments.

A few days after the Allies invaded Italy, in September, there was a flurry at the hospital. The orderlies went round grinning and saying that Allied troops had landed nearby; there was going to be an Armistice and by the following morning they would be safe. That night they held a thanksgiving service and were too excited to sleep much, but in the morning it was the Germans who came.

A week later the new masters loaded all the prisoners on to a hospital train

They stayed there five weeks, eating black-market food, reading English novels and magazines and listening to the B.B.C. Other escapers, they learned, were living in other flats run by the Underground in Modena, and sometimes they visited these other flats and had tea-parties and played bridge.

They met several of Mario's Italian helpers—Don Monari, the young priest; Andelini, the shopkeeper; Anna, the dark, pretty young girl of twenty who risked her life to try to frank the fake identity cards at the Town Hall; Tino, the barber who trimmed their moustaches to a debonaire Italian thinness; Guiseppe Grossi, the dentist who attended to Lewis's teeth, and others.

One day Mario asked Snell if he would survey a possible airfield for the landing of supplies down in the waist of Italy. He warned frankly that it would be dangerous.

In the morning Snell walked out into Modena Cathedral and knelt in a pew. A man padded up and knelt beside him, tugged at his sleeve. Snell followed him out and they got on a bus and travelled on it for six hours.

In the mountains to the south they left the bus and spent the night in a peasant's cottage. The guide warned that Fascists who infested the area had

A motherly woman lived there with her son, Luigi, a gay young man with an olive-oil skin, glistening teeth and a rubbery smile. He had been in the Italian Navy and been four times torpedoed by the British, but bore no grudge; in fact, after a couple of nights, he said he was going to take them to the local cinema but arrived home too late from work to do so. It was just as well; they heard in the morning that, when the lights went up after the show, German soldiers were standing at all the exits and took all the young men and put them on a train for Germany an hour later.

Mario took Snell and Lewis out one day to have their photographs taken, and next morning woke them early, handed them identity cards with their photographs on and said, "Tonight you go to Switzerland." They were to be the first to try the new escape route just surveyed by Don Monari, the shy young priest. Anna, they discovered later, had been within two seconds of getting caught when, at her third attempt, she had sneaked behind a German's back at the Town Hall to put the official stamp on their identity cards.

Two guides led the way to Modena station that evening. When the train came in it was like the wartime trains in England, crammed and in almost total darkness. The four of them squeezed in. Snell was carrying a small case with his and Lewis's spare food and clothes and swung the case up on to a rack. It would not stay on, so he gave it a hard shove and it knocked another case off the other side of the rack onto a sleeping Italian's head. There was a shriek and a frenzied torrent of Italian. Snell tried to back away into the unyielding mass of bodies wedged in the corridor, but one of the guides saved him by taking the blame and apologizing humbly.

The uproar died down, the train rattled on and they managed to light cigarettes to calm their nerves. Lewis caught an unpleasant smell of burning cloth and noticed with dismay that his cigarette had set light to the coat of the man next to him. He dropped the cigarette, trod on it and tried to edge away just as the man noticed his smouldering coat. He started beating at it, yelling shrilly in Italian. Luckily, the quick-witted guide who had taken the blame before was also smoking. He leaned forward and took the train again and, after a while, peace came once more to the carriage.

IT WAS a tedious trip; they left the train at Milan early in the morning and went into the buffet for a drink. Suddenly Lewis spun round, gulped his drink and hurried outside. Snell and the two guides followed and found him sitting on a seat looking rather pale.

"What the devil's wrong?" Snell asked irritably.

Lewis gulped and said, "I suddenly saw I was standing next to the Italian officer who took me off Sicily in his landing craft to a hospital ship."

"Oh, my God!" Snell said. "Did he...?"

"No. Don't think so. I was covered in bandages then. It just gave me a shock, that's all."

They were all nervy now. The confidence they had acquired in the past few weeks had abruptly evaporated and Snell and Lewis suddenly felt naked and guilty.

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gougued out the eyes of some escapers they had caught to try and make them talk. He gave Snell an automatic pistol and said the idea was to shoot first and ask questions afterwards.

After two days in the cottage waiting for fog to clear, they climbed four thousand feet to a plateau under the summit of Mt. Cimone, one of the highest peaks in the Apennines. Snell found the plateau was too small for a landing ground but suitable for supply drops.

They took the bus back to Modena and Snell compiled maps and reports on the area. One of the copies he sewed into the lining of his small skiing cap in case the others went astray; Mario watched him doing it and said warningly, "If they catch you, they will find that and shoot you as a spy," but Snell rashly took no heed of the advice, saying that if caught he could drop the cap and disown it as it was really too small for him.

Two days later the Germans raided one of the Underground's flats and caught several escapers. It was a fair assumption that the Gestapo would handle them and that under torture they might give away the other hiding places, so Il Capitano hustled Snell and Lewis to a new flat that the Underground had not used before.

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who smiled and greeted him warmly and, a moment later, introduced him to Snell and Lewis as their mentor for the next stage. The new guide did not waste time; he already had their tickets and led Snell and Lewis into one of a string of cattle trucks at another platform.

The train moved off soon after, and an hour later a ticket collector came into the truck and asked for tickets. Lewis handed over his. The conductor looked at it and shot a sharp question at Lewis, who looked back blankly, having no idea what it was all about. The ticket collector repeated his question and Lewis knew that everyone in the truck was looking intently at him. Hesitantly he pointed to the scar on the side of his face, made some unintelligible mumbling noises and, to his enormous relief, the guide took charge of the situation, saying to the conductor, pointing at Lewis, "He is deaf and dumb from the bombing."

The conductor, instantly sympathetic, explained that Lewis had given up the wrong part of his ticket. The guide took the correct stub from Lewis, gave it to the conductor and then, with a touch of genius, pretended to tell Lewis what was wrong in mock deaf and dumb language.

Snell whispered to Lewis a little later, "I must say this organization has got some pretty sharp guides." Lewis was about to agree with great warmth when he suddenly remembered he was deaf and dumb, and pretended not to hear.

The train puttered slowly across the countryside and in the late afternoon jerked to a stop at a tiny hamlet west of Turin. A fair-haired boy of about sixteen walked along the line of trucks, recognized the guide, grinned and beckoned. As he dropped out of the truck to the ground, Snell saw the Alps peering rugged and snow-capped almost overhead.

The boy pointed at them and said, "Svizzera, dieci kilometri."

Most of the villagers, the man explained, made their living by smuggling goods over the frontier. "Goods" included refugees and escapers. The boy led them to a pigsty, saying that it was a good spot to hide till dusk, and so Snell and Lewis chewed bread and cheese sitting philosophically beside a large sow, which coldly took no notice of them.

AT NIGHT the boy came back and took them to a cottage. They were just sitting down to some food with some smuggler peasants when the door opened and in walked a ruthless-looking man in the gaudy uniform of a Fascist guard.

Snell stared, paralyzed, feeling numb at first and then sick as he realized that on the brink of freedom they were trapped. He remembered the map sewn in his cap and thought desperately he must lose it or hide it—if he had time. Or try and disown it.

The guard saw him, saw he was shaken, and said, "Do not worry. I work for the Underground. It is my duty to see that the frontier guards will not be active in this sector tonight."

Everyone thought it was such a wonderful joke (particularly Snell and Lewis) that they decided to have a party. The smugglers produced a wicker-bound fiasco of raw farm chianti and the drinking and singing started. Snell and Lewis were the star turns with "Tipperary," "Pack Up Your

Troubles" and one or two rather "ripe" R.A.F. songs.

After four hours of that they thought they had better get some rest for the climb ahead, but it seemed that they had no sooner put their heads down when one of the smugglers woke them and said the frontier was clear. They must start climbing.

Outside the air was cold and reviving, and in the thin light of a half moon they followed two of the smugglers up steep stony trails. As they got higher the trails grew steeper; they were sweating freely and their heavy breathing steamed thickly in the frosty air. Two hours dragged by and they stopped exhausted, lying on the ground to rest till the cold made them shiver. Lewis kept asking the guides how much further they had to go, and the guides said that they would see the frontier round the next bend. But when they moved off again, every corner they turned showed another path, steeper and just as endless.

Lewis's back wound started to throb, sending a sharp pain through him with every step. They had to stop more and more often for rests, and Lewis said he was feeling dizzy. They came to snow, first a few patches and then a wide carpet that got thicker and thicker as they stumbled upward, endlessly upward.

Snell was getting groggy now, but the guides said there was still another half-hour of climbing in front of them. Lewis was suddenly lying in the snow muttering something about having "had it." He felt he could not move any more, and did not want to move in any case. Snell was standing over him prodding him with his feet, almost kicking him and pulling ineffectually at his coat. The guides came back and between the three of them they got Lewis on his feet once more. Snell took his hand and tried to pull him, and the guides pushed from behind. They stumbled up through the snow like drunken men until, as dawn was breaking, one of the guides pointed to small, un-dramatic red and white posts and said, "Switzerland!"

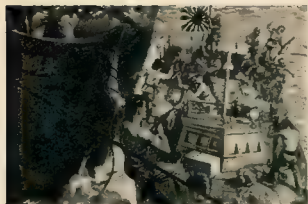
Snell and Lewis stared wordlessly, and then Snell grabbed Lewis's hand, shook it, slapped him on the back, grabbed the guides' hands and with the last strength he had pumped them up and down like a madman.

Two hours later, still on their feet, but only just. Snell and Lewis, on their own now, came to a white Swiss farmhouse on a hillside over a village. They knocked and a plump and placid Swiss housewife opened the door. Snell said in French, holding a little slip of paper who has swum back across the Styx, "We are English escapers from Italy."

He will never forget the answer he got.

"Oh, really," said the woman who had never known war, "you're the first two we've had today." ♦♦♦

Editor's Note: In Switzerland, under British care, Snell had both arms operated on to repair some of the deep-seated damage from his wounds, and after a long convalescence was repatriated to England on the liberation of France. He was decorated with the D.S.O. for his escape (and his activities during it). Before the war was over he was fit enough to insist on flying again; he joined No. 304, the first Meteor squadron, and became one of the first of the few pilots to fly and become operational on jets.



LT. ROSTEN'S HELL-RAISERS

Continued from page 30

were not twenty miles from the coast, but hundreds of miles overland to the nearest SACO hospital—the one at the base near Amoy. There was a hospital above Shanghai, in the heart of Japanese-occupied territory, but there was no chance of reaching it from this direction without circling around.

The neighborhood was full of Japanese troops, but the headman of Shenpei offered to let them stay and rest as long as he could safely manage it.

They stayed in Shenpei for three days. Rosten and Fein attended to the wounded. Two of the Chinese were clearly not going to be able to travel and the headman consented to accept payment to keep them in the village, part of the payment now, the rest to be delivered to Shenpei within two months. The third Chinese casualty carried slugs in his left shoulder and arm, but insisted he could manage the trip to the hospital and Rosten decided to take him.

GRESHAM was Rosten's biggest worry. The Marine Corps major had a half-dozen shell fragments in his body. He had come out of delirium only for a few seconds since the night he was hit and his fever stayed high. Rosten tried to keep the wounds drained and get some nourishment into him. But Gresham wouldn't live without medical help.

Rosten didn't see how Gresham could make the rugged overland trip through the mountains. He asked around among the Chinese in the village and finally came up with a white-bearded, wrinkle-faced skeleton of a man who claimed he liked Americans and said if they followed the river out to the coast, he could get them a junk. The junk belonged to "his cousins"—the cousins liked the Americans too—and they would help if the Americans paid them for the rental of the junk. Rosten thought a junk might make it crabwise down the coast to Amoy and the SACO station there. If it worked, it would take less time than an overland route and would certainly mean easier traveling.

Rosten put it to Wilcoxson and Fein and the Chinese who said they wanted to make the trip with them and get back into the war.

"I think the junk's the only way the Major's got a chance," Rosten told them. "But I figured you guys should have your say. The chances aren't that good any way you look at it."

The Chinese said they would go along with whatever Rosten decided. Fein and Wilcoxson had opposing points of view. Fein wanted to go overland; Wilcoxson wanted to stay in the village. Neither one of them wanted to try the seacoast route by junk. After awhile, they began to fight about it.

Finally, Rosten decided democratic procedure wasn't such a good idea under combat conditions and resumed command again. Wilcoxson and Fein seemed to feel better immediately.

"Then it's settled," Rosten said. "We'll go by junk—that is, if we can get one."

That night they put away a lot of the rice brandy, preparatory to leaving the village in the morning for the long walk to the sea. Major Gresham's fever seemed to be breaking and he began to sweat. It seemed to Rosten for the first time that things might be looking up.

The three-day journey through the heart of Jap-occupied territory was rough, but it didn't dim Rosten's feeling of hope. Gresham got alternately better and worse, but Rosten at least knew they were doing something to get the Marine officer to a hospital. The old Chinese leading them seemed to know every turn out-of-route and shortcut to avoid Jap patrols and collaborationist Chinese.

The chosen rendezvous point was on the coast about five miles below the river delta, which in turn was about fifty miles below the twin major cities of Shanghai and Hangchow. Here they waited for eight agonizing hours, sheltered only by a copse of trees at the edge of the rocky inlet, until the bluff lines of a large sea-going junk appeared: high poop and overhanging stern, pole masts, very little keel, shallow draft.

"It's an ugly bastard," Fein muttered, "but it's all ours."

"Take it easy. We aren't home yet," Rosten cautioned.

But it was the nature of the old man's "cousins," who made up the junk's crew, that gave them a shock. Wilcoxson went down with Major Gresham's stolen Japanese binoculars to study the approaching junk and came back with amazement in his eyes.

"They're all women," he reported.

The j.g. was a tall, skinny, black-haired, 90-day wonder from Reading, Pennsylvania, with a narrow, serious face and a permanent squint frown over his long nose, but he was grinning now in spite of himself and shaking his head. "Working the ship. Tackle, sails, sweep—everything. I never saw anything like it. All women."

"Sure, and the Dragon Lady's in command," Fein growled sarcastically. "Come on, quit it. I'm shaky enough thinking about getting on that tub."

But Rosten knew Wilcoxson well enough to know he wouldn't make up a story like that. And Wilcoxson repeated it, still grinning.

"See for yourself. They're all women. Some of them look kind of cute—if you don't mind a woman with some muscle in her arm."

Rosten checked with the glasses, then waited till the old man from the village showed up and asked him to explain his "cousins." Rosten spoke some Chinese, but he had one of the SACO Chinese interpret. The old man's name was Li Fu Hsieng and he gave his explanation in utmost seriousness. Rosten brought the story back to the others.

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"Hsien says the women all come from the same village. The Japanese took away their men. They do fishing, coastwise trade. I got the idea a little smuggling gets mixed up on the side, maybe a little piracy. They know how to manage the craft all right."

"They sound like a tough bunch of ladies," Fein said doubtfully. "Nothing at all like the ladies in Montgomery."

"They're southern ladies anyhow—southern Chinese ladies," Rosten said. "Hsien says they'll take us where we want to go, all right, if we pay them. But—hands off! They're not prostitutes."

"Just so long as they get me back to base," Fein said. "That's all I ask."

Rosten was out of cash now and out of Nationalist Government promissory notes, which the Chinese never took willingly anyhow. He bargained on the basis of a personal promise of pay.

When they reached the SACO base at Amoy and the women, talking through the old man, agreed.

The SACO party went on board the junk that night. They had a single .30 calibre machine gun they had carried with them all the way—their "heavy weapons" arm. The women balked when Rosten rigged dummy sides to cover an aperture he cut in the seaward and leeward walls of the poop

mench. The machine gun at the same time and give it room to come into play quickly, if it were needed. Rosten sweetened their displeasure with the promise of more money. Freed from the dustcloths and vegetables that had covered it on its journey down river, the .30 squatted on its tripod with ammo belts coiled by, each slug carefully cleaned and greased with animal fat.

Rosten set up a round-the-clock watch to have someone with Major Gresham at all times. The major was resting as comfortably as possible in an improvised hospital set up below decks forward. Finally Rosten spent some time getting acquainted with the youngish woman who captained the junk. Her name was Chiang Chung-hsi, he learned, "Little Lightning Bol."

When the lieutenant finally got to sleep that night, the junk had already started its slow journey down the four hundred miles or more of China coast. Rosten hadn't realized how tired he was. He managed to get in about six hours sleep before Fein woke him for his scheduled watch with Major Gresham.

Bill Rosten was hardly an experienced combat officer when events shoved him into his first command. He received his commission as an ensign with his graduation as an NROTC student from New York's Columbia College in 1942. Trained as a physicist, Rosten served first in Washington, where he helped set up the first American operations research systems with the Office of Naval Intelligence.

Life in Washington palled on him rapidly and late in 1943, he managed to swing a transfer to the strictly volunteer SACO.

The Sino-American Cooperative Association, SACO, was probably the most hell-for-leather of all the irregular outfits that set themselves up in business on the fringes of the war. Organized by the Navy's China ace, Milton E. "Marty" Miles, in unofficial collaboration with the head of Chiang Kai-shek's slightly bloodthirsty secret service, mystery man Tai Li, SACO origi-

nally limited its efforts to reports of ship movements and meteorological conditions from behind Japanese lines, principally for the benefit of American air-war and sub-war planners.

But the outfit's enthusiastic volunteers, all of them impatient with normal military routine, flourished and multiplied in the Chinese boondocks. SACO became the heart of a Chinese-American guerrilla movement that trained thousands, ruled its own segments of nominally Japanese-held territory, committed millions of dollars worth of material sabotage, held down several Japanese armies that were thus kept out of the main areas of the war.

SACO men had to be specialists in more than one field: they were doctors, aerologists, pigeon trainers, air combat intelligence men. After training at "Happy Valley," the Navy-run SACO camp outside Chungking, Bill Rosten went as meteorologist and demolitions specialist—not an unusual bracketing for the outfit—to the guerrilla village in Honan Province called Tung Chi; semi-permanent living quarters, plenty of food, enough to drink, but no cigarettes, candy, plumbing, razor blades.

Rosten had aided in the training of two "classes" of Chinese guerrillas when base commandant Major Clifford W. Gresham decided the time had come to make a successful mass attack against a section of the vital single-track railway the Japs ran north and south across the province. Through accident or betrayal, the Japanese trapped the 186 guerrillas. Gresham dispersed the band and kept only the "expert" Chinese—who themselves qualified now as instructors—to try to break through to the south: the north and their home base was completely cut off. It was the remnant of this remnant, now down to ten men including Gresham, for which Bill Rosten now had to make the decisions and calculate the risks.

The junk was two days out when they spotted a Jap patrol boat. The craft moved in the sea more like the pleasure launch she once had been than like a ship of war. She was shorter and considerably lower-set than the junk, but she had a steam engine and that meant she could catch them under any conditions short of the junk flying in front of a storm. Her commander had got hold of a 77 mm field artillery piece and had it bolted down on his after deck on an improvised mount that gave him better than ninety degrees of traverse. The boat's only other armament, as Rosten observed through the glasses, was an aerial machine gun mounted on top of the pilot-house.

Rosten put Fein and one of the SACO Chinese on the .30 inside the junk's poop, kept everyone else out of sight, went to tell the women to keep at their work, ignore the patrol boat. He noticed that pistols, knives, and antique Springfield and Mannlicher rifles had suddenly materialized aboard the vessel, out of sight, but where the women could easily reach their hands on them. There were even a Japanese machine pistol. None of the women showed any sign of alarm, only a slightly grim edge on the businesslike manner they had maintained since the SACO men had come aboard.

The Jap boat overhauled them and signaled them to heave to. It was evidently a check for smugglers. If the Japanese skipper stayed off their beam where he could train the .77 on them, Rosten knew the junk was finished as

soon as an inspection party rowed over. But he elected instead to come directly alongside and to climb aboard himself by the rope ladder hanging over the junk's gunwale. The patrol boat had thus thrown away its one insuperable advantage, its gun.

The junk and the patrol boat creaked and groaned as they scraped wooden sides together in the slightly choppy sea. The Japanese skipper breathed hard as he came over the side, a short, portly man in his forties, followed by his junior officers, all of them young, uncomfortable in the stiff Japanese Naval uniforms.

Rosten had worked out signals with his men in the event of such a boarding the first day aboard the junk. Now he watched with narrowed eyes as the Japanese expressed surprise at the junk's all-woman crew. "Little Bolt of Lightning" handled the Japs coolly and with deference. She offered to show her visitors the junk. The Japanese skipper inspected her papers, declined the closer inspection, started over the side.

A sudden wind flapped open the tarpaulin closing off the front of the high forecastle. The Jap thought he saw something and climbed back on board. One of his junior officers ran forward toward the forecastle. Rosten, waiting in a little raised cabin on the afterdeck, knew the Jap would find Fein and the SACO Chinese behind the tarpaulin, the .30 m.g. trained not on the Japanese on the junk's deck, but on the crew of the patrol boat, standing armed but unsuspecting.

Rosten opened fire with his Thompson. He cut down the young officer going for the forecastle, then he turned his fire on the Japanese captain and the rest of the group. "Little Bolt of Lightning" sprang back out of the way as the Thompson cut the Japs down. There was a split second in which some of the seamen aboard the patrol boat seemed not to realize what was hap-

pening. Then the .30 poked its nose from behind the dummy port Rosten had cut for it and began to rake the steam launch slowly from stern to stern and the Thompson, carbines and .45s erupted as Rosten and his men fired over the side.

Things moved fast now. The Japanese on the patrol boat ducked behind ventilators and cabin walls and began a return fire. Somebody aboard the Jap boat gave the order to get under way and a patch of water widened between the patrol boat and the junk. Meanwhile the Japanese sailors were trying to get to the machine gun on the pilot house roof, only to be driven away or to die under the murderous fire concentrated on them by the SACO men. On board the junk, Rosten and Wilcoxson dropped the vessel's old fashioned anchor to the patrol boat's deck, where it smashed through the first layers of planking and lodged firmly, holding the two ships together. Now the two vessels moved in unison as the Jap put on more steam, but the anchor cable could not hold long. Rosten knew, and as the junk yawed and then slapped the patrol boat's side again in response to the unequal tension of the tow, he thought that the water-logged timbers of the junk might be stoved in.

Rosten saw the women had now joined the fight, but it wasn't enough. It seemed as though the Japanese might get away to swing their big gun into play after all.

"Boarders away! Boarders away!" Rosten shouted.

He went out over the side of the junk on a dangling line, hugging the Thompson between his arms and his chest. Ten feet above the deck of the launch, he held on with one hand for a minute, gripped the Thompson with the other, then dropped, landing hard but on his feet. He seemed to be in the middle of a swarm of Japanese. At the first burst of lead from the Thompson some of the nearest Japanese dropped, the others scattered.

The machine gun on the junk ceased fire now, as the fighting on the launch closed hand to hand. Rosten made for the machine gun on the pilothouse of the Jap launch, but Wilcoxson beat him to it, got there first, levered rounds into the breach from one of the belts neatly stacked nearby and pivoted the gun toward a mass of Japs on the launch's stem. A spray of bullets peppered around Wilcoxson, but the machine gun continued to chatter.

A SIXTH sense turned Rosten suddenly to his right: a Japanese sailor came at him with a bayoneted rifle. The Thompson missed fire. Rosten side-stepped the bayonet thrust, felt a burning slash on his side, swung up the point of the Thompson and caught the Jap where his neck met his chest, ripping his throat open.

Rosten cleared the Thompson and turned back to the fight. Suddenly, it was over.

Later they inspected their prize. Rosten was looking at the launch's radio set, long out of commission, when there were two quick shots and the sound of a body falling behind him. He turned, saw Fein holding a .45 and looking nervous. Fein pointed. A Jap officer had hidden out on the launch and tried a shot at Rosten; he had been planting demolitions which Rosten and Fein rapidly found. Rosten left the explosives in place, ran the fuse up to the junk above them. Then he scuttled the

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launch, taking the two wounded Japanese who were the only survivors of the bloody fight as prisoners aboard the junk.

There were ways in which the battle with the patrol launch raised more problems than it settled. To begin with, Rosten found certain papers on a dead Japanese officer who, it turned out, was not part of the launch's regular crew. The papers showed there was a concentration of Japanese transports and support vessels of unspecified size assembling not too far from the Amoy village the junk was heading for. The build-up was a natural target for SACO action and Rosten felt, somehow, he shouldn't let that target go.

SECONDLY, the fight had left the junk's crew with some serious casualties. The most badly injured was Wilcoxson, whose right leg had been chewed up by bullets from a Jap machine gun on the launch's pilothouse.

Rosten stood holding a light and assisting while Fein, who had some experience cutting bone and meat in his father's butcher shop in Montgomery, performed the operation—the two of them checking often with an emergency aid book Rosten carried in his kit. Wilcoxson's right foot dangled from the ankle by a thread of tendon and flesh, and the leg was splintered nearly up to the knee. Fein was steady about the operation, but unsure as to how much of the leg to take off.

"If we have to do it again, he may not be able to take the shock of a second cut," he said. "Maybe I ought to start where I'm sure the leg's good. Or even higher."

"Try to leave him his knee," Rosten said. "I don't know any more about this than you do, but I know that knee will make a difference to him afterwards, when we get back. I'll take the responsibility."

The women seemed genuinely concerned about Wilcoxson's condition, though one of their own had died in the fight. In particular, a little girl named Mei Ling could not do enough for "Doctors" Fein and Rosten, providing hot water, fresh cloths, and so forth. The operation took over an hour and a half, including the sewing up at the end, which Fein did with fishing line. Mei Ling was there for the entire time and after it was over, when it seemed Wilcoxson would come through it all right, she insisted on staying with him and taking care of him.

Slowly it dawned on Rosten that Wilcoxson had not exactly followed his orders to leave the women strictly alone. The young J.G. obviously had not observed any hands off policy with pretty little Mei Ling. Rosten mentioned this to Fein.

"If you didn't notice that before, you were the only man on the junk who didn't," Fein said frankly. "We were hardly out to sea before Wilcoxson and Mei Ling got to know each other."

"Any more of our men I missed something like this on?" Rosten wanted to know.

"You might have missed it on all of us," Fein confessed. "Including me."

Rosten thought it over. Under Major Gresham's leadership, Rosten had followed the somewhat reserved, though always friendly, attitude that the major himself maintained towards the Chinese. Now that he had fought with the SACO Chinese men and seen the women from the junk fighting alongside them, he felt somewhat warmer to-

wards them, personally, than the old attitude allowed. If Wilcoxson had got ahead of him on this, that was so much the better, for it would only make his chances of recovery that much better.

Chu-hsing, the captain of the junk, had apparently been having some thoughts of her own along these lines. She stopped Rosten as he was on his way to sack out for a couple of hours. He had left orders to be awakened if Wilcoxson showed any signs of a turn for the worse. "Little Bolt of Lightning" drew him off to the little cabin on the after deck that was her quarters. There she managed to get through his very bad Chinese that she and the women were impressed with the way the SACO men had fought the Japs: her ship and its crew were at his disposal, she said, free—he could forget about the promised rental for the junk.

For some reason, Rosten began to argue with her. The American Navy had promised it would pay for the use of the junk, he said, and the Navy always kept its promises. He had had more than one drink from the flask of rice wine Chu-hsing had brought out and he couldn't speak too clearly. Chu-hsing was equally adamant, but after awhile she changed the subject abruptly. He gathered that she was worried about his wounds. His body was covered with scrapes, powder burns, and the bandages she had taken an inch of flesh off his chest.

"I'll take care of you," Chu-hsing said.

"Forget it," Rosten tried to tell her, having trouble explaining himself in Chinese. "I just want to get some sleep."

"I'll take care of you," she insisted, or maybe she hadn't understood what he was saying.

She was about his own age, Rosten decided, and in the low light from the lantern, turned down to conserve its fish-oil fuel, her broad face with large eyes, a wide mouth, and small nose, seemed very attractive. He was used to seeing her only as the captain of the junk. But now he noticed her small, firm body was lithe and graceful, and her full breasts and hips moved without restraint under the thin summer-weight cloth of her pajama uniform. She was very gentle but efficient as she stripped him down to his shorts, swabbed his cuts and bruises with alcohol and bandaged the worst of them.

Rosten was half-asleep by the time she finished, but acutely aware of the warm, clean smell of her. She fixed her own bed for him to sleep in, and as he stretched out, Rosten reached up for her. She stopped, seemed to be measuring what he wanted with her eyes. Rosten slipped his hand under the blouse of her pajama suit, caressed her back, then her small, tight stomach and smooth rib cage. Chu-hsing caught her breath and held it, then lay down beside Rosten, trembling but not frightened. She buried her head in Rosten's chest, so that he could not kiss her, possibly because she was shy. But otherwise she made no objection as Rosten's hands undressed her. Finally she clung to Rosten fiercely and passionately.

It was not many hours later that Rosten was awakened to meet a medical crisis. Not Wilcoxson, who was coming along nicely, but Major Gresham had taken a serious turn for the worse. Rosten did what he could for him, but it was hopeless. Gresham died the following afternoon, and Rosten slipped his body over the side, in a

canvas sack the women provided, weighted down with the capstan and compass from the Jap launch, which Rosten had taken as souvenirs of the fight. He read from a Bible Fein always carried with him and added a few words about an American officer who had died in China and who might have lived if his luck had been a little bit better. Then he and Fein sang the *Mariner's Hymn*, which every seaman knows: "Eternal Father Strong to Save."

The next days were comparatively uneventful. The men admired the women's ways aboard the junk, whether they were climbing about the rigging like so many cats, or attending to their washing, clothes and their bodies—at the same time—completely unembarrassed and yet conscious of being watched. The women couldn't do enough, for their part, for the SACO men who had once hated the hated Japanese. Rosten used this time to get to know his SACO Chinese better. He found he liked them all, especially a sabotage expert named Li Cho Feng, Feng was a mandarin Chinese, had studied law before the war, and his stories of his *dois* vite hell-raising student days in Nanking never repeated themselves or their gag lines.

The rest of the trip down to Amoy was made without incident over the next five days. For that brief while, it seemed as though the war had ended. Rosten landed his wounded and his prisoners at the SACO base. The prisoners were promptly turned over to the local Chinese volunteer army, which inducted them, since the SACO base had no facilities for prisoners. Not having killed the Japanese at first, it proved very difficult for anyone to give the order to kill them now, and so a use was found for them.

But Rosten could not get that packet he had found on the Japanese naval officer off his mind. That assembly of transports and support vessels was taking place in a staging area to the south of them, just above the port of Hong Kong. It was to be, as nearly as Rosten could make out, a relief force for Rangoon, now threatened by British-American war forces fighting in Burma. The SACO radiomen got word of the Japanese naval build up to USAAF and USN relay stations at Chunking. But any operation against the well-concealed and naturally-protected Japanese force would be hard, Rosten knew. The inlets sheltering the ships were hard to find and hard to hit from the air, and their narrow entrances could easily be sealed off against submarines.

THE Chinese-American forces which normally operated out of the near-Amoy SACO base could not help here. Most of the men were in the field, a.d. as the base commander explained, those who were left had their own assignments. Besides, there was no way of corroborating the information that had fallen into Rosten's hands.

Rosten put it to the small battered force he had captained all the way from Shenpei. The long journey, he told them, apparently had not yet reached its climax. Those transports were waiting like a sitting duck. Rosten wanted a try at them. He met no objection.

Rosten spent that night with Chu-hsing. He didn't try to explain to himself why he was so glad to be going on the new mission, risky though it was. In the morning, Chu-hsing calmly an-

nounced that she and her women had made their preparations, and that they would come along, too, on the sabotage mission. The decision surprised Rosten, who had scrupulously insisted the women receive the payment he had originally promised for the use of the junk and the trip to Amoy. But he didn't argue; he knew he needed all the help he could get.

Wilcoxson, too, wanted to go, and Rosten missed him when the "task force" finally got under way. Rosten, Fein, seven SACO Chinese under Li Cho Feng, Chu-hsing and eight of her women, chosen by her from the junk's crew. The overland trip took 13 days, the first ten days on ponies and mules, the last three days on foot as they approached the heavily protected staging area and infiltrated it. By Rosten's orders, the only heavy munitions they carried was demolishing materials, all they could get hold of. Otherwise their armament consisted of each man's personal weapons, reinforced by "grease guns" the men had learned to use at the Amoy SACO base, part of the first shipment of the new rapid-fire weapons to reach China.

The only attempt at disguise the Americans made was one they had learned in their training days at "Happy Valley." Here they had learned to walk as coolies do, from the ball to the heel of the foot instead of vice versa, to wear Chinese peasants' clothing properly (the least improper hang of a garment could give them away); how to balance the cross-shoulder poles on which Chinese slung their burdens. During the days at the Amoy SACO base and the days of the trip, Rosten and Fein took atabrine pills daily, which, in combination with the dark sunburn each man already had, turned their skin a dirty yellow.

The enemy transports and their support vessels were lined up in close order in the narrow river delta and the surrounding inlets. The assembly area, never used before, had been well chosen. The nearest USAAF bases were in the Philippines and Navy subs would hesitate to come into shallow waters of the coastal inlets. The natural protective contours of the terrain and the narrow entry to the main bay added to the Japanese feeling of safety here. The force was, as Rosten had guessed, intended for the relief of Rangoon, and the antike lines of supplies moving into the transports and freighters testified that the day of departure for the convoy was drawing near.

Japanese Army security for the staging area seemed unbelievably lax. Rosten set up a well-hidden camp only twenty yards from the bay. The trickiest part was to procure boats. Chu-hsing and her women solved it. They walked into a nearby fishing village and purchased two sampans. No one batted an eye. No one asked any questions. They paddled the boats to the SACO hideout in broad daylight, under the noses of the Japanese most of the way.

Rosten explained his plan tersely. He intended to act at once. This would lessen chances of premature discovery and would avoid the moon, which began its quarter in two days. A large, fully loaded transport was anchored alone in the narrows at the entrance to the bay; only the smallest vessels could get by it. Immediately behind the transport was a freighter. If these two ships were sunk, they would block the ships behind for at least five days, possibly longer. Rosten picked them for targets and used the remaining hours till nightfall to

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memorize their projected courses through the bay.

The two sampans set out shortly after dark, Rosten and Li Chi Feng in the lead boat, Fein and a Chinese named Chien Po-chun following. In each sampan was a nine-pound demolition charge, with a time pencil inserted for a fuse, strung between a couple of bamboo floats on a long line. Rosten's sampan had a seven minute lead time—the estimated difference in sampan-distance between the transport and freighter barges. The bulks of the Japanese ships loomed like huge ghosts beside them as they rowed silently through the bay. It seemed to Rosten that they just had to be discovered, but they were not.

When the great shadow of the big transport rose up in front of him, dark black against the lighter black of the night sky, Rosten gave up his oar and concentrated on the demolition charge. Feng steered the sampan at right angles across the transport's stern, depending on the flow of the tide which ran at low ebb. Rosten released the first bamboo float on the transport's starboard, then the second. The floats drifted down toward the transport, the charge dangling low between them, while the sampan turned for home as fast as the two men could row.

SUDDENLY a tremendous explosion tore the night apart. There was a burst of orange flame from the freighter behind them and then a succession of smaller explosions. Waves of concussion rocked the sampan and almost threw Rosten and Feng into the sea, which now came alive with searchlights from the ships and the startled cries of Japanese sailors. Rosten and Feng fought the sampan to shore, expecting every minute an explosion from "their transport." But the transport remained invisible. When neither Fein nor his partner Po-chun, reappeared, Rosten realized that he had inadvertently led the team into disaster.

Fein's charges, as Rosten reconstructed it, had been dropped at the same time as Rosten's. They had drifted down to the freighter, as Rosten's were supposed to drift to the transport. But the time pencil, which was supposed to give the men time to get away, must have gone off ahead of time. Rosten did not give up hope for Fein and Po-chun for hours. But they did not return; they had plainly been caught in the premature blast. As for Rosten's target, the transport, either the fuse had failed or the charges had missed it clean.

The next morning, however, it appeared that Rosten had a second chance, if he wanted to take it. The freighter Fein and Po-chun had hit had carried munitions: it lay burned out and smoking, but not blocking the channel. The Japanese seemed to think the attack had come from an American submarine. Their destroyers chased around outside the bay in repeated search patterns all day, and a light cruiser moved into the breach in the narrows, directly in front of the transport Rosten had missed. The SACO party saw no activity on shore indicating that the Japanese suspected sabotage.

Rosten kept his group sitting all day. At about five o'clock in the afternoon, a heavy fog rolled in and Rosten decided to change his plans to take advantage of it. The fog lay close on the water by the time they got started that night. Getting the sampan into the right position represented quite a feat of navigation, with only Rosten's

pocket compass and the Jap ships they almost collided with a number of times for bearings. Nevertheless, Rosten decided that to close the channel properly he had to get the light cruiser and the heavy transport both. The fog gave him the opportunity.

Feng kept the fog-shrouded sampan steady only yards from the Japanese ships, while Rosten stripped, went over the side. These waters could be shark playgrounds, but Rosten couldn't waste time worrying about that. He made three trips from the sampan to the lightly-armed cruiser, diving each time to affix a nine-pound charge to the warship's rudder and screws. Moving on to the transport, he found cables over the side which permitted him to place the deadly charges in three separate places. Feng helped him back into the sampan and with his last strength, Rosten helped in the final effort to get them out of there. He had used up the last of their demolitions. There was no more help to be had.

The others were waiting for them ashore, and the sabotage party had started to move out—on Rosten's orders, "at once isn't fast enough"—when the first of the explosions came.

Bill Rosten was wounded in a fire fight with the Japanese on the way back to Amoy. The wound left him paralyzed. Li Chi Feng, who led the raiders back after they blasted their way out with the "grease guns," was at first afraid the lieutenant was dead. Rosten managed to blink his eyelids and heard Feng say, in Chinese: "He's alive." Paralyzed for the last six months of his Navy service, Rosten completed his recovery in the Naval hospital at Pearl Harbor.

The raid on the South China Jap staging area succeeded in blocking the bay. By the time the Japanese were able to move again, American carrier-based attack bombers and torpedo planes stalled them dead. The raid may just possibly have had a far greater effect—one of the "ifs" in the history of WWII. "If" the Jap reinforcements in that convoy had got to Rangoon on time . . . but they didn't. Rangoon fell, the end of a two-year campaign, only three hours before the monsoons came, which, the British acknowledged, would have forestalled victory there till the end of the summer.

So ended one of the most unusual stories of the war, that began with Lieutenant Bill Rosten's attempt to carry out the responsibilities for a command he took over on the edge of defeat. Bill Rosten, Harley Wilcoxon and, posthumously, George Fein were all decorated by their country for the services they performed. ♦♦♦

PHOTO CREDITS

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by **CARL ANDERSON**

(as compiled from official Government documents and scores of reports from the leading oil companies in the United States)

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Yes, it was while working in conjunction with the U.S. Navy on its jet and rocket research program that Naval Scientist W. T. Johns first unlocked the secret to his great new invention. For it was on engines such as this that Johns first discovered how to unleash the latent power in wasted hydro-carbon atoms . . . THE VERY SAME ATOMS FOUND IN ORDINARY GASOLINE . . . ATOMS THAT YOU CAN NOW UNLEASH INTO A NEW SOURCE OF ENERGY FOR YOUR CAR! For full details read the rest of this exciting breakthrough in automotive engineering.

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secretary and swiveled around to stare at me. "Yuh?"

"In Oliver Cannon, sir."
"Oh, yeah. Cannon. Sit down."

I sat.
Sweigert said, "Cannon, how would you like to take a flying trip to the South Pole?"

"Uh—literally?"
"Yes, goddammit, literally. You've heard of the Summit, haven't you?"
"Yes, sir," I said. "It's in the Antarctic. Way down there."

"Well, then."
"Uh, well . . . I have quite a heavy."

"Fine," said Harvey T. Sweigert. "Then it's settled. The Antarctic it is. Unless, of course, you have any reasonable objections." His eyes narrowed. "Have you? A man in your position can't afford to be too choosy, you know. We've been more than lenient with you, Cannon. So unless there's some awfully good reason, like for example you want to move on from Sage . . ."

"Oh, no, no," I said. "I'm dying to go to the Antarctic."

"That's the spirit," he said. "The Antarctic! The mysterious white waste! The International Geophysical Year! Science, exploration, the last frontier of adventure. Penguins, seals, Eskimos!"

"There aren't any Eskimos in the Antarctic," I said.
"What?" Sweigert frowned. "Well, never mind. All the better, perhaps. Anyway, a gold mine of stories. The readers of *Sage* are entitled to know how their tax money is being spent down there. Is religion on the increase? What are the Russians up to? By God, I envy you. Get in touch with the Navy. I understand they have flights all the time. If they don't, get them to charter a flight. Oh, and you'd better call your wife."

"I guess I better had," I agreed.
I called my wife. I tried to be casual: "This is Oliver Cannon, the Antarctic explorer."

"Hmnn? Who's this, Groucho Marx?"
"I said this is—never mind. They want me to go to the Antarctic. Where the South Pole is. You know, penguins?"

"What else is new?"
"I'm not kidding, honey. The Antarctic."

"You really mean it? The Antarctic? The South Pole? For how long? Will you be away for Christmas? What about our party? What about my birthday? Are you joking? Oh, Oliver, don't go!" And she commenced to cry.

"Now, honey," I said, blinking back the tears. "It won't be so bad. It'll only be for a couple of months."

"A couple of months? Oh, Oliver." And she began to weep again.

When Lee stopped crying the second time, she sniffled and said, "No, I'm being unfair. You go. It will be a fine experience. Adventure. Snow. Penguins. Eskimos."

"There are no Eskimos in the Antarctic," I said.

I left on a Sunday. Lee and I said our good-byes at nine o'clock. Four hours later it was two o'clock in the morning and I was in a Washington taxicab on my way out to Andrews Air Force Base.

I was the first passenger to arrive at the Military Air Transport Service terminal for the flight. Some Air Force clerks in snappy blue were playing poker off in a corner. I stretched out on a Leatherette sofa, but sleep was impossible because of the game.

Another taxi arrived, and another, and another, then a bus, then a taxi, then another bus. The room was filling with Navy men and writers. I gave up half of the sofa to a dark-haired chap of about my age hung over with cameras and also from liquor.

A black Cadillac limousine whispered to a stop outside the terminal. A uniformed chauffeur came in carrying two suitcases, followed by two Navy captains and a civilian.

"It's Representative Wilkes," my neighbor with the cameras said. "Good God. Good Old God. Waldo Wilkes."

A crowd of people formed around Representative Wilkes, and I edged over to hear what he was saying. He was a heavy man with a large backside and silver hair with a strong inclination to curl. His voice was theatrically resonant, with a touch of hoarseness that could have come from long speeches on the floor of the House or from long sessions with bottles of bourbon.

He was saying, "Not enough of our people, the people of my great state of Shawangunk, know enough about what is going on down there, down in that vast emptiness into which we are pouring millions of dollars. I am making this journey into the unknown, to the icy reaches of Antarctica, to see if we are doing the best job, sciencewise and strategywise. I shall be in the Antarctic for an entire week, or the better part of a week. I propose to visit McMurdo Sound, Little America, Byrd Station, the South Pole and possibly the Russian base at Mirny."

"That's a nice, comprehensive trip, Mr. Wilkes," someone said.

"Well, I owe it to the people of my state—to all the people," Wilkes said. "By the way, long as we're going to be shipmates, as it were, we might as well drop the formality. Call me Wally—for Waldo, you know, Waldo Middlebrook Wilkes."

"K., Wally," said a reporter from Chicago.

"Fine!" said Wilkes. "Is there a bar around here?"

In a little while we boarded our plane, a Navy Skymaster. The seats all faced the tail—except, presumably, those of the crew. I found myself sitting next to the dark-haired fellow with all the cameras.

"In Oliver Cannon," I said.
"Peter Santelli," he said. "Lens, Incorporated. Let's be best friends." We shook hands on it.

New Zealand was cool in October; the antipodal spring was on the land. Christchurch, on the South Island, was headquarters for the Navy's Operation Deep Freeze. We arrived at Harewood Airport on a Friday. There was a fluster of Immigration and Customs and greetings, and then a dapper little Navy commander approached Santelli and me.

"I'm Leslie Foliott, on the Admiral's staff. I'm actually public relations.

We'll get you to the hotel and get you squared away. ComNavSupFor is laying on a cocktail party for you boys at five."

"ComNavSupWhat?" I asked.
"ComNavSupFor," Foliott explained. "Commander Naval Support Forces, Antarctica. The Admiral. Where's your gear?"

Foliott led us to a Hillman parked on the field. A chief petty officer was at the wheel. On the way to town, Foliott gave us a briefing.

"You're at Fletcher's Hotel," he said. "You and Santelli will be sharing a room."

"Oh, goody," Santelli said. . . .
The Admiral's party that afternoon was well under way when Santelli and I got there. There were a great many Navy uniforms and many women. There were also many civilian-clad men wearing greenish-black suits, the uniform of the Commonwealth.

Foliott, holding a drink, introduced us to the Admiral, a big brown man with a handshake that could have trapped a wolf.

"Glad to have you aboard, gentlemen," he boomed.

"Glad to be aboard, Admiral," Santelli said.

"How about a drink?" the Admiral said. He steered us to the bar with a firm tiller hand, and we ordered scotch. "So you're from *Sage* Magazine," the Admiral said. "It's a good outfit, four-o. Read it myself." He turned to Santelli. "What's your outfit again, son?"

"Lens, Incorporated," Santelli said, sipping his drink.

"Oh, yes, of course. Well, we've got plenty of scenery for you down on the ice. Mountains, snow, penguins, scientific equipment, dedicated men—and of course the Navy. Operation Deep Freeze wouldn't be possible without the Navy, you understand."

"Oh, I realize that, sir," Santelli said. "There'll be plenty of things to photograph, I know. Incidentally, sir, I was wondering about br—women. There are no women on the ice, are there? I've never seen any pictures of women in the Antarctic. I was wondering, will there be any women down there this year? Women always jazz up a picture, and—"

AS Santelli said the word "women" the Admiral's face underwent an impressive color change from brown to magenta.

"Women? Women? On the Ice?" the Admiral roared. "Women? By God, there'll be no women while I'm ComNavSupFor. Too damned much trouble. You've got to buy them special heads, special sleeping quarters, special everything. Post guards."

The Admiral waved his brown hand. His face was slowly losing its purplish tint. "Let the Russians bring women down. They do it. But not me. Now let's talk about something else. How do you like Christchurch, gentlemen?"

A New Zealander in a greenish-black suit came over and the conversation turned to sheep. Santelli and I wandered off.

Foliott followed me. "Say, Cannon," he said, "there's a colleague of yours

here. I'll introduce you to him. His name is George Snell. Works for American News Service. You'll probably be seeing a lot of him, so you ought to meet him now."

He led me over to a corner where several people were talking. One of them was a hollow-cheeked man with a small mustache and eyes like an umlaut over the u of his nose. I disliked him instantly, and of course he turned out to be George Snell.

He grinned and said, "I see your pal stuck his foot in it with the Admiral. A wise guy. You work for Sage, huh? Listen, I'm very close to the Admiral. You just watch me, and I'll feed you all the stuff you need. No need to knock yourself out trying to compete with me. You'll only bollix up the works. O.K.?"

"Gee, thanks for the help, Mr. Snell," I said, "but I'd sort of rather try to get my own material. After all, Sage went to great expense to get me here, and I owe it to them. But I do appreciate your offer."

It was a bit too thick and Snell caught on. He shoved himself away from the wall. "All right, you wisecrack. I'm trying to help you, but you won't be helped."

I laughed and he walked away. Dear Mother: I have a new enemy at camp. His name is George Snell and we have got so much fun.

Santelli was deep in conversation with a beautiful red-haired girl. I went over to them. "Stop ignoring me," I complained.

"Oh, there you are, Oliver," Santelli said. "I was wondering what had happened to you, and all that. This marvelous wench is named Diana. Diana Grenville hyphen Wells. How do you like that? Grenville hyphen Wells. She works for one of the local papers. How do you like that? A beautiful New Zealand newspaper woman with a hyphen. Diana smiled. "I'm a sob sister, as I believe you Americans say."

"I believe that if we work it right," Santelli said, "we can get to take Diana to dinner. What do you say, Diana?"

"I promised to have dinner with my roommate," she said. "Perhaps we could make it for four. Shall I ring her up?" "Don't forget, I'm a married man," I said foolishly.

"Quite obviously you can't forget it," Diana said, and went off to telephone.

"Isn't she great?" Santelli said. "Wonderful."

"To Diana," Santelli said, raising his glass.

Diana came back. "It's all right. Tia will meet us at Negresco."

Diana drove us back to the center of town. We rode along Colombo Street, turned off on a side street and stopped at a sign that said "Negresco." We crawled out of Diana's little car and went up a flight of stairs and into a large room with tables grouped around a small dance floor. The place was very dashing and it smelled of mutton.

"I don't see Tia," Diana said, as we took a table. "Shall we order or wait for her?"

"Oh, let's wait a while," Santelli said. "We can dance first. Come on."

"Righto," Diana said. They went to the dance floor. I was nearly transported back to New York and a Greenwich Village boîte. Except for that penetrating mutton-grease smell.

Diana and Santelli came back to the table. As they sat, Diana said, "Oh, there's Tia," and waved.

Approaching us, walking with quick, supple grace, was a very beautiful girl.

Her hair was black and her skin was the color of freshly polished copper. As she came nearer, I saw that her eyes were the blue of the Pacific. She was a Maori; at any rate she had Maori blood. She was preposterously lovely, a Polynesian fantasy.

I stood up. Santelli did, too, so even he must have been impressed.

Diana said, "This is Oliver Cannon and Peter Santelli. This is Tiare Marshall."

"How do you do?" Tiare Marshall said.

"How do you do?" Peter Santelli said. "How do you do?" I said.

We sat down. I stared at Tiare Marshall.

She was, it transpired, an airline stewardess, flying between New Zealand and Australia. Her mother was a Maori and her father a pakeha—the Maori word for white man.

"Would you like to dance?" I asked her.

"Yeese," Tiare said. She stood up, her white dress smooth over her shapely, lean flanks.

She was a lovely, light dancer. "What do you do?" she asked.

"I'm a writer. I write for Sage. It's an American magazine. You've heard of it, of course."

"No. Are you married?"

"There are two answers to that question," I began.

"Yeese. You're married."

"Splendid." I was glad that I had told her I was married. It was honest; it was admirable. Through sheer honesty I should be permitted to possess this girl—assuming I wanted to.

The girls drove us to our hotel. I asked Tiare if I could see her the following evening. "Yeese, of course," she said. I kissed her cheek. Suddenly I felt homesick.

That next night Diana and Tiare and Santelli and I had dinner at a restaurant called Malando's and then went to a place called Leicester's Hotel. Leicester's Hotel was essentially a bar—really two bars, as a matter of fact—with some rooms upstairs. It was stuffed full of people, New Zealanders and Navy. Everyone was happy; everyone drank; everyone was in love with everyone else.

As I drank, Tiare became more lovely and more Polynesian. I smiled at her, stroked her hair and put my arm around her shoulder. Then someone was standing before us. George Snell. A vertical snake. A leer on feet. Trouble settled around us like a wet blanket. Snell spoke.

"Hey, Cannon. Introduce me to your gook girl friend."

I sat for a few seconds, and then the fighting began.

Snell was on the carpeted floor and I was on top of him. We rolled around insanely. I tried banging his head on the floor, but the carpet was too soft. Meanwhile he was trying to knee me in the groin.

Through my panting I heard someone say, "Here now, sir. Please don't do that, sir. Gentlemen, please. Don't do that." It was the manager of the bar.

Snell was now biting my arm and I was trying to gouge out his umlaut eyes. Someone tried to drag me off Snell. "Attaboy, Oliver," I heard Santelli say, and he hit whoever was trying to drag me off Snell. Now the Navy and the New Zealanders were joining the fight with joyous cries, not caring whom they hit. Somehow I lost Snell and was

fighting a complete stranger. Dimly I saw Santelli fighting with Violet, the barmaid. Then the lights went out. It was pitch black.

Then someone must have bashed me well and truly, for I saw a display of nonelectrical lights. Just before I passed out, I heard the manager's voice above the din. He was shouting, "Time, gentlemen, please."

It was morning when I woke up. Santelli was dressed and sitting in the big chair reading a newspaper. I groaned. "Oh, God."

"Ah, there," Santelli called cheerfully. "Good morning! How are this morning?"

"Awful."

"You were great last night," he said. "Leicester's will never be the same."

"I want to forget the whole thing and die somewhere."

"Oh, don't die yet," Santelli said, in the same maddeningly cheery tone.

"Not until you've read the paper, anyway."

He tossed the paper to me. It was folded at page three. I skipped over "Moa Bones Found in Marlborough," "Man Fined £5 for Dangerous Driving" and "Young Woman Assaulted." At last my eye caught the headline, "DISTURBANCE IN BAR INVOLVES AMERICAN JOURNALISTS."

I groaned. This was the end. Suppose the story had been put on the wire? I knew that one of the newspaper's reporters was also a "stringer" for a wire service. Suppose Lee saw the story? Suppose someone at Sage saw it?

"Suppose—" I said.

"Don't worry, old fruit," Santelli said. "I know what you're thinking. But Diana and I saw the boys at the paper this morning. They didn't put it on the wire. I understand the Admiral's a little peeved, though. He's very touchy about relations between the Kiwis and the Yanks."

"Oh, Lord," I said, falling back gently among the pillows. "Do you suppose he's going to bar me from the Antarctic?"

I was so drunk Tiare had to hold me up while Pete Santelli took off my shoes.





Instead of hauling me out of there, next thing I knew, they were taking pictures!

"I don't think so," Santelli said. "He's also touchy about his public relations. Needs the support of the press for those Deep Freeze appropriations."

"What about Tiare and Diana? Are they all right?"

"Oh, they're fine. They were mothering you all the way back to the hotel, but you were out cold. You made quite a picture, being carried into the hotel. I wish I'd had a camera with me."

"I must call Tiare."

"You can't. She's in Auckland and won't be back until tomorrow. Anyway, since you spent the night with her, I assume everything is copasetic between you, and—"

"What? Spent the night with her?

What the hell are you talking about?"

"Why, she stayed here with you, old fruit. Diana and I went back to her house, but Tiare insisted on looking after you. You avenged an affront to her, and she was grateful. How grateful only you can tell. I was sure you wouldn't mind. And Diana and I wanted to be together."

"But what happened? I don't remember a thing—not a thing. I slept like a log. Did we . . . did she . . . did we . . ."

"How would I know?" Santelli said, grinning. "All I can tell you is that I got back here at about six in the A.M. and found you and Tiare in a compromising position on the bed. In other words, both of you were lying on it. Or in it."

"Oh, Christ. Do you think we . . . we did anything? Can people, uh, make love and not remember it? My mind's a blank."

"WHAT difference does it make if you did anything if you can't remember? Guilt, my son, is only possible with memory."

"I—oh, God. And there's the Admiral, too. I'd better see the Admiral. As soon as my head, mouth and nose stop hurting."

"Oh, you'll see him. There's a briefing at the Brewery at thirteen hundred hours and our plane leaves for McMurdo this evening . . ."

Our wheels hit the ice runway of McMurdo at eight o'clock the next morning, kicking up a great white flurry, and the plane came to a stop. "Antarctica. I am here," I murmured. Like Lafayette, Antarctica did not answer.

A knot of parka-clad men surrounded the plane. They all had beards and they all looked like wild prophets in a frozen desert. As I extruded myself from the belly of the Globemaster, one of the prophets said, "Got any cigars?" He had icicles in his beard.

Tracked vehicles, painted orange and resembling midjet tanks, were parked on the ice with their engines running. Another bearded prophet approached Santelli and me and said he was the PIO for McMurdo. "Welcome to Antarctica," he said. "My name is Partridge, Lieutenant (jg). Which one of you is Mr. Wilkes?"

When I opened my mouth to deny being Wilkes a blast of freezing wind rushed into the vacuum, down my esophagus and into my lungs, which seemed to turn immediately into two blocks of ice. I wheezed for some long moments. Santelli answered for me, and pointed to Wilkes standing among his bags, like Ruth among the alien corn, looking as if he wished he were back in Fletcher's Hotel knocking back a quick one. I did not blame him.

"Say," I said, when my lungs had thawed out sufficiently to permit speech, "what's the temperature around here?"

"Oh, about twenty below," Partridge said. "Warming up a little. It's spring, you know." He crunched over to Wilkes and introduced himself. After we had milled around for another twenty minutes, Partridge bundled us into one of the little orange tanks, which he called a weasel.

The weasel struggled up an icy hill and into a tiny village of huts and small buildings and we stopped at one of them.

"This is Pressheim," Partridge said. "Your hotel."

Pressheim was what was known as a Jamesway hut, a half-cylinder of fabric stretched on a wooden frame. Inside

were bunks and on some of the bunks lay bearded figures. One of them sat up and jumped down from a top bunk.

"Welcome to Pressheim," he said. "I'm Norman Killbrugh of the London Daily Rape. This"—he indicated another figure that had sat up on a lower bunk—"is Mike Ransome."

"How do you do?" Ransome said. "Just came from Chichi, eh?" He leered. "Say something filthy."

"Don't mind him," Killbrugh said. "He's been here for three weeks and he thinks he's an Old Explorer. I've been here two months. Take off your parkas but keep your boots on."

"Why?" I asked innocently. "It's about sixty degrees at the level of your head and about thirty where your feet are. Odd thing about these Jamesways. You can sweat like the very devil in an upper bunk and almost freeze a can of beer on the floor."

"Grand," Santelli said.

Santelli and I stowed our gear away and went to breakfast at the mess hall. On the icy road under a cold blue sky, we passed a sign that read:

THESE ARE THE ONLY PLACES IN THIS PLACE
SO THIS MUST BE THE PLACE
We shuddered and crunched grimly past . . .

The outer door to the hut opened and slammed shut, and then the inner door opened and slammed shut. Some of the icy air got in anyway, and I pushed deeper into my sleeping bag.

With the icy air came a radioman with a message.

FM COMNAVSPUPFOR ANTARCTICA VIA

NAVCOMSTA SPAN

TO NAF MCMURDO

FOR CANNON SAGE CORRESPONDENT

MESSAGE FOLLOWS WHY WE NOT

HEARING EXYOU. FILE SOONEST WHAT

RUSSIANS DOING THERE AND HOW THEY

PLAN TAKEOVER ANTARCTIC. HOW

MUCH OIL ETGOLD DISCOVERED IN UN-

DOUBTED SECRET OPERATIONS. ALSO

WE WANT YOU TO HAVE EXCLUSIVE

ADVENTURES. P.S. HOW DO MEN GET

ALONG WITHOUT WOMEN.

SWEIGERT

I sat up in my sleeping bag. Mike Ransome was sitting on his bunk and sipping from a bottle of scotch I had brought. Santelli was out somewhere.

"Say, Mike," I said. "What are the Russians doing here and how they plan takeover Antarctic? Also, how much oil etgold discovered in undoubtedly secret operations?"

"What the bloody hell are you talking about, old boy?" Mike asked calmly. "The only Russians I know of are at Mirny, and that's about three thousand miles away as the Globemaster flies. Oh, yes, there's a Russian at Little America. He's an observer and a meteorologist.

Nice chap, they say. Goes about his business. I suppose he's also an MVD man. But nice enough chap. And as far as I know they don't plan to take over."

"Well, how about oil etgold?"

"If there's any oil or gold worth getting at, I'll eat a double portion of tonight's spaghetti."

"Well, then, how do men get along without women?"

"Doesn't bother me in the least, old boy," Mike said. "A man can put that sort of thing right out of his mind if he has to. Takes a bit of will power, but it can be done. I like a bit of fluff as well as the next man, but when I am deprived, I have an iron will. However . . ."

"Yes?"

"... there's an Adélie penguin somewhere out there to whom I may have to send money." He pulled at his bottle pleasantly and ducked smoothly when I threw a boot at his head.

A traverse party was out in the wastes of Marie Byrd Land, poking among crevasses, and I decided to join it, discover what the Russians were doing, find a vein of gold and a huge pool of oil and have an exclusive adventure. A ski plane was due to fly some supplies out from McMurdo.

I told Santelli I was going out to the traverse to look for oil and gold.

"Well, buddy boy," he said cheerfully, "I'll stay back here in the rear echelon for a spell, eating the steaks and making love to the girls." We had a drink in farwell, and then I stowed a bottle of scotch in my duffel bag, went outside and climbed into a waiting weasel. There I was surprised to find Representative Waldo Wilkes, bundled up like an olive-green Santa Claus.

"You going out on the traverse too?" I asked him. We bumped along Forestal Avenue and down toward the frozen Sound.

"No, no," Wilkes said. "I'm just going to fly out with the plane, have a look at the traverse and fly right back. Much as I'd like to, I haven't got time to stay with the party. I must get back to Washington soon, you know. We're holding hearings on this Antarctic business."

We climbed into the twin-engine DC-3, which the Navy called an R4D. Attached to it were monstrous skis. The plane took off with a jolting rattling assist from jet bottles on the underbelly. It was cold inside, and in flagrant violation of Navy rules, regulations and ordinances, Wilkes and I had a couple of assists from our own private jet-assisted-take-off bottles. After a while, I feel asleep.

When I awoke the plane appeared to be descending. Out of the window I saw a thin track in the snow below, and then three orange sparks which became the Sno-cats in which the expedition was traveling. We landed easily on the hard snow.

Half a dozen abominable snowmen tramped toward us as we jumped out into the bitter cold.

"Welcome to our city," one of them said, holding out a huge mitten. Wilkes and I held out our own huge mittens in return.

"We heard you were coming," said the snowman said. "I'm Joe Davis."

WILKES and I climbed into one of the Sno-cats for hot coffee. There were eight of us jammed into the Sno-cat, like Eskimos in an igloo. Well, at least Wilkes's broad behind would be gone soon.

How are things at home? the traverse party asked us. Fine, fine, we said. We're certainly honored to have you both, the traverse party said. We're certainly glad to be here, we lied.

"Well," Wilkes said, "I guess it's about time I got back to the plane. Hate to leave you boys. You're doing a fine job out here, a fine job."

Davis looked at him. "The plane? The plane has left," he said.

"The plane has left," Wilkes nodded. "The plane has left?"

"The plane has left," Davis looked puzzled. "It took off a few minutes ago. Didn't you notice? I thought you were going to stay here with Captain. That's what the pilot thought too, I guess. Didn't you plan to stay?"

Wilkes stood up wildly, then sat down

again abruptly, because in a Sno-cat you can't stand up straight. He had cracked his head on the low ceiling. "But . . . But . . . But . . . But I wasn't supposed . . . I have to get . . . The plane has left?"

"The plane has left." "I am a Congressman!" Wilkes shouted. "Of the United States Congress of America! I mean of the Congress of the United States of America!"

"And we can't do this to you," Davis said, sympathetically.

"Wilkes recovered a little. "When is he coming back?"

"Who?" Davis asked. "The pilot, you jerk."

"Oh, about a week, maybe a little more. You'll like it with us. You can bunk in the wanigan, where we cook. I've got an extra sleeping bag. . . ."

The days ran into each other imperceptibly as we bumped over the rough, icy plains to wherever we were going. Each day the six mad, bearded, dedicated, snow-covered early, dug pits in the ice, drilled holes, took gravity readings and indulged in other arcane pursuits.

One day, headed toward a range of mountains, we were stopped, literally in our tracks, by a crevasse field. The mountains—which were actually peaks poking out of the ice—appeared to be no more than five miles away.

"We've got to get some rock specimens," Davis said, "but we can't push the cats through these crevasses. We'll have to hike it. Tolmach and I will go. How about you, Oliver? How about you, Mr. Wilkes? Want to go along?"

"Through a crevasse field?" I asked. "Through a crevasse field?" Waldo Wilkes asked.

"Isn't it dangerous?" I asked. "Isn't it dangerous?" Wilkes asked.

"Oh, we'll get through," Davis assured us. "How about it?"

A few hours later we commenced the hike. We were bundled in our parkas and roped together. Wilkes and I, as the least experienced crevasse pickers and mountain climbers, were in the middle. As we crunched across the ice the wind slashed at us. In the distance reared the reddish-blue cliffs of the mountains. Davis kept poking a long steel rod into the ice ahead of him, probing for crevasses.

We were making good time across the ice and I was beginning to feel rather blasé about it all when a silly incident occurred. I fell into a crevasse.

I don't know how it happened. They say shock does that to one. One moment I was tramping confidently across the ice with Wilkes, Davis and Tolmach; the next moment I was hanging head down, staring into a bottomless blue grotto and wondering objectively how much weight the rope would hold.

From my upside-down position I could see that Waldo Wilkes, who was behind me on the rope, had been dragged part of the way down into the crevasse. I told me, but he had come to rest, his broad bottom wedged tight near the top.

I heard Wilkes say, "Hold on, boy! Hold on! We'll get you out of this!" There was nothing for me to hold onto, but I was grateful for the Congressman's concern. I was also grateful for his fine alert behind.

From aloft I heard cries from Davis and Tolmach. "Got her belayed?" I heard Davis gasp. Tolmach said he had been belayed. This meant, I knew, that they had the rope wound around their ice axes, which presumably were stuck firmly in the ice.

"Are you all O.K.?" Davis shouted down to us.

"So far so good," I shouted back.

"I can see him," Wilkes called. "He seems to be all right."

"Fine," Davis said. "Hold on a minute." I heard talk between him and Tolmach, but I could not make out what they were saying. In a few minutes, however, I saw both their heads look cautiously into the crevasse. They seemed a long way up. Then two cameras appeared at the crevasse's edge and there was a series of clicks and flashes. They were taking pictures!

"Hey, what the hell's going on?" I shouted. The clicks continued.

"All right," I heard Davis say. "We've got enough. Let's get them out of there."

ALL at once Wilkes began to ascend the side of the crevasse, like a fakir on an Indian rope. As the rope moved, I began to revolve slowly, like a roasting pig. I kept going round and round, seeing now bottomless pit, now side of crevasse, now Wilke's behind, now a small spot of light above. At long length Wilkes reached the top, and I could hear him scuffling out on the ice. I stopped revolving. For a few minutes nothing happened. Then Wilkes added his considerable weight to the pulling force above and I felt myself being hauled upward.

After they hauled me out, we all lay gasping on the ice like beached fish. Finally I lifted my head feebly and said to Davis, "What was all that picture-taking about?"

He raised his head and looked at me. "I have a commitment to the *National Geographic* and Tolmach has one to *Scientific American* for pictures of the expedition. What'd you expect us to do?"

"Oh, sorry," I said. . . .

In spite of everything, I was grateful to them for rescuing me at all, and I said so. They thanked me for the great pictures I had provided, and I thanked Waldo Wilkes, whose tremendous bulk now appealed to me.

"Hell, boy," Wilkes said. "Wasn't anything." He was smiling. He was happier, as a matter of fact, than I had ever seen him. He had saved my life, and it would make a marvelous story in Washington and among his constituency.

It was time for the big orange bird to come and pick up Wilkes and me and take us back to McMurdo Sound. Back at McMurdo, I typed up a story on Waldo Wilkes's heroism in the white desert and sent it off to Sage. . . .

My next move was to go to Little America, where there was a Russian. What are the Russians up to? Swiebert wanted to know. Aside from the Russian at Little America, the nearest Slavs were perhaps three thousand miles away, on the other side of Antarctica. One Russian being much like another Russian, I reasoned that I might as well go to Little A, which was only four hundred miles away and accessible by ship and plane.

I told Santelli I would see him when I saw him, and departed.

Little America sat on the Ross Ice Shelf, which was a vast blue-white protrusion, floating on water, of the Antarctic ice-cap. It was a beautiful day when I climbed down a Jacob's ladder from an icebreaker onto the ice of Kainan Bay. Two or three golden-breasted Emperor penguins stood, gawking at me and skua gulls wheeled in the bright blue sky.

On hand to welcome me, the Press, was an odd-looking young man wearing Dundreary side whiskers, the customary parka and heavy trousers and boots. On his head was a red and black tam-o'-shanter with a pompon.

"Hi," said the tam wearer. "I'm Yeoman Livingston, the PIO. I'll show you your quarters." We bumped along in a weasel up a trail past an ice airstrip and a couple of orange-tailed R4D's. At length Livingston said, a note of pride in his voice. "Well, this is it." He waved a mittened hand.

"This is what?" I said. All I could see were a couple of structures that looked like radio transmitters and something resembling an oil derrick poking its top from a silver-colored tent. My head swiveled. An oil derrick! Could this be? Was it possible that in his monstrous ignorance Sweigert had stumbled on the truth?

"This is it," Livingston repeated. "Where's the base?" I asked. "Where do we sleep? Where do we eat?"

He pointed and I saw an entrance to what appeared to be a tunnel.

"It's all underground. I mean under-snow," Livingston said. We jumped from the weasel and crunched down a slope to the tunnel. Inside, it was lined with ice stalagmites.

"You'll be living in the torture chamber," Livingston said casually.

I was seized with apprehension. "Why's it called that?"

"You'll see."

The room was an enclave in a larger room. The larger room contained a player piano, a ping-pong table and a pool table. It was, as I discovered, the center of Little America's night life, not to mention day life.

The smaller room, where I was to sleep, contained four bunks, a table, and no room for anything else. I was dead tired and stretched out on a bottom bunk.

DUM DEE DEE DUM, DEE DEE DEE DEE DUM DEE DEE DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DEE DUM DEE DEE DUM! I came out of my sleep bolt upright to the loudest music I had ever heard. Then I heard more loud music and, very suddenly, loud voices. The sound seemed to be coming from the other side of the wall at my head.

I stood it as long as I could. Then I got up, put on my parka over my long drawers, and opened the door to light, sound and beer fumes.

"Hey, you guys," I shouted over the din. "I'm trying to get some sleep. Can't you hold it down out here?"

Eyes turned toward me. The sailor who had been pumping the player piano stopped pumping.

"Well, I'll be a sum bitch," someone said. "Who's that tender little fella?"

"Aw, hell, he's another iggy."

"No, he's not, he's that correspondent that come in today."

"Same thing, ain't it? Anyone's not in this man's Navy's an iggy."

"What's an iggy?" I asked interestedly.

"An iggy's one of you I.G.Y. jokers," someone said. "International Geosomething Year, whatever the hell it is."

"Geophysical Year," I said, with dignity. "In any event, I'm not an iggy, but I'd appreciate some quiet. I'm dead tired."

"This tender lil fella's dead tard," a Southern voice said. "Well, what do you know?"

"He's just a bundle of nerves," another voice said.

"Ah reckon he needs a steam bath fo' his nerves," the Southerner said.

"Yay, a steam bath," someone agreed. "Take him to the steam bath."

The next thing I knew I was being carried bodily down a corridor. I felt the way the French aristocrats felt as they were carried off in tubs to the guillotine. I had no idea what my captors meant by a steam bath; I did not doubt, however, that "steam bath" was a euphemism for some dreadful form of Antarctic hazing. In a sense, I was right.

They opened a door and bore me inside. It was, to my surprise, a real steam bath—a sauna, with tiers of wooden benches. The higher you sat the hotter you became. I was stripped of my parka, boots and long johns and placed unceremoniously—and naked—on a bench while one of my tormentors threw water on a brazier to hot the place up. Then they withdrew outside.

WELL, I thought, this isn't half bad. If this is hazing, give me more of it. A steam bath in the Antarctic! Well, well. Think of it. I thought of it, slyly.

For about ten minutes I sprawled languorously in the bath, thinking voluptuously and lecherous thoughts about Lee, Tiare, Sophia Loren, Brigitte Bardot, etc. Then abruptly the door was flung open and my peasant executioners stormed in. They lifted me again, bore me out the door and carried me, like a flounder on a tray, through another passageway close by.

Suddenly I became aware of intense light and even more intense cold. I was outdoors. In my bare skin.

"Hey, wait," I yelled.

"Wait hell!"

"But I haven't got my sunglasses."

"Tough." They flung me down into the snow and rolled me around as if they were making a snowman. It was

excruciatingly, exquisitely cold, particularly after my nice, warm, sybaritic steam bath. They rolled me over and over. It was so cold it was like fire.

After what seemed hours they picked me up and carried me back into the steam room, where I collapsed on the lower benches. The mob disappeared, and I lay face down on the bench in a semicomatose.

When I regained my breath, composure and circulation, I wearily pulled on my clothes and staggered back to the recreation hall.

The boys were back at their fun and games.

"Well, here's our tender little fella," one of them said. "How'd you like it?"

I waved weakly, determined to be a good fellow. God knows why. "Fine," I said. "It's a good thing I have a heart like a lion."

"Aw, hell, iggy, we all do that. We're members of the Two-Fifty Club." "Congratulations," I said. "What's the Two-Fifty Club?"

"Well, see, the temperature in the steam bath is about two hundred and forty degrees and outside it's minus ten," a big shock-headed, red-bearded type said amiably. "You have to get a spread of two hundred and fifty degrees to qualify. If it was thirty below outside you'd be way past the limit, but as it was, you just managed to git under the wire."

Since I was still trying desperately to follow Sweigert's instructions to find out about oil and gold—possibly bringing in a gusher—and discover what the Russians were up to in the Antarctic, I asked about the derrick I had seen my first day at Little America. Livingston, the PIO with the tam-o'-shanter, giggled.

"No gold that I know of, buster," he informed me. "And that rig you saw is drilling for ice cores."

"No oil?"

"No oil."

I shrugged. That left the Russians. The only Russian for several thousand miles around was the Russian observer at Little A. His name was Mikhail Drozhensky. He was half of the exchange arrangement worked out between the Russians and the Americans to put a Russian scientific observer at Little America and an American observer at the Russian base at Mirny.

Before I realized what was up, they had me outside and heaved me into the snow.



Drozhenky was a small, bald, bespectacled man whose habitual dress was a fur hat, a sweater, heavy riding breeches and Russian boots. No doubt, as Mike Ransome had told me at McMurdo, Drozhenky was an MVD man, or, at the very least, a loyal party member. However, having spent the entire winter at Little America, Mikhail had absorbed a good deal of American and Navy slang, which fell richly accented from his bearded lips.

"I terribly hungry," he would say, after a few hours at his meteorological instruments. "I wander what is for chow tonight. I hope we not goink to kev spaghetti again. I tell you, is drivink me apesheet, spaghetti."

Mikhail never discussed politics with his fellow scientists. It was a tacit agreement. They might fly into rages over low-pressure systems, but they eschewed political systems.

One night—or rather, one morning, for by now he had taken staying up all night and going to bed after the six a.m. movie. I was lying in my bunk trying to sleep. Suddenly a brilliant idea came streaking into my head.

The idea, simple yet breathtaking, as all great ideas are, was that I would persuade Mikhail Drozhenky to seek asylum in the West. To defect. To come over to our side. Think of it, I said to myself, and to posterity. The southernmost defection in the history of American-Soviet relations. Granted there had been more important defections—but none in the Antarctic. It would be like a defection on the moon. God knew the Antarctic landscape looked like the moon.

The irrepressible, fun-loving scientists had nicknamed Drozhenky "Mickey." I spent more time with him. I evinced interest in his work, which I did not comprehend in the slightest degree. I managed to sit next to or across from him at nearly every meal. I was earnest, quiet American. Finally I talked about life in the United States—its freedom, its energy, its direction, its peaceful intentions.

"We kev all dis tings," Drozhenky said, without looking up from his weather map with its twisting lines and little arrows. "Wad for I need United States? Besides, you givink kout bum dope. Is freedom? Is peace? Wad about your lynchings? Wad about your unemployment? Wad about your kaptalists? Wad about Wull Street?"

"Well, wad about Wull Street; I mean, what about Wall Street?"

MICKEY looked at me with interest. He leaned closer to me. "Tell me," he said, "where is Wull Street?"

"In New York."

"I know, I know is in New York. Where in New York?"

"Well," I said, "you know where Broad Street is? Wall Street is just Mickey looking at me slyly and nudged me with the ribs with his elbow. 'You got Broad Street? I know dis word. Minus bad gori. You got whole street for bad gori...?'"

"Why don't you try defecting in easy stages?" I asked Mickey one day. "You don't have to embrace the United States. Go to New Zealand. Or Australia. Some of them don't even like Americans. New Zealand first, though. Lovely girls, fine climate. Skiing, fishing. Then Australia, more lovely girls, a real frontier country. You can raise sheep."

"Russia frontier country too," Mikhail said, turning the pages of the *Saturday Evening Post* of December 4, 1951.

"Then the United States, if you like," I continued. "New York. San Francisco. Chicago. A trip to Hollywood, perhaps, or a visit to Beverly Hills, home of the stars."

Mikhail looked up. "Kollywood? You kev been to Kollywood?" His brown eyes became more interested. "You know Elizabeth Taylor?"

"No," I admitted.

He turned the corners of his mouth down, shrugged and returned to the *Saturday Evening Post*.

The next day the Admiral arrived at Little America by ski plane, bringing with him Santelli, a covey of psychologists and Snell with his unlamented eyes and detestable behavior.

There were three psychologists. They were from some university or other and their introduction to life at Little America was exciting, if misleading. As it happened, I and some other members of the Two-Fifty Club were relaxing in the steam bath when the R4D arrived. By this time I had become as injured as the others to the rigors of the bath, and so when word was passed that the plane had arrived, we ran naked from the steam bath to the out-of-doors to greet the newcomers. I suppose it was something of a spectacle—five naked, bearded men leaping toward the arrivals, heedless of the sub-freezing temperature.

"Good God, Admiral," one of the psychologists cried, "what's wrong with these men?"

As the Admiral tried to explain, I took a notion to commence barking. Soon the other members of the Two-Fifty Club were barking with me. The psychologists blanched as we capered about on the ice, barking. After a minute, the cold beginning to get to us, we headed back for the steam bath, barking all the way.

I learned later that the psychologists immediately whipped out their notebooks and began writing furiously. Nothing the Admiral said could convince them that they had not witnessed an Antarctic syndrome. In a way, I suppose, they had.

Santelli and I greeted each other warmly, with the usual rough, manly obscenities, and Snell and I nodded coldly. We were in the torture chamber. "Which is my bunk?" Snell asked.

"Anyone except mine," I said. Snell tossed a duffel bag onto one of the four bunks in the tiny room and went out. Santelli sat at a small table, made call for coffee and afterward I showed him around Little America as if I owned stock in it.

"Well, what have you been up to, old fruit?" Santelli asked while he shot pictures of the ice stalagmites in the dripping corridor. I took him into the library-chapel, empty as usual, and told him about my attempts to subvert Mikhail Drozhenky.

"Great idea, great," Santelli said. "Let me show you when it happens. I'll make some shots of him saluting or taking the Pledge of Allegiance or whatever they do when they defect. What other attractions do you have here in Little America? Where's the casino?"

I took Santelli back to the recreation room and played him pool for a thousand dollars a game. After three games I owed him three thousand dollars.

The public address speaker squawked suddenly.

"Now Mr. Cannon. Mr. Cannon. The Admiral requests your presence in his quarters immediately."

I looked at Santelli. He said, "I'll go

with you. It sounds like a chewing, and pictures of a man without an ass are rare. I wonder what you've done now."

"I wonder," I said. We went to the room provided for flag officers. Snell was there, and a little smile sat on his dishonest face.

"You wanted to see me, Admiral?" I said, unnecessarily.

The Admiral looked at me balefully. "I do. What's this about you pestering Mr. Drozhenky?"

"Pestering Mr. Drozhenky?" I added, "sir?"

"Yes, pestering him. Bugging him. To use a phrase. Mr. Snell says he was talking to him, and that he told Mr. Snell he didn't want to talk to any more reporters. Said he'd had enough trouble with you, trying to persuade him to defect, bothering him when he was trying to work. Mr. Snell was kind enough to report this outrageous behavior to me."

"Mr. Snell is a kind fellow," I said.

"He's a love."

"Well, what about it, Mr. Cannon?" the Admiral growled.

"Why, Admiral, sir," I said. "I simply described to Mr. Drozhenky, or Mickey, as I call him, the glories of our way of life in the Western world. I told him about its beauties and its opportunities."

"Its rocks and rills," Santelli murmured.

"Its templed hills," I continued.

"You didn't, to use a colloquialism, try to persuade him to take a runout powder and not go back to his native soil?" the Admiral inquired.

"Well, not exactly in those words, Admiral. I thought after a little counterindocination, so to speak, he might make the decision himself. I thought it might make a good story."

"Ah ha! So that's it. You were after a story. If you can't find one legitimately, then make one, is that it?" I could see Snell grinning in the background. "This is a scientific effort, Mr. Cannon, not a goddam intrigue cove. Now, you stop pestering Mr. Drozhenky and let him do his work. Do you read me?"

I nodded contritely. Snell grinned...

TO COMNAV SUPFOR ANTARCTICA
VIA NAVCOMSTA BALBOA
TO NAF MCMURDO
FOR CANNON LITTLE AMERICA
COMPETITION SAYS YOU TRIED UPOOK
FAKE STORY RED. WHAT'S ONGOING.
SAFE RESPECTABLE BOOK ABOVE SUCH TRICKS.
REPLY TO ME IMMEDIATELY. CHECK THIS ALSO
OIL ETGOLD. YOUR STORY WILKES ON
TRAVERSE RECEIVED. UNBAD YARN. DON'T
FORGET OIL ETGOLD

SWEIGERT

"Unbad yarn," I muttered. "Unbad yarn. Why couldn't he have simply said 'good yarn' instead of 'unbad yarn'?"

"Too easy," Santelli said.

"Sweigert still wants oil etgold," I said. "He also thinks Mickey is a spy."

"Well, who isn't?"

"I've got to file another story."

"O.K., file another story."

"But what?"

"How about a science story? After all, that's what this deal is all about, right?"

"Right," I said.

I went to the room that housed the scientific headquarters at Little America. The man in charge was big, bald and bearded. He had rigged an elaborate high-fidelity system in the room, and he was sitting and drawing on a pipe and waving his hands to a Brahms concerto when I entered. He looked at

me as if I were a smudge on a sheet of graph paper.

I waited for him to say something. When he said nothing, I cleared my throat and told him I wanted to do a science story. He looked at me for a moment.

"Which discipline?" he inquired finally, removing the pipe from his bearded lips.

"Which what?"

"Which discipline? Glaciology, meteorology, geology, ichthyology, ornithology, Upper atmosphere?"

"Which would you suggest?"

"Hmmm. I'd say most of them are too advanced for the limited mentality of a reporter. Let's see. There must be something you might barely comprehend. . . . How about seals? I think one of our boys is studying seals out on the bay ice. Habits, feeding, temperature, and so on."

"Temperature?"

"Yes. As a matter of fact it might be interesting, even to you. He's going to try to take the temperature of a seal."

"But how? I mean, how do you get a seal to keep a thermometer in its mouth for three minutes?"

"You don't, stupid. He's going to take it rectally."

"Rectally? A seal? This I've got to see."

"All right." He sighed and grimaced. "I'll find out when he's going to try it." He cranked a field telephone and asked for one Harry Kalbfus. "Harry? You going to work with the seals this afternoon? The reason I ask, one of these reporters wants to watch you work. I'm against it, but you know we have orders . . . You need a helper anyway? Fine, Harry. He'll meet you at thirteen hundred. . . ."

I met Harry Kalbfus at the appointed place and hour. He looked completely normal to me, so I took the chance and asked him why he wanted to take the rectal temperature of a seal.

Harry stared at me. Then he said, "All I can say is what Mallory said when they asked him why he wanted to climb the mountain."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Because it's there.'"

"You want to take the rectal temperature of a seal because it's there?" I asked.

"No, no, no," Harry looked disapprovingly at me. "But we may be able to learn something. The seals out there are in the wild state. I've searched the literature and I don't believe the temperature of a seal has ever been taken in the wild state."

"I'll bet not," I said.

THE Ross Ice Shelf reared white and stark from the sea. In a weasel we bumped out to the bay ice where some gray and brown shapes lay bulkily like businessmen at Miami Beach.

Harry Kalbfus unshipped his tools, which consisted of a long thermometer and some bits of fish. "Now this is what we do," he said, like a white hunter explaining to a neophyte how they were going to go in after the lion. "You can help me. We approach a likely seal quietly. We crawl toward him very slowly. We're seals ourselves, see? I wish we had some seal blubber to smear ourselves with."

"I don't," I said.

Harry lay down on the ice, and reluctantly I followed suit.

"All right," Harry whispered. "Let's move forward. Slowly. Quietly. We're seals. Think seal. Act seal."

Trying to act seal, I wriggled along, using my flippers for extra propulsion. Soon I was really thinking seal, for all at once I experienced a terrible desire to bite Harry on the leg. I mastered myself, however, and we inched along the ice toward the group.

One of the seals lay a bit apart from the others, and we squirmed toward it. As we drew close the seal raised its head, looking at us. Slowly I held up a bit of fish. The seal lurched toward me, and Harry began to circle it for a rearward approach. Other seals were watching the *pas de trois* but saying nothing. As Harry came closer to his objective, I raised my gloved, fish-holding hand above the seal's head. While the seal strained upward for the fish Harry reached a hand out. His other hand held the thermometer.

Suddenly a surprised bark issued from my end of the seal; Harry had apparently struck home. But if he had expected the animal to hold still for the required four or five minutes, he was greatly underestimating its annoyance threshold. The seal leaped forward, knocking Harry down and wriggled at a furious speed toward its hole in the ice. "Hold him! Hold him!" Harry shouted. "He's got my thermometer!"

I stretched out a hand to try to stop the seal in his mad progress toward safety from Dr. Kalbfus. I caught his tail, but it is virtually impossible for an ordinary, soft-living, half-educated human being to hold onto a seven-hundred-pound seal. He, or she, or it poured itself down the hole carrying, willily, Harry's thermometer.

I stretched up on the ice, looking like a baby whose rattle has been taken from him. "What am I going to do now?" he said after a long silence. "I don't have any more thermometers."

"Well, that's the science biz," I comforted him. "Anyway, you can still take his temperature."

"How?"

"Feel his forehead. That's what Mummy used to do."

Harry glared at me. I was being disrespectful of science.

The incident was over for me, but I found out later that Harry went back to the bay ice every day to look for the seal that had his thermometer. In the nature of things, I find it hard to believe that the seal kept Harry's thermometer for very long, but Harry searched the ice for it day after day. So far as I know, he never found it, and the world is still awaiting a paper on the rectal temperature of a seal in the wild state. . . .

We were back at McMurdo, settled in at Presshead when I remembered that Santelli had hinted to me that he had a great idea for a picture story if he could only convince the Admiral. The flap at Little America had driven it out of my head, but now I asked him what it was all about. We were in the generator house, washing out a few things in the old beat-up washing machines. The generator house, which kept McMurdo alive, made a good deal of noise. For this reason it was the ideal place to talk privately.

Santelli lit a cigarette, gazed indifferently at his long drawers swirling around in the washing machine, and smiled. "I don't want your patron and admirer, Snell, to get wind of this before it's all set, in case he crabs the act," he said. "Of course, he'll have to know about it sooner or later, but better later than sooner, as La Rochefoucauld used to say."

"Come on, Santelli, tell me what the hell it's all about."

"Patience, my son." He raised a benedictive hand. "I will tell you. We are going to convince the Admiral that it would be a good idea if he were to permit a commercial aircraft to bring a load of people down here and then fly right back."

"That's great," I said. "A brilliant stroke. So what?"

"A moment, dear boy," Santelli said. "I can see you haven't grasped the whole, the true, the overall picture. You're disappointed in me. But listen. . . ."

"I'm listening."

"What does the glorious phrase 'commercial plane' signify to you?"

"Money, for one thing. But I don't."

"Very good, very good indeed. What else?"

"What else? Well, let's see. Uh, comfortable seats. No parachutes. No smoking. This is your captain speaking. Fasten seat belt. Coffee, tea or milk, sir. . . ."

AHA! Exactly! Coffee, tea or milk, sir! You're getting warm, mighty warm. And now, sir, I pronounce these five words trippingly on the tongue?"

"Who? Stewardesses, I guess."

"Right! Stewardesses. And what are stewardesses?"

"People?"

"Yes, people, but what else? Come on, boy, don't stop now."

"Girls?"

"Right again! Girls! Wenches! Dames! BROADS! Precisely! Girls!"

The Admiral was having coffee when we entered Flag Quarters.

"Well, gentlemen," the Admiral said. He looked at me amiably enough. One thing about the Admiral, he did not bear grudges. "What's on your minds?"

Santelli sat down and put his hands on the table. "Admiral," he said, "I'm going to be brutally frank with you. Frankly, Admiral, Operation Deep Freeze is not selling."

The Admiral set his cup down hard. "Not selling? What the blazes do you mean, not selling?"

"I mean in the battle for men's minds, sir. Not selling in the battle for men's minds."

"Why, goddam it, Mr. Santelli, are you off your rocker, to use the vernacular? What has Operation Deep Freeze got to do with the battle for men's minds? This is a scientific expedition. Are you starting trouble with Mr. Drozhensky again?"

"No, no, Admiral," Santelli said. "But you said this is a scientific expedition. Exactly. We're down here fighting the battle of science. For the Free World, for Mom's apple pie, for the right to boo the Dodgers, for office parties for the sound of screen doors slamming in the summer."

The Admiral looked confused. I didn't blame him. "Screen doors slamming in the summer?"

"Is there any sound more American than screen doors slamming in the summer?" Santelli turned to me. "Is there, Oliver?"

"I thought for a moment, and then shook my head."

Santelli turned back to the Admiral, sincerity in his brown eyes. "There, you see, sir? Even Cannon agrees with me. Not that that's much of a recommendation, of course, but you have to use the material at hand. . . . Anyway, this operation, as I see it, needs a shot in the arm, to use a phrase, begging your pardon, Admiral. We need some favorable notices after the lousy publicity



We were crawling around on the ice, barking, as the psychologists got off the plane.

Cannon here has brought down on us." "I certainly agree with you there," the Admiral said, shooting a frosty look at me. "But what do you propose to do to give us a shot in the arm, to use a phrase?"

Santelli sighed deeply. "I don't know, sir. I don't know. I thought we might kick a few ideas around. I thought we might fire a couple of salvos for effect and see what we hit."

Santelli sat, the very picture of thought, pulling at his beard. The Admiral smoked a cigarette, his blue eyes squinting with concentration. I sat quietly, looking at a map of Antarctica on the wall behind the Admiral.

Santelli sat up straight. "How about if we—," he began.

We leaned forward. "No," he said. We leaned back. We thought some more.

"Suppose we—" Santelli began.

Again we leaned forward.

"No, that's not it," he said. We leaned back. I was surprised that Santelli would stoop to such obvious tactics, but evidently he knew his man. The Admiral was eating it up. We thought some more.

Then Santelli, who had been staring at the table, began slowly to raise his head. On his face was a look as of a mystical experience.

"I think . . . I've . . . I . . . think . . . I've . . . got it," Santelli said haltingly, as if nearly overcome. "I really . . . think . . . I've got it." His voice became strong and triumphant. "*Holy Moses, I've got it!*"

By this time the Admiral was beside himself. "For God's sake, what is it? he roared. "Tell me, goddam it, sir!"

Santelli's face was alight as he leaned forward. "Suppose," he said very quietly, "suppose we charter a commercial airplane to bring down a load of replacements, and suppose that plane carries ordinary, regular, female stewardesses . . ."

Some thirty yards away, in the sick bay hut, Dr. Jonas Prettybone heard an unusual noise. He cocked his head and listened for a moment, frowning, and then shrugged. "Probably one of

those seals barking," he said to a hospital corpsman. "Wonder what it'd be doing so close?" He went back to painting a Seabee's throat with Merthiolate.

"Admiral, it would only be for a few hours—maybe not more than an hour, even," Santelli said. "And think of the drama of it . . .!"

Dr. Prettybone stroked his luxuriant soft golden beard, which, next to his medical degree, was his pride. "Maybe it isn't a seal," he said. "Now it sounds more like a lion."

"Admiral," Santelli said hoarsely, "I know how you feel about this, but I assure you it'll be for the greater good of Deep Freeze. Marvelous public relations, space in every newspaper in the Free World. I'll personally vouch for the safety and well-being of the girls . . ."

In the communications shack, Lieutenant (jg) Jeremy Gilfillan said to a radioman, "I don't know what it is, but it's not coming from our equipment. Sounds more like a Sno-cat with a bad transmission."

"Admiral, you won't regret this decision. Thank you, sir, thank you . . ."

In sick bay Dr. Prettybone said, "I don't hear it any more." In the communications shack Lieutenant Gilfillan said, "I don't hear it any more." They resumed their business.

THE day of the arrival of two women, 44 men and the airplane carrying them dawned brightly. This is a figure of speech, of course; the sun at this season remained in the sky twenty-four hours a day, and the day did not dawn at all. It had been a brightly shining day all night.

I had received a letter from Santelli, in New Zealand with the Admiral to set up the charter, by way of a Navy plane that had flown in a load of mail from Christchurch.

Dear old fruit:

Christchurch is as lovely as ever, and so are Diana and Tiare, who are flipping over the coming trip. Everything has been arranged, and with surprisingly little trouble. The power of the press is impressive and disgraceful. We have had no

trouble in signing Tiare on as a bona fide stewardess and Diana as a fake one. In the short time the plane will be on the ice, there will be many interesting activities. I am hoping Diana and I can slip off somewhere for a half-hour and establish a record for the most southerly dalliance in history. How about that? Love at eighty degrees south latitude. Keep a light in the window."

There were two other arrivals before the females showed up. One was Snell, back from Byrd Station. The other was Mikhail Drozhensky, whose year at Little America was up and who had come to await transportation back to the steppes. Neither of them would talk to me.

The plane was scheduled to arrive at 0800. At 0600 a large crowd of enthusiastic well-wishers were on the airstrip. A twenty-knot wind was blowing and the temperature was below zero, but these conditions did not daunt the men. At last a dot in the sky appeared from the north. The dot became an airplane, and a great, frosty cheer went up. The plane banked over the Sound, and in a few minutes landed in a flurry of snow and taxied up to the waiting throng.

The door opened. The first person out was the Admiral. He was smiling, but he looked nervous. The second person out was Santelli. He was smiling and looked anything but nervous. The third and fourth were Diana Grenville-Wells and Tiare Marshall. Then came Foliott and the other passengers, but no one paid any attention to them or to the plane's crew.

My heart pounded when I saw Tiare's tawny, full-lipped face framed by a fur-trimmed parka hood. Like the other passengers, both girls were in full cold-weather uniform, which effectively masked their figures.

"Damn!" said a Seabee near me. "You can't hardly tell they're girls."

"What'd you expect, you dumb son of a bitch," someone else said, "bathing suits?"

Everyone was snapping pictures of the girls as they stepped down from the plane. Tiare looked directly at me and then looked away, apparently without recognition. Then she looked back to me, broke into a smile and waved. A moment later Santelli sauntered over and gestured grandly toward the girls.

"Well, we did it," he said.

The Admiral made a speech. Then the girls were bundled into a weasel and taken on a tour of the base. The vehicle was pursued enthusiastically by the crowd.

For the short time the plane was scheduled to remain at McMurdo before heading back to Christchurch, Chaplain O'Meara, who doubled as recreation officer, had organized a dance in the enlisted men's recreation hut.

Diana and Tiare danced and danced, with officer and enlisted man alike. Cutting in was what might be called rife. I managed one brief fling with Tiare before a fat cook cut in.

Santelli, who had been frantically shooting pictures, came over to the stag line where I was standing. We stood for a while and watched. Then Santelli said, "Oliver, we've got to do something. There are only a couple of hours left before they take off again. The plane is being refueled now."

"What can we do?" I said. "If we try to take them out of here we'll be lynched."

"Love will find a way," Santelli said. He moved through the crush to the Admiral and whispered in his ear. The Admiral listened, then nodded.

In a few minutes the Admiral called for silence and announced that the dance was now over, since the guests of honor must now be interviewed by the correspondents. There was some grumbling. Still, the Admiral was the Admiral, and what he said went. The interview was to take place in the Admiral's quarters.

The interview got under way with a question from Snell. "Wudda you think of American men?" he asked for his world-wide wire service.

Tiare ignored him, so Diana took the ball. "I think," she said, "that they are among the kindest, most refreshing and most intelligent men in the world. Except for you."

That stopped Snell. The man from the New York Times asked their opinion of the World Bank.

"We love it," Diana said. Then, since she was a newspaper woman herself, she commenced to interview the correspondents, which threw the whole news conference into confusion. Under cover of the confusion, Diana and Tiare, by prearrangement with Santelli, excused themselves and went to the Admiral's john. From the Admiral's john there was a rear exit; in no time at all, Tiare, Diana, Santelli and I were behind the hut, where there sat a weasel, its engine running.

Santelli boosted Diana into the machine. Tiare followed, and then Santelli and I climbed in. In the corner of the tiny interior I noticed that someone—I couldn't imagine who—had thoughtfully placed two large Navy sleeping bags.

"I was at the controls. 'Where shall we go?' I asked.

"How about a run out to the pressure ridges?" Santelli said. "Fantastic ice shapes caused by the meeting of the bay ice with the shelf ice," he explained to the girls. "Gorgeous by moonlight."

"Oh, how nice," Diana said. "When does it get dark?"

"It doesn't," Santelli said.

I thrust the two throttle sticks forward and off we lurched. We bounced down the hill and for a few miles swayed along the narrow lane that led to the ridges.

"Hold him!" Harry yelled. I tried, but I was no match for an angry 700-pound seal.

"Look at those fantastic ice shapes caused by the meeting of the bay ice with the shelf ice," I said.

"I said that," Santelli reminded me.

"It's lovely," Tiare said. "And to think we're the only women to have seen this. Lovely." She put her mitten on my mitten.

"Come, lover," Santelli said to Diana, "let us make our camp out here on the white desert, with only these fantastic shapes—caused by the meeting of the bay ice with the shelf ice—to see. And maybe a few seals."

"See what?" Diana said. "What ever are you talking about?"

"I mean let's take a little walk down the old ox road."

"Do you mean to say you want me to go out there in the cold and wind? Are you completely mad?"

"WHY, it's not cold out there. Besides, I have this capacious sleeping bag, thoughtfully provided by an indulgent Navy."

"A sleeping bag?" Diana looked at Santelli. "Oh, all right, you beast. But if I freeze to death—"

"You won't."

Dubiously but gamely, Diana descended from the weasel with Santelli and they trudged off, Santelli carrying the sleeping bag.

I clambered with difficulty into the back seat with Tiare. I put my arm around her; more accurately, I put my arm around several layers of sweaters topped by her parka.

"Well," I said.

"Well," she said.

"Tiare."

"Oliver."

The weasel's engine throbbed as I leaned forward. Her kiss was full-bodied and unabashed.

"I've never kissed a man with a beard before," she said.

"Me either," I said. "I mean I've never kissed a girl with a beard before. I mean—you know what I mean." I pulled her to me.

I kissed her again. And again. And again. Her breathing was deep and uneven. I zipped open her parka and slipped my hand under her sweater. There was another sweater underneath. I slipped my hand under that sweater and encountered still another sweater. From a strictly sartorial viewpoint, if

from no other, this was going to be difficult. At the same time I discovered that Tiare was experiencing similar trouble with my clothing.

"Wait a second," I said. I began to disrobe, and after a moment, Tiare did likewise. After five minutes or so we were sufficiently divested to begin to discern human forms.

I threw a sleeping bag out onto the ice.

"Jump out and into the bag," I said. "Hurry!"

Tiare obeyed me, leaping out lithely and wriggling into the bag. I followed her out and into the bag. My nose burned with cold. I zipped up the bag, enfolding Tiare in my arms and buried my nose in her warm neck. She shrieked. We still had on our khaki clothing, and we began to undress one another in the bag.

If you have ever tried to undress yourself in a sleeping bag, or even under the covers in bed, you know how difficult it is; consider, then, two people trying to undress each other in a sleeping bag. The bag was large, as sleeping bags go, but it did not seem large enough to accommodate me, Tiare, and our shirts, trousers, undertrousers, socks and boots. The Navy, which usually thinks of everything, had not thought of this.

At long last, however, we achieved nudity. Now it was quite warm in the sleeping bag. We rested for a moment in each other's arms. While we were lying snugly thus, I heard a sharp bark. I looked out. A seal had flopped up to inspect us.

"Go away," I said in the calm, sure voice that one is supposed to use with animals. The seal edged closer to us. He smelled strongly.

"Go away!" This time I shouted. The seal backed off a few feet and coughed.

I decided to ignore the seal and pay exclusive attention to Tiare. I kissed her throat, and was preparing to take further steps when she screamed. I jumped. "What? What's the matter?" I cried.

"He's right behind you!"

"Who?" I turned in the bag. Six inches from my eyes were two large brown eyes and a long mustached muzzle. The seal.

"Go away! Scat! Shoo! Get lost!" I screamed at him. He did not move. "Scram!" I shouted, and the seal flopped forward toward us again.

"It's this damn bag," I said. "He thinks we're a seal." I turned away from him. "Let's forget about him, honey," I said. "Let's not pay him any mind." I began to browse over Tiare's face again.

But Tiare did not respond this time. "What's wrong, darling?" I whispered.

"Darling, I can't help it," she said. "He's looking at us. It embarrasses me terribly."

"But he . . . it . . . he's only a seal, dear. He doesn't, uh, know what we're doing. He's not human. Come on, sweetheart."

"And he smells so awfully."

"Put it out of your mind, darling, I mean dar," I said confusedly.

"No, I can't. Make him go away, do."

"Go away, goddam it!" I screamed at the seal. "Can't you see you're not wanted?"

The seal coughed but did not move. I stuck my hand out in the freezing cold and managed to whack him on the snout. At that he turned nasty and tried to bite my hand off. I got it back into the bag just in time.



Nothing would make him go away; not threats, not cajolery, not promises. It was there for the day, that dirty old seal.

"Oh, hell hell hell," I snarled. "It's so damned frustrating. Tiare, honestly, we're as good as alone."

"I can't help it," she said again. "He looks at me, and I can't. He makes me feel . . . funny." She kissed me, without passion, and began to fumble her clothes back on. "We'd better dress. They'll be back soon. I'm so sorry, darling. You do understand, don't you?"

That was the trouble; I did understand.

Back in the weasel, we waited for Santelli and Diana. "I'm sorry, Oliver," Tiare said in a low voice. "I hope we have another chance to—"

"No," I said. "We won't. It just won't happen."

Santelli and Diana showed up a few minutes later. This time Diana was carrying the sleeping bag. Santelli boosted her into the weasel.

"Home, James," I said. "You drive, Santelli."

"O.K., which way is home?"

I looked out the window. "It's that way." But I couldn't see anything. I thought that the window had frosted, but when I looked out the other window there was nothing there either. Everything had suddenly become gray-white.

"Well, well," I said. "I think we're in a whiteout."

"A what?" Diana said.

"A whiteout. It's sort of a blizzard without snow. Caused by fog, reflection of snow on sky and vice versa, and what have you. Result, you can't see any horizon, distinguishing landmarks, or anything. Everything disappears."

"Can't we find the base, then?" Tiare asked.

"It would be much safer to stay here until the whiteout goes away," I said. "If we moved, we might end up at the bottom of McMurdo Sound."

So we sat in the weasel, talking desultorily for half an hour until the whiteout had lifted sufficiently to permit reasonable visibility. Santelli pushed the throttles forward and we proceeded slowly back to McMurdo, bouncing and swaying. It took us more than an hour to find our way through the shifting white fog. As we drew up outside the Admiral's quarters, the whiteout closed in again and it began to snow.

AS we shuffled into Flag Quarters, Foliott came out of the Admiral's room. "Christ, where have you been?" he said in a low, tense voice. "The plane was supposed to take off hours ago." "We've been interviewing the girls," I said.

Foliott grimaced. "Well, the Admiral has hit the overhead, I'll clue you. He wants to see you both, which is putting it mildly."

Santelli and I looked at each other and shrugged. We went into the Admiral's room. He sat drinking coffee and smoking. His blue eyes swung to me and then to Santelli and then back to me. He stared at us as if he did not quite believe we existed. Then he said, rather softly, for him, "Gentlemen, I will be brief. Pray for clear weather. Pray for clear weather right now. If we remain socked in and the airplane is unable to take off and we are forced to keep these—women—here overnight, just pray. Because your souls may belong to God, gentlemen, but your asses will belong to my foot."

Santelli turned to me. "Let us pray," he said.

It stormed for a week. Blowing snow. Visibility zero. Ceiling zero. No aircraft in sight. Communications blackout. Orders to remain indoors as much as possible. One of the severest storms in the history of the Antarctic. The storm was certainly no responsibility of mine, or even of Santelli's, yet the Admiral behaved as if it were.

One man was happy, though; that was Snell. "Well, the Rover Boys are in the soup again," he said, grinning malevolently. We tried to ignore him, which was difficult, since we shared sleeping and working quarters.

The girls were quartered in the library and Santelli and I got orders to keep away from them. We occasionally caught glimpses of them in the mess hall during meals, but they were always surrounded by their official—and unofficial—escorts.

I noticed bitterly that in the mess hall small Drozhensky seemed always to be near the girls. They seemed to have made a particular pet of him; they laughed a good deal at whatever he was saying. "It must be his silly accent," I muttered.

I was sitting alone in the press hut a day or so later trying to think of something to write against the moment when communications should be restored. The door opened, admitting a blast of wind fresh from the South Pole, followed by a short, hooded figure covered with snow. It shook itself, threw back its hood, and stood revealed as Mikhail Drozhensky.

"Hello, Mickey," I said. "What do you hear from the party? What brings you out in this terrible weather?"

"Hello, gospodin," he said. He looked about furtively. "We is alone?"

"Yes, unless the Admiral is lurking under the table."

"Mister Cannon," he said, "you remember at Liddle America you esk me something you want me to do?"

I sat up straight. "Do? You mean defect?"

"Da, da. Dat is word, defect."

"So?"

Mickey looked around once more, and for a moment I thought he might begin examining the woodwork for hidden microphones. But he said, "I want consider again."

A shiver went through me, but I remained calm and strong. "What? You mean you've changed your mind? Why, for God's sake? What's happened?"

"I just change mind, is all," Mickey said, his face reddening.

"Why did you change your mind?" I insisted. "Come on, Mickey. You can tell me."

Mickey looked at me for a moment. Then he sighed. "I know, Mister Cannon. All right. I tell you. I think—I know, I love."

I was astounded. "In love? Who with?"

"With gori," Mickey said softly, the love in his eyes magnified by his glasses. "Gori? Gori? What gori—gori?"

"Only two gorls here, gospodin," Mickey said.

"You mean with one of the—"

"Da, gospodin," Mickey said.

"Which . . . which one?"

"Miss Tiare Marshall."

"But she's my—"

"Wad, gospodin?"

"Nothing. How did this happen?"

When did you have time to fall in love?"

"Last few days."

"Last few days. So quick?"

"Russians make up mind fast. We dawn't keev to keep lung kapitalisty wad you call, courtship?"

"I can see that. And Tiare. What about Tiare. Does she love you?"

"Da. Daaaaaa."

"And you're willing to give up your country for her? Why don't you take her to Russia?"

Mickey looked sheepish again. "I keev wife in Russia."

"A wife? Why you Bolsheviki Bluebeard?"

"Wad?"

"Nothing. Don't you like your wife in Russia?"

"Nyet. She beeg and fet, like cow. But Miss Tiare Marshall, she slim and round, like bord."

"Bord?"

"You know, bord—fly in sky." Mickey flapped his arms.

MIKHAIL'S round face became dreamy. "Love is most important ting in whole world," he said solemnly.

"Oh, boy," breathed "Listen, Mickey. Have you told anyone else?"

"Nyet. Miss Tiare Marshall, she says I come esk you wad to do."

"Good. Listen, Mickey. Tell Tiare to come to see me right now."

"Wad?"

"Just bring her here, Mickey."

"O.K., I go." He left.

Tiare and Mickey Drozhensky: it was incredible.

In a few minutes there was another breath of South Polar air, and Tiare, beautiful and tawny as ever, came in. "Tiare, it can't be true," I said, without preamble.

"You mean about Michael and me? It is true, Oliver."

"But you hardly know him. And what about—"

"And what about us? Is that what you were going to say?"

"Well—"

Tiare took off her parka and shook her gleaming black hair. She was wearing her white sweater, and she was transcendently lovely.

"Oliver, it was fun, and it was sweet. I could have fallen in love with you. I very nearly did. Did you know that?"

But what would have come of it? You're happily married, you have a child. You love your wife and your child—I know you do. You have no claim on me and I none on you. Do you see that?"

"Yes," I said. "But why Mickey?"

"Oh, he's so round and sweet."

By nature I am a cautious man, and my Antarctic experience thus far had made me even more cautious; but even to my nervous sensibilities it appeared that possibly I had had of a good story.

"Look, Tiare," I said, "you and Mickey—Michael—have my blessing, for whatever it's worth, but do one favor for me. Don't say anything about this to anyone else—anyone—until we've spoken to the Admiral."

"But Oliver, I thought the Admiral couldn't stand you."

"To put it mildly. You're right. But we have to tell him. After all, he does run the show. By the way, how is Mickey going to divorce his wife?"

"He's going to send her a postcard," Tiare said.

So once again we stood in front of the Admiral and his perpetual cup of coffee. Foliott stood behind him like a prime minister. On our side there were Santelli and Tiare and Mickey Drozhensky and myself. The Admiral looked at us suspiciously from under his crisp eyebrows. "Well?" he growled.

"Admiral," I began, "this may sound unbelievable, but—"

The Admiral closed his eyes and sighed. He shook his head. "I knew it, I knew it," he said wearily. "What is it this time?"

"Maybe I ought to let Drozhensky or Miss Marshall tell you," I decided.

"Well, maybe somebody ought to tell me, damn it."

"Admiral, is dis way," Mickey began.

"Admiral," Tiare said, and we all fell silent. "Admiral, Michael—Mr. Drozhensky—and I are in love." The Admiral's mouth fell open. Tiare went on serenely. "We want to get married. Michael has decided to renounce his Soviet citizenship, and . . . and . . . and that's it, I suppose. We want to get married and live in New Zealand. And we want to leave here together."

The Admiral blew out his breath. He slapped his hands on his knees. "I knew it," he said. "I knew it. And I let you talk me into letting them come down here." He was looking at Santelli and me. "It was your idea, but my command decision. I've no one to blame but myself." He thought for a moment and his face brightened a little. "Of course," he said, "there's always Foliott." Foliott paled.

The Admiral rubbed his chin with a large brown hand. "Well, now," he said, "this is a very delicate situation. We might have a tiger by the tail, to use an expression. As I see it, this is a matter that is the responsibility of the New Zealand Government: do they want to offer Drozhensky asylum, and so on. If I take a hand, then the United States becomes involved. I mean, if I permit Mr. Drozhensky to use a commercial air craft to defect from his mother country, then we become parties to this thing. And that, gentlemen, and lady, is a responsibility I do not care to assume. I am ComNavSupFor, and I am down here to further the scientific effort, and for no other reason." He turned to Foliott. "Right?"

"Right, Admiral," Foliott said.

"Well then, no, I can't permit our involvement in this." The Admiral leaned forward and took a sip of coffee, then looked up and smiled. It was faint, but it was a smile. "Of course, Mr. Drozhensky has to pass through New Zealand on the way to his motherland. What he does at that time I cannot foresee. I have no interest in that. I am concerned only with the events here. So far as I am concerned, he will take passage on a United States Government aircraft or vessel for New Zealand and thence make his way home. When he gets to New Zealand, he can open a restaurant for all I care, but we'll get him safely to New Zealand, that's for sure."

TIARE squealed and ran to the Admiral. She threw her arms around him and kissed his cheek. He reddened.

"At ease here, at ease," he roared in confusion.

When order had been restored, the Admiral had a few more words. "I'm not sure why," he said, "but I have the feeling that all this may have worked out for the best. I'm going to hold a press conference and explain the situation to all the newsmen here, strictly on a nonpolitical basis, of course. I'm not going to order anyone not to file a story because, heh, heh, the transmitter is on the fritz and I don't, heh, heh, think it'll be fixed for a few days."

"But Admiral," I said, "this is a good story, and it ought to get out at once."

"Negative!" the Admiral roared. "No

story until Drozhensky gets to Christchurch. That's final."

The press conference that evening was a sensation. Snell was ecstatic, but like all the newsmen, including myself, he was dashed by the Admiral's cheerful news that the transmitter would not be operating for some time except for routine Navy messages. Nevertheless everyone repaired to Pressheim to start bating out stories against the moment they could be filed.

After chow that evening I was alone in Pressheim when the field telephone rang. It was the clerk in the Administration shack. "The ham radio is in to Los Angeles," he said. "Would you please pass the word that Los Angeles will put through phone patches for the Western states?"

Since I was alone in the hut, there was no one to pass the word to. Suddenly an idea came to me—an idea so daring, so presumptuous, so exciting . . .

According to the rules and regulations of amateur radio operation, correspondents were not permitted to send stories by ham radio. It would have been in competition with the commercial wireless and cable companies. Even when stories were filed by way of the Navy radio, the Navy retransmitted the messages through Western Union in the States. But correspondents did use the ham radio for personal calls to their families.

I sauntered down to the ham shack. The operator was talking to some night owl in Los Angeles. I told him I wanted to call my wife and asked him when he was scheduled to talk to somebody near New York. "Couple of hours," he told me. "Come back in a couple of hours and maybe we can get you a phone patch."

I went back to the ham shack at the appointed time. The operator waved to me. "Got New York," he said.

He handed me a card out of a file and gave my home telephone number to the ham operator in New York. In a few minutes I heard, greatly amplified, the ringing of my telephone fifteen thousand miles away.

"Hello!" I heard Lee say. There was some oooowwwweeee, oooowwwweeee in the sound of her voice, but she was intelligible. If the signal held out I was in luck.

"Just a minute," the McMurdo operator said. "I have Mr. Cannon from McMurdo Sound, Antarctica."

"Hello, Lee?" I said. "How are you, darling?"

"I'm fine, and the baby's fine. How are you?"

"I'm fine. The Admiral's fine. Everyone's fine. Weather's bad, though. Say, a funny thing happened here. Can you hear me?"

"Yes, I can hear you, over."

"Well, I have a funny story to tell you. You can tell it to Uncle Harvey, he likes funny stories. Uncle Harvey Sweigert, you remember him? You do remember him, don't you? Over."

"Who? Uncle Harvey? What Uncle Harvey?"

"Uncle—Harvey—T.—Sweigert. I have a funny story for you to tell him. Understand? Can you read me?"

"Oh, Harvey T. Sweigert. You mean the old man?"

I pressed the microphone button to cut off the rest of Lee's sentence. "Uncle Harvey, that's right, Uncle Harvey. Now, Lee, I want to tell you a funny story for Uncle Harvey. There's a big storm down here and there's no com-

munication except by ham radio. Isn't that interesting? Over."

"I think so too," Lee's voice said. "You have a funny story, you want me to tell Uncle Harvey, over."

I grimaced at the operator and shrugged. My grimace and shrug said, Aren't women stupid?

"Right," I said to Lee. "Seven days ago a commercial plane landed here with some scientists and Navy guys and two stewardesses. The stewardesses' names are Tiare Marshall, that's T. I. A. R. E., and last name M. A. R. S. S. L. L. L. and Diana Greenville. Well, then, D. I. A. N. A. last name G. R. E. N. V. I. L. L. E. W. E. L. L. S. Well, Lee you'll never guess what happened . . ."

WHEN I finally got the whole story spelled out for her, I said, "Got all that? Uncle Harvey will be very amused by this story, and he's so lonely and all, so call him up right away and tell him this funny story. Any questions? Over."

"No, no questions. That's a very funny story." Good old Lee. "I'll tell it to Uncle Harvey right away. When are you coming home? Over."

"Pretty soon, I think. Either voluntarily or under duress. Take care and kiss the baby. And kiss Uncle Harvey, over and out."

"Bye, dear, over and out."

I got up and waved thanks to the operator. "Say," he said, "I'm not sure you were supposed to tell about these girls being here."

"Oh, well," I said, "who'll know? Only my wife and my Uncle Harvey."

The next day the weather was clear, and there was a great frenzy to get the plane and the girls into the air and headed for Christchurch, in case the weather should sock in again. The plane's crew and the two girls were bundled into a couple of weasels, and, as at their arrival, the mob mob down at the airstrip. Mickey Drozhensky was one of the mob. He was obviously trying to conceal his emotion, but at the last moment his Russian nature got the better of him and he pushed through the crowd muttering, "Excuse please. Excuse." With tears in his eyes he reached Tiare and crushed her to him, kissing her passionately on both cheeks.

Santelli leaned toward me. "Well, there goes your girl, old fruit." He began to sing: "There she goes, your old gal; there she goes . . ."

"It is a far, far better that I do than I have ever done," I said. "It is a far, far—"

The roar of the engines cut me off. Tiare and Diana waved at the crowd. The crowd waved back and cheered. Tiare and I caught each other's eyes; she looked at me steadily for a moment and then blew me a kiss. I saw Mickey looking around and trying to see who the recipient was. I could see that there was going to be one jealous defector.

Modern communications are a wonderful thing when they are working. I had spoken to Lee on a Wednesday, McMurdo time, which was Tuesday in New York. Sage went to press on Wednesdays, and evidently Lee had called the magazine with my story immediately. The magazine appeared Thursday and on Friday McMurdo time, I was once again in the soup.

Within hours after Sage came out with my story, the rockets began to hit McMurdo. A rocket was a message from a correspondent's home office demand-

ing to know why the correspondent, known in the home office as "our local idiot," had been beaten on the story.

George Snell was going about with a long face. He too had received a rocket from his office, and he seemed a broken man. I actually felt sorry for him. My other colleagues were taking it all equably. Almost immediately everyone had deduced that I must have used the illegal ham radio to get the story out, but I would not admit it.

"Come on, Cannon, exactly how did you do it?" Mike Ransome asked.

I looked about furtively, then narrowed my eyes to slits and beckoned him closer. "Carrier penguin," I whispered, and lay back on my bunk to admire my wireless from Sage:

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The field telephone rang. Ransome answered it.

"Cannon," he said, "the Admiral's aide says the Admiral wants to see you straightaway. I shouldn't wonder if it had something to do with this scoop you've pulled off. You bastard," he added amiably.

The Admiral was standing, his arms behind his back, a Torquemada smoking Camels. Snell was standing nearby, pretending to look at a map, so I knew I was not about to receive the Navy Cross.

The Admiral stared at me for a long minute, nodding, grinding his teeth and pursing his lips. I looked right back at the Admiral—not into his ice-blue eyes, to be sure, but at a button on his shirt.

"Mr. Cannon," the Admiral said. "Mr. Cannon, I would dearly love to have you under my command. I wish you were a military officer instead of one of these half-assed civilians with a second-rate military rank." He spoke calmly, rationally and not unkindly. "I would court-martial you four ways from the Jack, to use a phrase." His voice grew louder and his face began to purple. "I would give you a summary court, a special court and a general court, and then I would have my Seabees build a yardarm, and then, Mr. Cannon, I would hang you from my neck."

He paused, drew on his cigarette, took a deep breath and continued more calmly. "Unfortunately, you are a civilian. There is not much I can do to you for disobeying my orders and filing that story, thus causing NavSec in Washington to ask me, in effect, if I have lost control of the situation down here. All I can do is get you off the ice, out of my sight, out of my life, out of the same hemisphere, if not out of the same world. And I can fix it so that you will never be accredited to a military operation again. Unless it's with one of our potential enemies."

The Admiral paused. "Mr. Cannon, this is what you will do. You will remain henceforth in your quarters except for meals and calls of nature. You will not be permitted to file any more stories. You will not be permitted within a hundred-yard radius of the communications shack. I will enforce this rule, if necessary, by surrounding the shack with ferocious, meat-hungry husky dogs. Since you violated amateur radio law, you will be permitted no more ham calls. In other words, Mr. Cannon, as far as I am concerned, you

are a basket case. Finally, you will be on the first available transportation that leaves here for New Zealand. Do you have any questions, Mr. Cannon?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Well, what is it?"

"Why don't you like me?" I said.

The Navy calls it being in back. Confined to quarters. In Coventry. Under house arrest. I passed much of the time reading paperbacks and eating Hershey bars. George Snell and I continued to despise each other. He smirked each time he passed my bunk. Then suddenly, the smirks stopped, and Snell began to look gloomy and worried. I wondered why.

Shortly afterward I was called back to Flag Quarters. It was not the usual peremptory command. This time Leslie Folliott bestirred himself to walk the fifty yards to my hut and escort me back.

The Admiral was all smiles and chuckles. I accepted a drink of scotch, a cup of coffee and a cigarette. This was unusual because normally I do not smoke. The Admiral behaved in a stupefyingly ingratiating way. I knew him well enough to know he was incapable of such winsomeness when he was really sincere. What was behind it? Still, I drank his scotch and his coffee and we talked of Trivia, a small emerging nation in central Africa. After fifteen or twenty minutes, he stood abruptly, and it was evident that he felt his chore was over. "Now, don't forget, Mr. Cannon, anything you need, don't hesitate to ask for it. If it's reasonable, ha, ha. Good to see you. 'Bye-bye."

He shook my hand and I went out of Flag Quarters mystified, confused, and happy to be a piece of mankind again. I was out of hack without knowing why.

"What do you think it's all about?" I asked Santelli. "Why am I back in favor? I feel like one of those shipwrecked sailors who gets ashore on this island and all the natives fall down and worship him. It's frightening."

"I'll find out, old fruit," Santelli said, and went off to do so. He came back an hour later, a grin on his face.

"I got this from Folliott," he said. "He wants to be a well-placed but anonymous source, so don't go spilling it."

"I won't, I won't!" I said. "What's the story, for God's sake?"

It seemed that George Snell, whose mission was apparently to be my self-appointed Boswell, had filed another story recounting my latest trouble, that of being confined to quarters. Sage saw the story on the wire and asked the Navy in Washington to explain; the Navy in Washington queried ComNavSupFor; ComNavSupFor radioed back confirmation; Washington told Sage. Sage then printed an item, getting many of the details wrong, which reported that I had been court-martialed, placed in solitary confinement and put on a diet of bread and melted snow. Further, I was in leg irons. Further than that, I faced ten years in Portsmouth Naval Prison.

Then the blubber was in the fire for fair. For that old explorer, tosspot, and member of a committee that held the purse strings for Operation Deep Freeze—I refer to Representative Waldo Middlebrook Wilkes—was a faithful reader of Sage.

"As Folliott understands it," Santelli said, "Wilkes got on the phone and spent the next twenty minutes creating



We slipped out the back way and ducked as the Admiral came around from front.

upheaval and hell to pay in our nation's capital.

"For, Oliver, didn't Wilkes save your life in Marie Byrd Land? Lucky damn thing you fell into that crevasse. And therefore was he not evermore obligated to protect you? You bet your tender little ass he was."

"They can't do that to old Oliver Cannon," Wilkes roared. "I want this goddam thing straightened out and I want it straightened out goddam fast or by God I'll go down there again and straighten it out myself. I've been there," Wilkes said. "I know what it's like. And if this is what can happen to old Oliver Cannon, one of the finest men it's been my privilege to know—I saved his life once down there, you know—then I say it's a situation that needs investigating."

"Investigating—that's a word to make an Admiral shudder."

Santelli grinned and sipped his coffee. "You know the rest, Oliver. The Navy has taken steps to rectify the error. The word's been passed to be nice to you. You can probably have a cruiser to take you home."

"I'll think about it," I said. . . . New York seemed unbelievably tall and narrow, as it always does when you come back to it from a protracted journey. I cowered in a corner of the taxi. Nearly three months in vast, flat spaces had done its work. The flight from New Zealand to New York was fatiguing, and it ended, as most flights seem to, at the depressing hour of five-fifteen in the morning.

I let myself into the apartment. It was warm, dark and silent, and the scent of Estée Lauder bath oil was in the air, happy and familiar. Lee was sleeping in our bed. She looked small and forlorn and all alone when I tipped in. I sat on the bed and kissed her cheek. Her eyelids fluttered. I kissed her cheek again. She smiled, and her head turned toward me. Her eyes opened.

"Hi," I said.

"Hi, love," she murmured. "Is that you behind the beard?" Her arms went around me, and she smiled. "Been away . . . ?"



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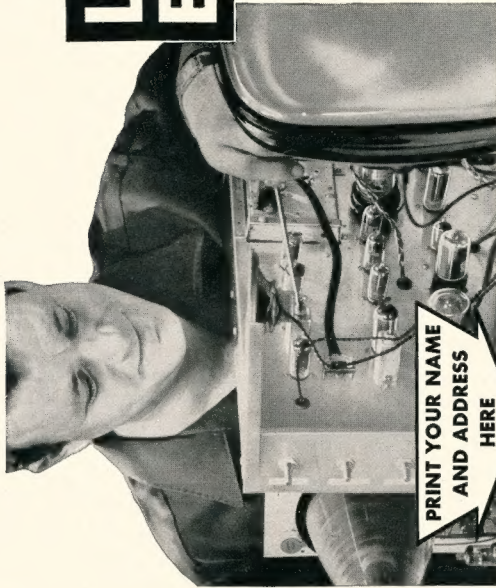
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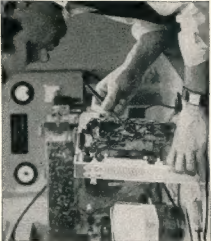
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